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Memoir and Letters of

Sir Thomas Dyke Acland

[Printed for Private Circulation only]

With the Compliments of

Sir C. T. D. Acland

and

Rt. Hon. A. H. D. Acland

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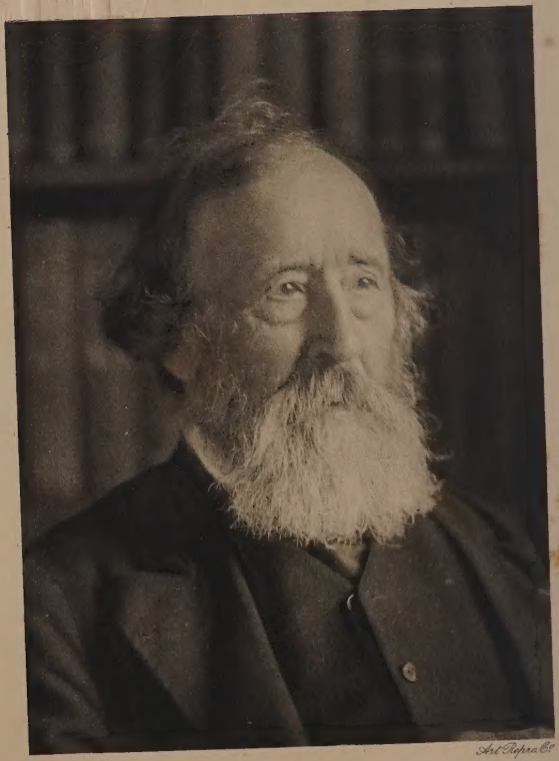

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Sir T. D. Acland.
from a photograph taken by Elliott & Fry in 1897.

Memoir and Letters

of

The Right Honourable

Sir Thomas Dyke Acland

Edited by his Son

Arthur H. D. Acland

London
Printed for Private Circulation
1902

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

Prefatory Note

In compiling this record of my father's life, which is printed for private circulation only, I have chiefly had in view his descendants and other relatives of the younger generation who may like to know something about him and his work and his friends. More of the domestic side of his life is therefore to be found here than could have been admitted into a biography written for the public. Such a biography I feel sure that my father would not have desired. The chaotic condition of the letters and papers which have had to be sorted and read makes this clear enough. His own estimate, too, of his capacities and his work was extremely modest. He would not have wished to be remembered as more than a country gentleman who had tried to work hard and make the best of his abilities. So far as my own share in the book is concerned, I have tried to speak of him with the directness and frankness which he himself so greatly valued. The fuller acquaintance with many parts of his life which I have made since his death deepens that respect and affection which all his children must feel for one to whom they owe so much. If the record seems fragmentary, it is partly due to the fact that I have often, during times of ill health, laid it altogether aside. The letters and papers also which have been preserved are by no means continuous, and for some years none of any importance remain.

Special acknowledgments are due to those who have sent written contributions, my sister Mrs. Hart Davis, Mr. George Courtenay, Mr. D. R. Fearon, C.B., and Mr. Battishill; and also, among others, to Mr. Gladstone's trustees and to the Archbishop of Canterbury for permission to print letters. I must add to these the Rev. W. David, who knew my father well. His encouragement, together with that of my brother, since I first undertook the task has been most helpful. In sorting, selecting, and advising, my wife's constant assistance has been invaluable.

A. H. D. A.

Scarborough,
April. 1902.

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* From negatives by Arthur H. D. Acland.

CHAPTER I

1809—1827

THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, the eldest son of Sir T. D. Acland, was born at Killerton in Devonshire on May 25, 1809. His father, who will be often mentioned in this book, was at this time twenty-two years old. The little boy was taken on a yachting excursion to the island of St. Kilda when he was four years of age. This was his earliest recollection in later years. In 1814 he went with his father and mother to Vienna at the time of the great European Congress. His father's account of what he saw and did, told to one of his grandchildren towards the end of his life, gives an interesting picture of this expedition. "I was quite inexperienced about such matters, and very doubtful about going off, as many did, as soon as the continent was open. I was just on the point of leaving London for the country, but my friends said, 'You will never have such an opportunity again. There are some weeks before Parliament will meet. Start at once.' So we bought carriages at the coachmaker's and set off. We spent eight days in Paris and ten days in the Tyrol, and then went to Vienna. The whole place was full of Sovereigns and Ambassadors and grandees. How were we to get along?

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One of my most valuable introductions was from Dugald Stewart to Von Hammer the historian. He lived at Gratz, but he knew everything and everybody in Vienna, and he took us about and we missed none of the sights. It was through Von Hammer that I got to know the Archduke John. We had heard of him in the Tyrol as the man whom the people idolized and who knew every flower and every tree and every rock and every pass. He was very kind to us when he found that we had been among his people. He often asked me to breakfast, and we used to correspond. I remember how, in later years, he wanted some special kind of potato for some of the peasants, and I sent him several bags.[1] I was present at the funeral of the Prince de Ligne.[2] He had been living alone in a quiet lodging. The pomp and grandeur of the public funeral I remember well—the mass of troops, the number of generals, and the rolling thunder of the guns. The day after the public honours came the private interment in the grounds of a simple little villa. Von Hammer and I went quietly to be present. Very few people were there. For once in my life I carried a candle in a Roman Catholic procession. I never have forgotten the contrast between the quiet sorrow of the little group of mourners and the grandeur of the great procession of the day before."

Of these weeks when Metternich was spending £10,000

[1] Arthur Young, the agricultural writer and reformer, mentions that the Archduke John paid him a special visit in London to learn about English agriculture.

[2] The Congress of Vienna began at the end of September, 1814. The Prince de Ligne died December 13th, 1814.

a day from the impoverished Austrian Exchequer, and most of the political magnates of Europe were in Vienna, and one great spectacle followed another, the little Tom Acland naturally did not remember much. But he used to tell his children how he was rebuked by his mother in Vienna for his imperfect knowledge of "sum, es, est" at five years old. And he remembered the day of some great procession through the streets when the windows of the room had been taken out and laid upon the floor. He saw a smooth and shiny surface before him, and resolved to have a slide, with unexpected results, but without any serious damage to himself.

About two years after this, before he was eight years old, he was sent to a private school at Mitcham. The master was Mr. Roberts, of whom Acland always spoke as a gentlemanly man, but exceedingly severe. There was a system of arrears of work which none but a very few clever boys could avoid, and Mr. Roberts used to say, "If I can't wipe off the arrears I must whip them off." The last boy down in the morning was flogged; so all sorts of devices were resorted to, like soaping the water overnight, to provide for rapid dressing, or rather, for the appearance of having properly washed and dressed in the morning. The boys were not allowed to go on to their playing field if the sole of Mr. Robert's boot was at all wet when he had rubbed his foot firmly on the grass. Boyle and Hope of Deepden were among the few who could manage to get through their work without arrears. Mr. Roberts used to

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say, "They are all dunces but the Stanleys and the Puseys."[1] Acland was there for five years, and he always said, when looking back on this time, that the effect on him was that of being crushed.

From Mitcham he went to Harrow. At Harrow Oxenham, C. Thornton, O'Brien, Oxenden (afterwards Bishop Oxenden) were among his friends. Manning was there, "noticeable for his elegance," and Charles Wordsworth (afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews), the hero of the school, a good scholar and the best cricketer. Acland, however, never spoke very warmly of his school days. He was happier at Oxford than at Harrow. For one kind of teaching he often expressed gratitude. The Head Master, Dr. Butler, in whose house he was, used to talk to his boys on all kinds of scientific subjects pleasantly and clearly while they were waiting for their supper before evening prayers.

Acland became head of the school at Harrow, and won the first Peel Medal. When he left Harrow at the age of seventeen, in 1826, he went to be the pupil of Mr. Fisher, the Vicar of Roche in Cornwall. He always spoke very warmly of Mr. Fisher. He was not a good scholar, but a thoughtful and religious man. "He filled my head with metaphysics," Acland used to say, "and taught me to go back to first principles." He had, however, the audacity to speak or write of Devonshire as "Bœotia," which, when Sir Thomas Acland heard of it, nearly led to Acland's withdrawal from Roche. He made very good friends with

[1] This is mentioned also in Dr. Pusey's Life. Dr. Pusey was flogged for cutting both ends of a pencil.

his Nonconformist parishioners, and was very critical of the Tory government of the day.

Fisher wrote a few weeks after Acland's arrival at Roche to his father, as follows:

Upon the whole he has got through a good deal of work, although it is done more by a succession as it were of daily impulses than by the influence of a steadily and constantly operating force. . . . In my walks with him I cannot make him read or converse steadily. He has to get rid of a quantity of what Darwin calls sensorial powers or animal activity. He perpetually stops to throw a stone or to play with the dog, or to run upon a bit of wall or ridge, or to hop over some inequality not directly in the road, but so near as to form an irresistible temptation. Thus the sustained habitual effects of attention, those effects that *tell*, are interrupted and lost. . . . He seems happy and content with our way of doing things, and gives himself no airs. His dogmatizing, not always unaccompanied with harshness, is about the worst of him that appears on the surface. And this varies with his temper, which I observe, without any formal eruption, is not quite equable. . . . It is not in me to affect authority over man or beast, and probably in his case it would be useless; but for this very reason I should wish him to keep his mind open to calm disquisitory conversation.

This report upon a boy of seventeen, who was expected to read or converse steadily when out of doors, does not sound very promising. But tutor and pupil became great friends, and there must have been much "calm disquisitory conversation" between them later on, which had an influence over him that Acland never forgot. The following

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extract is from a letter written in 1830 by Fisher to Acland, when he was an undergraduate at Christ Church.

November 27th, 1830.

To me the times are by no means without danger, and yet hope of better times than ever is mingled with the fear. . . . Both here and on the Continent the privileged classes do not yield till they are forced, and it is to be feared that awful disruptions may take place. Our governing intelligences are behind the times; and a conceited persuasion of this produces insubordination and contempt of authority among the governed. Will the time ever be, when an enlarged and tempered view of what belongs to human nature will influence kings and their subjects? The disease is, I fear, one of human nature and of a fallen world. In times like the present I feel the trial of being connected with a system (I mean in the Church) which might have been and ought to have been amended long since. But so many have profited and do profit by the continuance of abuses, and by leaving all in drowsy quietness, that much of the good in our establishment is paralysed; and the evil stands, ashamed because it is naked. Reform here, as in political institutions, is tardy and reluctant, and thus loses all the grace and moral influence which results from what appears to be principled and spontaneous. . . . Amid all this I have no fear at all for Christianity. The loaves and fishes of Gennesaret will be multiplied for the true followers of Christ, even though tithes and first fruits should be heard of no more.

I came from Colman's yesterday, and he repeated to me a Phillipic of Mr. Cunningham against Oxford, even though he was sending his son there. I do not delight in censures, and am right glad to believe that Oxford improves every day. Does young Cunningham smoke? I am in hopes Mr. Peel or some other law reformer will include this species of arson as punishable with the crime of other incendiaries. Tobacco is a tyrant. *Don't say anything*

f this to your young friend as from me; but if he does his deed, you will be his friend by saving him from its ffects.[1]

Acland went to Christ Church, Oxford, in October, 1827. t may be well at this point to say something more about is father, Sir Thomas Acland, and his home life.

Sir Thomas Acland's uncle, Colonel John Acland, who lied in 1778, had been a hot-headed member of Parliament vho attracted attention by the violence of his language in he House of Commons. He went with General Burgoyne o America, and fought bravely in the war. He was taken risoner, and his wife, Lady Harriett Acland (daughter of Lord Ilchester), who had gone at great risk across the river n a small boat to the enemy's lines, nursed him through a evere illness. On his return to England he fought a duel vith a brother officer who had sneered at the military haracter of the American colonists. He died from its esults in 1778.[2]

Colonel Acland's father, Sir Thomas Acland, the seventh

[1] Acland was not the person to save his friends in this case. His riend Anstice writes to him in 1830, "I know I must not speak abus-vely of cigars to you." In writing to Mordaunt from Berne, in 1833, o describe how he spent his day, he says, "I get up at seven, break-ast, cigar," etc. In later life he hated tobacco and could detect the mell more successfully than most people. One of his sons used to ay that on coming home if you smoked anywhere west of Taunton ie would find you out.

[2] For fuller details about the Acland family and estates see the Rev. F. Hancock's "The Parish of Selworthy," Barnicott and Pearce, Taunton, 1897. For a pedigree and other information see "History of Part of West Somerset," by C. E. H. Chadwyck Healey, K.C., Sotheran, 1901.

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Baronet, died in 1785, and was succeeded by Colonel Acland's son, Sir John, who died in the same year. The only other child of Colonel Acland, Elizabeth Kitty, married the second Lord Carnarvon,[1] to whose family she took the Pixton estate. On the death of the young Sir John, his uncle, Sir Thomas, succeeded to the estate in 1785. This Sir Thomas Acland, who was Acland's grandfather, died after nine years of married life in 1794, leaving Acland's father at seven years old the successor to the estate. Acland's grandmother, who was the only daughter of Sir Richard Hoare, married as her second husband Captain Matthew Fortescue, R.N., brother of Lord Fortescue. She was a woman of strong character and of considerable cultivation. She was an industrious artist and a great gardener. She brought up her eldest son, Acland's father, who was born in 1787, very strictly and carefully. He went to Harrow and to Christ Church, Oxford. At college, having given a promise to his mother, he drank no wine, which, for a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, must have been exceptional indeed in those days. One or two extracts from his mother's letters to him follow.

She writes in June, 1809, from London, a month after Acland's birth :

Unless I hear soon of some serious reading and remaining at one thing for two or three hours together, I shall despair. . . . Surely it is time to leave off being a boy. In the country you have no excuse if you will but have method.

[1] Acland's father was guardian to the late Lord Carnarvon, the fourth earl, during the few years between his father's death in 1849, and his coming of age.

I wish you would learn Blair's sermon on order by heart. . . . We had an excellent Masquerade at Mr. Chichester's on Thursday. Your sister and I went as two Indians. Your father and Tom Acland in dominos. I hope you will now leave off writing me half letters as I do not like them. I think once a week you might devote one hour to your mother without hurry or confusion. I have got on a good way with my picture. I fancy Nicholson [the artist] will go with us to Holnicote.

In another letter she writes:

The flattery you will meet with almost alarms me, it is so seldom you meet a head and mind strong enough to withstand it. After all, consider you are but one-and-twenty, and there is your mother left alone who dares tell you the honest truth.

Sir Thomas Acland made some great friends at Oxford, with whom he afterwards founded the well-known Grillions Club, whose members dine together during the Parliamentary session, and which has included many distinguished men from the time of its foundation to the present day. In 1864 Sir James East and Sir Thomas Acland, then Secretaries of the Club, wrote the following account of its origin in a prefatory note to a list of members:

"It commenced with a few college friends, who lived together in the most cordial intimacy at Christ Church during the years 1805-8, several of whom, after leaving Oxford, re-assembled in the winter of 1807-8 at Edinburgh, for attendance on the lectures, then in great repute, of Dugald Stewart, Playfair Hope, and other distinguished professors of that University. A social annual gathering of the same friends was effected, and continued for three or four years afterwards in London, till the winter of 1812-13, many of

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them during the intervening period having been much thrown together while travelling in Spain, Greece, and the Mediterranean, where they fell in with other kindred spirits, who at once expressed their readiness to assist in establishing the now contemplated reunion—amongst them Stratford Canning, Gally Knight, John Bowdler, and the late Lord Fortescue, who, with Reginald Heber, the two Grants, and a few other distinguished members of both universities, thus laid the foundation, on a more extended basis, of the present Society.

"The Club being so formed, and amounting to some thirty select members, a weekly dinner was established at Grillion's Family Hotel in Albemarle Street during a large portion of the Parliamentary Sessions, and has so continued to the present time with great approval and success."

As soon as he was twenty-one Sir Thomas Acland married Lydia Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Henry Hoare, the banker, of Mitcham Grove. Through the Hoare family he was brought into close contact with the Evangelical party, and became very intimate with William Wilberforce, the Thorntons, and other members of the Clapham Sect. He came under somewhat wider influences through his early intercourse with Mr. Alexander Knox of Dublin, for whom he had a great respect. To him he owed some of the comprehensive views on matters political and religious which he formed when quite a young man. A picture of Alexander Knox and some of his friends, now at Killerton, was painted for Sir Thomas Acland in Dublin in 1811, which is quaintly described as follows, by Knox himself, in his correspondence with Bishop Jebb:

"Exactly as I stated to you, I was urgently demanded by

he painter just when it was in my power to be with him. I sat the very next day, and on the whole he has made a picture which I am not sorry should be in existence. The likenesses are allowed to be good, the grouping very happy, and the *tout ensemble* as interesting and impressive as anything of the kind could be. Sir Thomas Acland would have me in my invalid dress; my green velvet nightcap had taken hold of his heart. I lean on a sofa; have just been speaking. Mr. and Mrs. L—— are sitting, one on each hand, deeply, but most tranquilly, and indeed cheerfully, thinking of what they have heard. Mr. D—— leans in an attentive attitude over the back of a chair. Miss B—— stands beside her aunt, and P——, the gardener, waits behind. It is the moment in which discourse has passed, but excited attention has not yet relaxed. I hold a book in my hand, and after considering what that book should be, I resolved on Butler's Analogy, for the purpose of indicating that the conversation was religious, and yet not of the kind which so generally prevails and so generally displeases all but the initiated. There is more in Butler of our 'magnus seclorum ordo' than in any received author I could have named." [1]

Sir Thomas Acland entered public life as a follower of Canning and Wilberforce. He had been the schoolfellow and friend of Peel and Palmerston. He became member for the county of Devon in 1812, when he was twenty-five years old. He was defeated in 1818, but he was returned again in 1820. He retired in 1831, but in 1837 he was returned for North Devon, which he represented for twenty years till 1857, when he retired, in consequence of his wife's death.

[1] "Correspondence of Bishop Jebb and Alexander Knox," vol. ii. p. 48.

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In 1820, at the time of the debates about Queen Caroline, Sir Thomas Acland was one of three members of the House of Commons deputed to present Wilberforce's resolution to the Queen. The resolution referred to the omission of the Queen's name from the Liturgy. The other two members were Wilberforce and Stuart Wortley. Brougham had pledged himself that she would accede to the request. She rejected the proposal, and the Ministers then considered themselves bound to begin proceedings against her.

In political life he was often too independent to be considered a quite satisfactory party man. He was a very intimate friend of Sir Robert Inglis, but he was not always of his political school. He fought for Sir Robert Peel against his friend Inglis in the great Oxford University election of 1829, on the Catholic Emancipation question. Though he was not a professed reformer he voted once in favour of reform on the critical occasion when the second reading of the Reform Bill was carried by one vote in March, 1831. It has been said of the Conservatives who voted for reform on this occasion: "The later age which has witnessed the consequences of Reform, and has bred thousands of Conservatives who have never doubted that Reform was right, has not produced county members more generous, more conscientious, more pure of heart than the best of the county members who, in the month of March, 1831, made up their minds to vote, not without misgivings, for the Bill. . . . Two or three knights of the shire have been named on account of their own high character, no less than for the

ke of their counties, such as Mr. Wilson-Patten, . . . Sir ndrew Agnew, who dwelt in the south-west corner of cotland, . . . and Sir Thomas Acland, who came from evonshire, and was a staunch ally of the best clergymen."[1] He was on pleasant terms with some interesting persons literature and politics, who seem to have had much iendly regard for him. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him 1827 as his old and kind friend, and says he is the leader the religious party in the House of Commons in suc- ssion to Wilberforce. Southey came to see him in the Vest of England, and wrote to him complaining, like most his other correspondents, of his villainous handwriting.[2] iss Edgeworth wrote brightly about him to her mother: He is very good," she says, "very enthusiastic, and won- rfully fond of me and Castle Rackrent." A good many tters still remain from William Wilberforce, who was with m in the House of Commons for several years, and who as evidently much attached to him. Mrs. Hannah More as a very regular correspondent. In 1815, after Napoleon

[1] Cory, "A Guide to Modern English History," part ii., p. 144.

[2] Dean Cyril Jackson, who was Dean of Christ Church when Sir Acland was there, wrote in 1813: "*N.B.* You write a worse hand an ever." Hannah More wrote, "I give myself great credit for ving, after only five times reading, deciphered your hieroglyphics." illiam Wilberforce wrote, 1832, "Really, my dear friend, forgive e for very modestly suggesting to you that a little attention to e ordinary form and appearance of *written* words, so as to give em some reasonable claim to the name of *handwriting*, would be no all relief to the visual organs of your friends." Southey wrote, 1836, should have written to you before my departure from Keswick if I uld have made out your Somersetshire address either in your own lerography or from the Book of Roads."

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had escaped from Elba, she writes, "I will not embark on the illimitable ocean of Bonaparte, yet I am more afflicted than surprised. Why would the too liberal sovereigns so completely furnish him with rogue's tools, liberty and money. Were it not for Luther's favourite Psalm (the 46th) I should be in utter despondency." One of her latest letters is in 1828, when she had just left Barley Wood and moved into Clifton. Of Sir Thomas Acland's sister she writes, "I never saw in any young woman such fervent piety. It seems to be the whole object of her concern. Many people are going to heaven, but she seems already there. She brought two angelic little children." And then she adds, "And now, my dear Sir Thomas, shall I never see you but in the shape of venison and game and poultry? I shall not be quite satisfied with this transmigration. Is there any chance of seeing you once more on this side Jordan? . . . You will be glad to hear that I have closed all my worldly affairs, have sold my pretty place and the copyright of all my writings, so that I have few mundane concerns. I keep but half the number of servants and am better served. As I have no garden I want no gardener. As I have no carriage I want no coachman, so that I feel my purse improves as my cares diminish."

He took great pleasure in travelling and especially in yachting, and he made many excellent sketches during his trips abroad. He was a very clever and accurate draughtsman. He made very careful outlines, which he worked over at night with a reed pen. He then made slight washes

SKETCH IN THE VIA MALA IN 1846.

By Sir T. D. Acland the elder.

over his drawing, limited as a rule to shades of gray or brown. He had an instinctive knowledge of what made a good composition, but he had little eye for colour. Two of his sketches are reproduced in this book, one done in the Via Mala, and one in the Tyrol. He was very fond of the Tyrol, and had a romantic attachment to Hofer and Spechbacher and the other Tyrolese heroes of 1809.

He delighted in his property on the borders of Exmoor, and sometimes would make a dash there in a single day, going to Holnicote from Killerton, forty miles and back, for a few hours' shooting. He generally spent Christmas, in his early life, at Holnicote, where his mother made her home. He clothed North Hill, at the back of Holnicote, with plantations, which were begun about the time of his eldest son's birth.[1] The charming walks, which many thousands of tourists have enjoyed, running all over North Hill, from the beautiful lane and cottages of Selworthy, to Hurstone Point, on the Bristol Channel, were a source of the greatest care and interest to him. There is a letter dated 1809 from Mr. John Veitch, the founder of the well-known firms of nurserymen,[2] in which he says: "I went up and all round Selworthy Coombe following the line you proposed

[1] The plantations were understood to commemorate the arrival of his children into the world. Thus in an old list which shows that 300,000 trees were planted near Holnicote and Winsford between 1810 and 1826 there are entries like these:—Selworthy Coombe, Mr. Acland, 23,000; Park Plantation, Mr. Arthur, 17,200; Luckham Plantation, Miss Acland, 28,000; Tivington Plantation, Mr. Henry, 26,000; Holnicote Plantation, Mr. Leopold, 25,000.

[2] Mr. John Veitch, who had a nursery garden close to Killerton, was the great-grandfather of the heads of the present firms in Chelsea and Exeter.

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to fence in and partly plant. But it would be attended with a prodigious expense in fencing, and these flying sheep [the mountain Exmoor sheep] require a deer fence to keep them in or out." He delighted in the black game shooting on the moors of Dunkery and its neighbouring hills, or at Winsford. But hunting had none of the charm for him which it had for his ancestors.[1]

Sir Thomas Acland was singularly loved by his friends, and his children were taught to worship him. He had been brought up, as one of his friends said, like a little prince. As a natural consequence there was not a little that was autocratic in his management of his estate and his family. He had his own way for most of his life, but his way was, for the most part, generous and good. He was high-spirited and large-hearted but undisciplined. He was full of unexpectedness and irregularity in his actions, and often

[1] Lord Rolle in writing to him in 1830, recalled the days when Holnicote had been a stag-hunting house. "When you mention the Stag's Head it reminds me of the very pleasant days I spent with your good old grandfather at Holnicote and that I have lived to survive I believe every man with whom I commenced the Sports of the Field." Little now remains to remind his posterity of this "good old grandfather," except an old book of his accounts with entries like the following:

"1769, March 27, Paid for Gouty Stocking, 4*s*. April 3, Dined with Lord Shelburne. April 10, paid for Cricket Bats and Balls at Eton, 16*s*. May 3, at Barnstaple, and lost at the Cockfighting, £1 13*s*. July 29, found a Hind near Bratton, killed at Bray; gave Farmers to drink, £1 1*s*. August 3, gave for bringing a Brocket out of the sea, 10*s*. 6*d*. Aug. 16, gave Harbouring a Stag in Stoke Wood, £1 1*s*. 1771, Sept. 6, gave a man for news of the Stag run to sea, 5*s*. Nov. 28, paid Forfeit for killing a Hen Pheasant, 10*s*. 6*d*."

The stags' horns over the stalls in the stables at Holnicote with the record of the places where each stag was found and killed belong to various dates from 1785 to 1793.

caused not a little inconvenience to others. A story used to be told in the family that, on engaging a butler who was with him for very many years, two of the principal questions which he asked were, "Can you be punctual when I am not? Can you keep your temper when I lose mine?" He disliked being tied and bound,[1] and he was one of the most unpunctual of men. The nine o'clock breakfast habitually began at a quarter to ten, and dinner was almost invariably an hour late, and sometimes more. His grandsons, who often came down to dinner at Killerton from their home at Sprydoncote, a mile away, used to go to dress when they heard the bell at Killerton, which was supposed to precede dinner by ten minutes. They were almost always in time, except about once or twice a year, when the head of the family took everyone by surprise by being perfectly punctual. His kindheartedness was unbounded; but that kind of consideration for others which involves punctuality, precision, and a good measure of self-control, was not part of his traditional creed. His great generosity led him not infrequently into financial difficulties, and occasionally confessions were made during his early married life to Mr. Hoare, the banker father-in-law. In one of her letters, Lady Acland had said that they were in such difficulties that she was afraid they must try to live by their wits. To which the banker replied he was very sorry to hear it, for

[1] His friend Sir Robert Inglis wrote to him a letter which began thus: "Dearest Acland, you hate two things. 1. To pass a Sunday in London, 2. to engage yourself to me or anyone else for a regular dinner."

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two people more unfitted to live by their wits than his daughter Lydia and her husband Tom Acland he had never known.

He was a sincerely religious man, holding a simple manly faith of the Evangelical type, but always disliking extremes. He was a great lover of Bishop Heber's hymns. He delighted to repeat by heart "There was joy in heaven," or "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," or some other favourite as he walked with his children or grandchildren up the "Sunday Walk," behind Selworthy Church, when living at Holnicote, his Exmoor home. Keble's "Christian Year," especially valued by his two oldest sons, Tom and Arthur, who were so closely allied with the Oxford Movement, was a friendly rival to Heber on these occasions. Sir John Coleridge, Keble's biographer, has recorded of Sir Thomas Acland how none received the book more heartily, or helped more effectually to procure it, rapidly, a large circulation.

He was greatly interested in Missionary work, and especially in all that was done in Africa. The slave trade cost him a brother and a son, both officers in the Navy, who died from fever caught in the rescue of slaves on the African coast. Many of the African explorers and missionaries came to see him in London, or to stay with him at Killertor and he often took part in missionary meetings in Devonshire and London.

He was for more than half a century the President of the Bible Society in Devonshire, and he was most generous

in the use of his own funds for the building and endowment of churches and schools. He took a most active part with Dr. Bell in the promotion of education. In the Jubilee year of George III., one year before the establishment of the National Society, he built a good school in Broadclyst, the village near Killerton. He was, however, so his son always said, too liberal to be placed on the Committee of the National Society as then constituted.

After his wife's sudden death in 1856, he withdrew from Parliament and lived a very retired life. In 1861, ten years before his death, a large number of his old friends joined to put up a statue to him in Exeter. The inscription on the statue is as follows: "Erected as a tribute of affectionate respect for private worth and public integrity, and in testimony of admiration for the generous heart and open hand which have been ever ready to protect the weak, to relieve the needy, and to succour the distressed of whatever party, race, or creed." To this is added the following line from Horace, "Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores."[1]

[1] Horace, Epist. II. 1. 15. "To thee in life we yield life's ripest honours."

CHAPTER II

1827—1831

CHAP. II. 1827-1831.

IN 1827 Acland went up to Christ Church, Oxford, where he spent four years. He took a double first class in Classics and Mathematics in 1831. He was a steady reading man throughout his Oxford undergraduate life. His two years with Fisher had set him thinking about matters philosophical and religious; he was ready to take good advantage of his chances, and his notes and journals show that his chief interest lay in his philosophical rather than in his mathematical work or in pure scholarship.

Among his undergraduate friends were to be found Anstice, one of the best scholars of his day, Sir John Mordaunt, whose sister he afterwards married, Doyle, Gladstone, Charles Wordsworth, Glynne, S. F. Wood, Bruce (afterwards Lord Elgin), Harrison, Rogers (afterwards Lord Blachford), and F. D. Maurice, who had already been at Cambridge and came up to Exeter College at the unusual age of twenty-four.

He enjoyed his college friendships extremely, and often talked of them in later years. His days were mostly spent in reading, but he played cricket and tennis occasionally. Sir Francis Doyle says that they sometimes rode together,[1]

[1] Doyle's "Reminiscences and Opinions," p. 161.

and there was no doubt frequently the regular constitutional walk between two and five in the afternoon, which Doyle mentions as Gladstone's habitual exercise.

The extracts from journals and the letters which follow throw some light on Acland's undergraduate days, but several matters in connection with these four years may be separately noted. In the Long Vacation of 1828 he went to stay in Ireland with Alexander Knox and some of his friends. He notes in his journal, "All my conversations here I find are biassing me strongly in the line of becoming less low church on sound conviction." In the Lent Term of 1829, he was President of the Debating Society, afterwards better known as the Union. In the Long Vacation of 1829 he read for some weeks with Saunders, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, at Cuddesdon, and he went from there on a visit to his friend, Mordaunt, at Walton in Warwickshire, his first wife's home.

In 1829 the Essay Society, called after Gladstone by his initials the "W. E. G.," was founded at Christ Church. Acland gives the names of the first twelve members as follows: Gladstone, Gaskell, Doyle, Moncrieff, Seymour, Rogers, two Aclands, Leader, Anstice, Harrison, Cole. In a letter written to Acland sixty years later (1889), Mr. Gladstone gives these twelve names, and adds, "from the old book of record," Bruce, J., Bruce, F., Egerton, Liddell, Earl of Lincoln, Lushington, Maurice, Oxenham, Vaughan, Thornton, C. Marriott. Mr. Maurice writing about the Society in later life says:

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"The circumstance of belonging to a small society at Cambridge brought me into a similar one at Oxford founded by Mr. Gladstone, to which otherwise I should never have been admitted, as it consisted mainly of Christ Church men, destined to hold an eminent position in the world. I had only a very distant acquaintance with the greater number of them; but I had just a glimpse of some of those who were to be associated with the political life of the last thirty-five years."

Mr. Gladstone wrote about the Essay Society and his acquaintance with Maurice as follows:

"My remembrance is that I received from Cambridge letters from many friends, perhaps chiefly from Arthur Hallam, full of the most unbounded admiration for your father. I cannot, at a distance of fifty years, recall the exact purport, but it was to the effect that a very remarkable man was coming amongst us. . . . The impression he seemed to have produced at Cambridge was of a very unusual kind. We belonged to the same Essay Society. Yes, I may have founded it somewhat on the model of the Apostles at Cambridge, but I believe the Apostles was a more general society."[1]

In 1830, in looking back over that year, Acland writes:

"In regard to my own mind the chief thing has been the introduction to Coleridge (The Friend), read and not understood in the Long Vacation, addled over in the ensuing

[1] "Life of F. D. Maurice," vol. i., p. 108. The letter was written to General Maurice, son and biographer of Mr. Maurice.

term and also Biographia Literaria; no good effect yet exhibited but rather conceit as having a new power and being above the Scotchmen. Introduction to Maurice through the W. E. G. or Essay Society, read Plato with him."

In 1831 he was working extremely hard till the end of May, when he went into the Examination Schools.

At the end of Easter Term, 1831, in his journal he writes, "Some improvement has been granted me. . . . Several things have mercifully conspired, increased acquaintance with Maurice and Bruce, Erskine's book, the controversy on Bulteel. But more than all human means, Coleridge's Aids to Reflection and my mother's letter which I got (February 17), and the recommendation to read Bickersteth."

A few words must be said here about the acquaintances made among some of the older men in the University by Acland during his undergraduate days.

He had a very great regard for Vowler Short, Tutor at Christ Church, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, but among the younger "dons," his friends seem to have been chiefly outside Christ Church. He found at Oxford, Whately of Oriel, who was a friend of his father, and who did not leave Oxford to become Archbishop of Dublin till after Acland took his degree, and he was soon brought into contact with other Oriel men. Dr. Pusey, whose elder brother Philip had married Acland's cousin, Lady Emily Herbert, was a Fellow of Oriel, and came into residence at Christ Church as Regius Professor of Hebrew in 1828.

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The friendship between Dr. Pusey and his sister-in-law was very close. Under the Carnarvon influence, and perhaps in reaction from their father's strict Toryism, Philip Pusey and Edward Pusey were strongly inclined to Liberalism. In September, 1829, R. Hurrell Froude was writing to Newman, "I hope Pusey may turn out High Church after all."

Hurrell Froude, another Fellow of Oriel, was the son of the Archdeacon of Totnes, a sturdy supporter of Acland's father in Devonshire. Acland notes on one occasion, while he was still an undergraduate, that Froude had said to him, "Aldrich has all that has been, and all that can be said on Logic—as for the Bear[1] he is *acknowledged* to know Logic, and *known* to know nothing else. So he does these two things, swears, 1. that Logic is very difficult and 2. that it is a science to be pursued to any length, and carried further by him than by any man yet. A, this involves the subject in great mystery. B, this makes it sound grand to those who know nothing of it."

Cardinal Newman has told us how Dr. Lloyd, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Christ Church, who became Bishop of Oxford in 1827, and Whately, of Oriel, were rivals. Lloyd represented the High and Dry school. Whately looked down on both High and Low Church, calling the parties respectively Sadducees and Pharisees. Newman himself was under the influence of Dr. Whately for four years, from 1822 to 1826, and he was always greatly

[1] Whately was called "The White Bear."

attached to him. "There is scarcely anyone," he says, writing in 1860, "whom in memory I love more than Whately even now. . . . I used to propose to myself to dedicate a work to him if I ever write one to this effect, 'To Richard Whately, D.D., etc., who by teaching me to think taught me to differ from himself.' Of course more respectfully wrapped up." The bonds of friendship between Acland's family and Whately's were close. Whately's sister was a constant visitor at Acland's home for many years.

Acland, like Newman, had been brought up in the Evangelical school. Newman was a tutor at Oriel when Acland came into residence in 1827, and became Vicar of St. Mary's in 1828. Acland's acquaintance with Newman, which ripened into intimacy, began when he was an undergraduate. Writing many years later, in 1871, Dr. Newman says, "I only want to say enough to bring home to you with what pleasant remembrances and kind wishes the thought of you is always associated in my mind. I have a view of you in a boating jacket meeting Whately and me in 1827 on the side of the Godstow river."

Newman's brother Francis was Acland's private tutor in the summer of 1830. Jacobson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, was also a private tutor and a lifelong friend. Maurice, who, though an undergraduate, was four years older than Acland, had, as his journals show, a very great influence upon him at this time and also in later years.

It is important thus to note the beginnings of Acland's acquaintance with some of the men who were soon so

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largely to influence religious opinion within the Church, because ecclesiastical matters, and questions of religious opinion and of philosophy as allied to religion, were his chief interest during the twenty years after he came up to Oxford in 1827. After he left Parliament in 1847 new and competing interests arose. But to the end, whatever other matters absorbed his attention from time to time, he never failed to lay stress on the friendships which he made as an undergraduate as having laid the foundations of the deeper influences of his life.

In the summer term of 1831 he obtained his double first class in Classics and Mathematics. He went in for the Classical examination early in May, and for the Mathematical examination at the end of the month. His success was a very great pleasure to his father, who received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Commemoration at Oxford on June 15. In the Long Vacation Acland paid a visit to the Glynnes at Hawarden, met Gladstone at Liverpool, and again visited Mordaunt at Walton. He stood for a Fellowship at All Souls' College, Oxford, in the Michaelmas Term. He was elected to the Fellowship, and during the next few years often made All Souls' his home.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL, 1829-1831.

1829.

LENT TERM. This Term President of the Debating Society. *June* 6. Baring's double first announced. *June* 10 Wood and Glynne came. Debating Society. I spoke

with more animation. *June* 13. Aristotle's Ethics. I have now finished this splendid book for the first time. *June* 14. Breakfast with Ogilvie. Whately evening. *June* 16. Played at cricket. *June* 19. Dined with Whately. Met Senior Wilberforce. *June* 23. Wordsworth's Excursion. Anstice is my best friend, with whom I get daily more intimate. *July* 4. Went from Brislington to Hannah More's in Uncle Jenk's gig. Then in Aunt J.'s carriage to Blaise Castle. *July* 6. Saw a steamer in the Avon. *July* 8. Came to Cuddesdon. Harrison here. H. Wilberforce here. *July* 28. Went to see Newman and family—played cricket at Shotover. *Aug.* 28. Walked with Tancred—tea with Hamilton. *Aug.* 29. To Stratford—and thence to Walton —sat by Miss Erskine[1] at dinner near Mordaunt. *Aug.* 30. Late last night arrived Glynne, young Glynne, Cholmondely. *Sep.* 2. They went off to the races and left Mary Erskine, Anne Bourne,[2] and myself, to take care of ourselves. *Sep.* 17. Wordsworth determines to go away; takes his place in Oxford to-day. *Oct.* 2. [Having left Cuddesdon he goes to Castle Hill, to Eggesford, and to Fulford.] At Fulford much surprised by finding Miss Waldegrave and Miss Erskine. *Oct.* 12. Got spilt from the roan horse. Anstice came to Killerton. *Oct.* 23. Got into the Essay Society. *Oct.* 25. Breakfast with Jacobson. Dine All Souls Courtenay. *Nov.* 15. Keble, very good sermon. Whately on pious frauds. *Nov.* 21. Dined with Whately, met Senior, Price, Hampden, Froude, Hinds. *Nov.* 26. Debate on Shelley, Sunderland, Hallam, Milnes. Spoke on Sporting Magazine. *Nov.* 27. Luncheon at Hamilton's, met Hallam. *Dec.* 4. Dined with Newman. *Dec.* 5. Gave up the whole of this day to my Essay, which finished and read. We met at six o'clock, long discussion on "The Arts and Sciences," the motion on which was lost. *Dec.* 6. Went to Keble, and walked with Ogilvie. *Dec.* 22. Left Oxford in heavy snow.

[1] Acland's second wife.

[2] Only child of Mr. Sturges Bourne.

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Dec. 23. Journey by wrong coach; not home till very late. *Dec.* 26. Started early for Holnicote, lunched at Dulverton, rode over Dunkery. *Dec.* 27. Tyrolese arrived. Took Tyrolese over North Hill and round Hurstone through the hole.

1830.

Saturday, Jan. 1. At 11½ we set off, Henry and I, in the gig—stopped at the wretched Rock inn, smoked from Tiverton, got here (Killerton) a little before 8. *Sunday, Jan.* 2. Not down till very late, not able therefore to go to morning Church, read Butler on Balaam. *Feb.* 1. Tyrolese came here [Oxford] to-day, saw them at the Star after dinner, no reading, went to concert, and had them here to tea. *Feb.* 5. To-day determined about a tutor, engaged Jacobson for the present. Newman propitious. *Feb.* 9. Breakfast with Newman. *Feb.* 12. Dined with Moberley, great talk about Ethics and Philosophy. *Feb.* 16. 6 to 7 lazy, very sleepy, went to Pusey, walked with Anstice. *Feb.* 20. Essay Society, cut Jacobson shamefully, determined about reading for Sunday, settled on Butler's Analogy. *Feb.* 21. Sunday letter from Father about reading, floored me by recommending Burnet. . . . Tea with Tancred. Burnet, pp. 22-50. *March* 1. Jacobson dined out at Jesus Gaudy. Therefore I gave a large wine party. *March* 3. Freemason's monthly Lodge and supper. *April* 3. Went to London with Arthur. *April* 4. Blomfield preached a beautiful sermon in the morning. *April* 6. At 12 to Mr. Ward, examined by him for Confirmation. Walked up to the Zoological with Lydia. *April* 8. Went to Chapel Royal, had full service and prayer for Church militant and blessing. Before the question in Confirmation service, Bishop read a charge. *April* 30. Sat in the Schools. Harrison had a splendid examination from Hampden. *May* 3. Called on Maurice. Dinner at Whately's. *May* 24. By my father's wish I went up to town as, being of age, he would naturally have things to say, and it would be a pleasant greeting. Arrived at five, found Verney and Dealtry and Miss Whately. Went down to the House,

where I heard Sir J. Macintosh, Peel, Brougham, the latter very good. I was introduced to him. *May* 25. Dined at Christian Knowledge dinner in Freemason's Hall. *June* 2. A long discussion with Gladstone about definitions, etc. Dined at Oriel with Froude. *June* 28. Breakfasted with Sir Robert. *June* 29. Went down to Harrow early, played at cricket. Dined with Longley, and called at Oxenham's and the Cunninghams'. *July* 2. Dined with the Bishop of London at Fulham, very pleasant, liked him much. *July* 3. Set off at four, same coach as Hope, "Paul Pry," by a branch from Piccadilly got down [to Oxford] about one o'clock. *July* 5. Newman [*i.e.* F. W. Newman] talked matters over, nothing much settled. *July* 6. Breakfast with Hope, 10 Mathematics with Newman, 12 Tennis. *Aug.* 7. Nomination. Rode with nearly 300 Freeholders, got well soaked. Show of hands in our favour. *Aug.* 12. Bastard gives in. *Aug.* 13. Chairing. *Aug.* 18. [At Oxford] Gymnastics and bathing. Dinner, coffee, integrals, lecture. Tea with Hamilton. *Aug.* 25. Went to Newman to wish him good-bye. Tea with Doyle. *Aug.* 29. Sunday went to Cuddesdon early, 3 Denisons there. *Dec.* 18. Read Plato all day with Maurice.[1] I have been very busy this week with the Debating Society making Catalogues. *Dec.* 22. [Holnicote] Penny Club went off capitally. *Dec.* 27. Courtenay married Lady E. to-day. My father spoke to me about reading S. T. Coleridge. I fear I am [reading him] too much, but not to the extent or in the way he thinks.

1831.

Feb. 3. [Oxford] Wine with Gladstone. This day 14 years ago, I went to school first. *Feb.* 12. Read Essay against Rogers on rise of Greece. Got an "Aids to Reflection." *Feb.* 19. I fear this week has been spent almost as well as

[1] In the following spring (March 29, 1831), Acland stood as sponsor with Jacobson for F. D. Maurice, who was baptized in St. Mary Magdalene Church. Maurice was then twenty-six. He had been brought up as a Unitarian.

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the account has been kept [the pages are blank]. I have been reading Coleridge terribly this week. *March* 6. Long talk with Gladstone. I began better this week, but fell off to the end. *April* 20. Rode with Whately and talked. *April* 22. Examinations began in the schools. Letter from father telling me of dissolution, etc. *April* 28. Uncle Hugh came to breakfast. Plato, Logic, History. Had a race on Bullingdon. Plato, etc. Smoked cigar in Cunningham's rooms. *May* 13. [His classical examination being over] Took bachelor's degree. Heard a good deal about chance of first class. *May* 14. Went over to Cuddesdon with Saunders. Very sleepy in the evening. Put first class out of my head. *May* 18. Saw Sir Stephen. A. P. S. told me the paper would be out, not much worried. Went out about three riding, 4½ met Marriot, who told me of my first class. Saw Saunders very jolly. Wrote to my father and mother. *May* 29. Sunday. Phillimore here [Cuddesdon]. In afternoon took a good dose. Wrote to father. I regret that I resisted principle and let Saunders make me work to-day. However I yielded for fear of superstition. *June* 5. [His mathematical examination being over] Saunders told me after the Newton was over that I had 320 marks and . . . about 340, we were some way ahead. Went to Cuddesdon, saw Gladstone, Canning, Hill. *June* 15. [Commemoration Week] Breakfast with Saunders, went to theatre, my father enthusiastically received [he received a D.C.L. degree], and even I got a bit of it; dined at Bucklands, went to the concert. Sir Robert followed and heard singing. *June* 18. Well this has been a rare week for my vanity and for distraction, its chief pleasure has been derived in seeing my father and mother so happy on the occasion. *Sept.* 24. Travelled stupidly to Chester and arrived at Hawarden about 5. Met Lady Glynne and Mrs. Thompson at a formal party of neighbours. *Sept.* 26. Henry [Glynne] went to return thanks at Flint.[1] *Sept.* 29. County

[1] Returned as M.P. for Flint, *vice* Lloyd created Lord Mostyn.

meeting at Mold. I dissuaded Henry from moving at the head of the Radicals. *Oct.* 1. This week has passed very agreeably. Sir Stephen is more and more estimable. In a singular combination of stern moral principle and sound discretion in execution, I think he is for his age unrivalled. *Oct.* 3. Sketching at Rectory, rode with Stephen. Dined at Rectory. Mr. Neville G. abused Evangelicals, and I held my tongue. *Oct.* 4. Left Hawarden late. *Oct.* 5. Arrived in Liverpool, saw Gladstone. *Nov.* 4. [After examination for Fellowship at All Souls'] Well, I am elected . . . I am determined to believe it a blessing, and such it will be if I use it well.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Acland's grandmother lived for the most part at Holnicote, where her son came regularly for Christmas, and generally in the autumn for black-game shooting. Highercombe is a farmhouse near Winsford on the Somersetshire estate, about ten miles from Holnicote, where a few rooms were kept for use by the family.

FROM HIS GRANDMOTHER.

[? 1829.]

MY DEAREST TOM,

Your father writes me word you are at Highercombe with your friend Sir Stephen Glyn [Glynne]. Should you have any inclination to shew him my favorite spot[1] in high beauty, and would like to come and breakfast here, take an early dinner with us and return to Highercombe in the evening, I shall be most happy to see you. I can offer you no one inducement for your friend, but the beauty of the country—I cannot ask you before Thursday, as we have Mr. and Mrs. Scott on Tuesday and Wednesday, and Capt. and Mrs. Moresby are staying here with their family.

I am afraid you have had very bad weather at Higher-

[1] Holnicote.

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combe. Pray send me an answer by Larkham,[1] and if you like to come, tell me what time you will be here for breakfast.

I remain, my dearest Tom,
Your very affectionate Grandmother,
H. A. FORTESCUE.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

Christ Church, March 11, 1830.

I endeavour now to bring myself to children's hours night and morning. I have accomplished the getting up, but cannot manage the going to bed so easily. I have a machine which carries off all the blankets, etc., and leaves me no redress, about 20 minutes before six or half past five, and so, with or without a good will, I am obliged to proceed to my sitting room; I used to keep the fire in, but as I found myself several times very comfortably seated in the arm chair with my feet on the fender, and to all purposes as if in bed except not so comfortable, I have given up the fire too; and now boiling a cup of coffee made overnight on a lamp, I make some use of my time. But Arthur has a still more complete thing, a hammock, one end of which is made to tumble down, and so *spill him* on the floor at a particular time. I believe it is quite his own idea applying the machine to this purpose. He has got very comfortable rooms, but you may be astonished to hear notwithstanding that they are *cellars*, literal cellars underground; he entertained the Tyrolese there, and I gave them a breakfast in my lodgings. We have got their rivals here now, the Bohemians. Jews they are in reality. I have not heard them, but I hear they are very wonderful.

[1] Larkham was afterwards the one-armed keeper who could do wonderful feats in shooting and carrying guns and leading ponies.

FROM HIS FATHER.

Holnicote, Nov. 27, 1830.

I must give you the first intelligence of two events which have occurred to me within the last two days, of various degrees of importance. First, that I am no longer the one happy exception to the roan's list of vanquished trophies,[1] only that I have this to plead that he kissed the ground rather sooner than I did, and was scarcely, if at all, up before me. It was rather a heavy roll going down the new drive at Pixton on Thursday at a smart trot, and I believe he crossed his feet, for he was on the ground like a shot, and rolled over and over. Ditto myself, but I had no hurt, thank God, excepting my left shoulder, which was, I believe, almost out, but at all events a good deal sprained. I was however well taken care of at Tiverton by the doctor ("Alderman" in name, not in office), and at Killerton by your mother, Fletcher, and a dozen leeches, and I have since had no pain, though I shall certainly get no shooting during the remaining five days that I have to stay. I took off on the Friday after the ministers were out, *i.e.* a week ago, and expect to get back by the time they are re-elected the end of next week.

My remaining achievement was I hope of a very different nature from a fall, though that remains to be seen, a declaration at the Reform meeting yesterday of my readiness under the circumstances of the time (the opinion of moderate and sensible men, no other), to entertain and settle that question if possible on moderate, definite, and constitutional principles. I took care to say at the very outset with reference to some of the more ardent reformers who had spoken that I never had been and thought to my dying day I never should be a reformer of their stamp.

I take the thing to be quite inevitable—you may yourself have seen some indications of this—in our various conversa-

[1] Acland had already been thrown by the roan as well as his brother Arthur.

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tions with different persons here. I find the same with almost everyone in London, and you cannot have a clearer proof than this that no one to my knowledge has defended or even palliated the wisdom of the Duke's declaration against it. Nay, if there were anything of a compact resolute party of that way of thinking, if they did not feel the force of public (not merely popular) opinion setting against them on all sides, they would never have missed the opportunity of raising their own cry with some echo of encouragement, nor have admitted the want of wisdom in making the declaration. When troops are in earnest, the rallying cry is always welcome.

However, I do fully agree with you that men's minds are in a strange unsettled state. The matter of moment is that with them, such as they are, you have to deal. It may be that all great changes of opinion are so accompanied, and it is probable or rather certain that some change is passing over us at this moment. It is better to direct than oppose ineffectual and reactionary resistance.

From the Rev. W. Jacobson.[1]

January 19th, 1831.

I need not say I am deeply obliged to you for your proposal; but I feel bound on every account to decline it, as far as I can see the case. I have never had two opinions about your indiscretion in reading with me before; and though I was weak enough to be overruled then, I am not so wicked as to play the same trick over again—with indeed many aggravations. Your time is now more valuable than ever. . . . No, No! Master Acland, if you must have a tutor, go to a better market. Find a man up to his work, with all his wits about him, and his books at his fingers' ends, and his head as full as mine is void of history and all manner of ologies.

There is one of the ex-tutors of Oriel with whom I

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Chester.

should be delighted to hear that you were reading. I mean *Newman*—the best man, in my poor judgment, that you could find in Oxford. *Do* think whether that might not be arranged. He would do all you want.

To Sir J. Mordaunt.

Christ Church, Jan. 29, 1831.

I think you did quite right not to come home, for everybody is making a sad bawling and fuss about the state with their mouths wide open and their hands in their pockets. Now my father's motto is mouths shut, eyes open, and hand ready. Talking can do no good, but, as there is no knowing what may happen, we cannot look about us too much or be too ready to act upon any emergency. Now if you had come home it would just have been adding to the talking by an act of fright, at least in appearance, and though I look to you for an eminently useful country gentleman (no humbug), as you say I do not exactly know what good you could now have done. The root of the evil I doubt not is mainly the want of personal interest on the part of landlords and efficiency on that of the church—both I believe are improving, and so I hope if the country is blessed we may be all right again, and go on a little better for the present shaking. External causes cannot be at the bottom, but people who know more than I can be a judge of about it, seem to allow that a certain reform is needed in external things, such as parliament and the tithe system, with a view of bringing out the efficiency of both and making them do their own work better (heaven preserve us from change on any other principle), and the knowing ones, Senior, etc., seem to say that emigration is exceedingly necessary as a temporary measure.

But as to yourself it is the natural thing to travel now if ever, and of course it must be a part of that education which elevates and fits a gentleman to perform his duties tenfold better afterwards.

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Oh, my dear fellow, what a creature am I! It is now a week and a half since I began this letter, and have had it staring me in the face ever since. I hope I shall not be again punished by being too late.

I saw Courtenay and his loving bride[1] just before I came back; in short, within a week after the event. They do look awfully happy; I must say I am rather envious, but it does one great good to admire a person quite platonically, and I must say I know no two persons more suited, or whom it gives me more pleasure to see joined. She is a very serious person, and therefore will add much to his happiness every way. Glynne was at the proposal. I do not mean actually in the room, but in the house, and received the first notice by their walking to church arm in arm. Young Glynne has been up for his little go, and got through, which is a great delight.

The hunting and snob set are worse than ever; your friend —— is rather awful, I was no end civil when he first came, but it wont do. Anstice red-hot, engaged, very mad not knowing whether he is going into law or church and candidate for a professorship at King's College.

FROM HIS FATHER (ON HEARING OF HIS FIRST CLASS IN CLASSICS).

Pall Mall, May 18, 1831.

Whatever my sobriety and modesty might have determined with respect to the preference due to a second class while the matter was yet "sub judice," I cannot conceal from you the joy I feel that you are actually dignified with the honours of a first. For though in one respect you know better even than I could surmise that you may in this matter be raised somewhat beyond your deserts in all points, yet I do not fear that with this knowledge you will

[1] Lord Courtenay, afterwards Lord Devon, had married Lady Elizabeth Fortescue.

sustain any of the mischief of undue complacency on that account. And though I have always told you frankly that your work had not been of that indefatigable uncompromising kind which commands rather than woos success, and though in fact in your anxiety and consciousness of partial favour you have had wherewithal to mitigate the pride of academical and first rate honour, yet after all, it must be admitted that you are now reaping a fair reward of great self denial, admirable intentions, and very considerable labour, though not tempered quite to the strength of the thousand waters of the best Damascus blade. What is still more to the purpose, you have, I believe, conducted yourself with a very honest general regard to principle through the critical period of your long college residence. And I am sure you have been actuated by a sincere wish to give to parents who have a sincere and warm affection for you, and the deepest concern for your temporal and eternal welfare, all the pleasure, and it is great, which they can derive from the well being and well doing of their first born, and therefore it would be surprising indeed if I did not wish you heartily joy of the blessing God has given you and bid you heartily welcome to it. It must, however, be an earnest of great and steady exertion for the future. The times, perhaps your necessities, will demand it. You are in fact but putting your foot on the threshold, but you are prepared to ascend with vigour the steep that is to succeed. Most happy will you be if with this good cheer of encouragement at the outset you are able to pursue a path of much quiet and progressive usefulness to yourself and others, yet free from ambitious thoughts and projects, and happy will your mother and I be if our lives be spared to witness the advance. My own particular circumstances, perhaps, lead me to breathe wishes of retired and holy happiness rather than of precarious and fearful distinction. You must take time, let me say years, to weigh well your own course. In the meantime stretch every nerve for your mathematical struggle, and win the first rank there honestly

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if you can. We, I hope, surely I (D.V.) will come to the Commemoration, and if they choose to dignify me too with their Doctor's gown,[1] and the friendly assent thereto of your own compeers, I shall be grateful for the friendliness on your own account still more than on my own. Other matters we can talk of when we meet. In the meantime I try as I am sure you do to be contented, glad and thankful, and not to set any earthly gratification at more than its true worth.

From his Father.

Beckenham, (Tuesday 24th, waiting between Morden and London.)
May 24, 1831.

It is very pleasant to hear how you are going on, and very kind Mr. Saunders seems to be in placing you at Cuddesdon. You will fare none the worse, depend upon it, for having kept your Sunday, and abstained from your worldly calling—I am right glad you did not give in to the temptation.—But I write now chiefly to urge you not to overwork yourself—four hours at a stretch—and two such in a day, or at most two and a half are as much as your head can possibly compass, and will require some active and regular exercise between whiles to keep you up to it in full. I should really imagine that eight hours *on* one subject must be quite enough—and you ought to take opening medicine twice a week, or more if necessary to get rid of the head-ache.

You do not tell me when the examination[2] comes on—tho' I collect from your saying you will be "clear this day (Sunday 22nd) fortnight,"—that the examination will be over Sunday the 5th—and consequently that next week May 30th-June 4th will be the real time of trial. So whatever you do, live light, and have exercise in the cool of the evening from this time. You will come to us I hope

[1] The D.C.L. Degree which he received this year.
[2] The Examination in the Mathematical Schools.

immediately after, but we will let you know our movements. Wednesday, June 1st, is Harrow Speechday, and Henry's[1] first speech. We then hope to spend two or three days at Godstone, and I *hope* to be at the Harrow dinner on Sat. 4th.

The ensuing week will be a dinner week, probably in London, and the following one an Oxford one, when I hope to be very happy. By the way, Monday 13th is our Ch. Ch. Gaudy-day, or Gaud*e*? Can I be of that party? Sturges-Bourne will—he meaning to be a commemoration man.—I have sent a good scolding to Arthur[2] for publishing his musical compositions! and with his name!! and without my knowledge!!! He sent me however a very amiable letter about your class, which checked my hand a little.

From his Father.

Harrow Dinner, Free Mason's Tavern, Saturday Evening, June 4, 1831.

I have not been in town yet twenty-five minutes, and have only read Saunder's most friendly letters. I question whether I save the post, but I will not lose the mere chance of thanking thus hastily, but with all my heart, him and you for the pleasure I now enjoy.[3] Let us thank God too, and above all strive to thank Him by making all of us the best use we can in the best sense of the blessing he gives. God bless you.

From Charles Wordsworth.[4]

1831.

I am sorry to have been unsuccessful in my attempts to find you: however, congratulations can't wait—and you must please to accept them on paper till we meet.—*Your first Class is worth all the rest in the University Calendar put*

[1] His son Henry, afterwards Sir Henry Acland.
[2] His son Arthur, who afterwards took the name of Troyte.
[3] On hearing of his first class in mathematics.
[4] Afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews.

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together. 1st. Because I believe you expected it least—2nd. because you deserved it most—in as much as you have to thank yourself—your whole self *nothing but yourself for it* —It is indeed a most glorious achievement—and I congratulate you most cordially. You must now *rub* up your *cricket a little.*

To his Mother.

Liverpool, October 10th, 1831.

Hawarden is only seven miles from Chester, so being early in Chester, I waited a decent time to avoid the horrors of a long avant dinner and arrived about five. I found only Sir Stephen and his brother in the house, and walking out met Lady Glynne and her formidable sister Mrs. Bielby Thompson: they are both icy cold at first contact, but they gradually melt; and I rather ended in liking them, but Lady Glynne much the most.

This house is a modern one in old turretted English style, very quiet and tastily built with a good deal of ivy round it. There is one comfortable library about 45 feet by 20, but which having pillars like the Killerton ones at both ends, is not a bit too large for comfort; then a small ante room, then another, then a dining room, and behind a billiard room. Overhanging the house to the west is a fine old castle keep with remains of the old castle, a dungeon etc., of which I have brought back numerous drawings. . . .

The young ladies were unwell, so I did not see much of them, but liked what I did. They are lively, natural, smart girls, without any London nonsense and not the least Missy.

Of Sir Stephen himself too much cannot be said. He combines more solid religious principle and determination to act on it, in spite of every body, with sound judgment and discretion than I have seen in any young man, and he conducts his household as orderly as any old one.

Lady Holland and her two eldest Sons: Thomas & Arthur etc.
From a Mezzotint by Cousins after an oil painting by Sir T. Lawrence

FROM HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 1831.

Your letter has indeed, my dear Tom, as you may well suppose, given us *great pleasure*, for though we had scarcely felt nervous about the result, yet nevertheless the entire certainty of your success[1] is most acceptable and gratifying, and cordially do we rejoice with you on it. I am much flattered at your being so willing, in the midst of all your triumphs, to listen to my grave cautions. I am quite aware that it is not every son that would thus invite them from a mother, but I will not this time inflict any upon you, rejoicing to see that your own mind suggests them to you, and I am quite sure that you will ever find it to your own happiness as well as advantage not to attach too much value to worldly honours, since they do so often, like "riches, make to themselves wings and flee away." . . .

I know not whether your Father told you there was expectation of a row at Exeter last night, in consequence of various letters and printed papers scattered about announcing the intention of burning in effigy the bishop and two or three other offensive characters as the commencement of other riotous proceedings. It was thought prudent to be prepared at all points, though it turned out to be the quietest 5th of November known in Exeter for many years! But, however, possibly, and indeed probably, the preparations made it so. Your father dined with the bishop as did some other persons, and about sixty or seventy persons were stationed in different parts of his premises ready to give the mob a hearty reception had they made their attack. A troop also of valiant Yeomen were at the castle, and Lord Ebrington had been summoned as vice Lieutenant from Castle Hill. I suppose "The Western Times" will have its joke this week, but that cannot be helped.

[1] His obtaining a Fellowship at All Souls'.

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Dr. Miller has been busily employed in getting the dirty parts of Exeter a little cleaned in preparation for the cholera, but I hope and trust it may please God to spare us from that scourge.

POSTSCRIPT BY HIS FATHER.

I only add what your mother abstains from. Accommodate yourself without profession to the natural and innocent habits of your new associates, following at the same time your own pursuits, of which pray never be without some one definite and constant, and do not fail to keep up your Latin and classical English poets by almost daily intercourse with them, and talk and think little about yourself. You seem to have a capital set of new Fellows.

CHAPTER III

1831-1837

ACLAND became a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, in November, 1831, and entered the House of Commons as Member for West Somerset six years later, in 1837. Of these six years nearly two were spent abroad, about a year and a half at All Souls', about a year in London, and the rest at home or in visits. The extracts from his Journal which follow give some idea of the various changes of plans which were made during these years, and of his constant uncertainties and perplexities. He used in later life to say that it was a most unsatisfactory time, and that he acquired then many desultory habits, which were a great misfortune to him afterwards. He no doubt always suffered from a want of power of concentration. There was a tendency to be fussy and undecided, to get into a "shindy," as he called it, and to run away from the actual subject before him. Notwithstanding his wonderful industry, this was often a great drawback to him all through his life. One of his best friends[1] in later life wrote to him: "You waste a deal of labour both of your own and of other people's. The quantity of shavings that you make in carpentering is quite enormous." He knew the truth of this,

[1] Dr. Temple, the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

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and he always regretted that he had not been made to fight the tendency immediately after taking his degree by steady and systematic work. But the difficulties of the eldest son of a large landowner and country gentleman, very much in earnest as he was, are considerable. No doubt if he could have entered Parliament in 1832, like his friend Gladstone, it would have been an advantage to him for the rest of his life. He did more practical hard work in the year or two after he entered the House of Commons in 1837 than in the whole of the six years before. During those six years he had, as an eldest son, no profession, and he was unable to help his father, who was only forty-four in 1831, in matters which concerned the estate. There was not material enough in county business in those days to occupy his active mind even if his father had wished him to stay at home. He had no interest in sport. He had no regular work to do at Oxford. He was not a student by nature, though he was very fond of philosophical and religious speculation, an interest which accompanied him all through his life and was revived in his old age. The result was that he was kept floating on the stream, uncertain what to be at, and feeling his perplexity. His position involved much dependence on his father, especially before he married and set up for himself. He carried deference to his father's wishes, as his journal and letters show, to an almost unreasonable extreme. And it was very difficult for him to know what his father's wishes were. In the autumn following his fellowship

he promised his father to go to the law for six years. Two months later he was told not to go to the law, but to go and read at All Souls. In the spring of 1833 he went abroad for fourteen months, and wrote asking whether he should not go to the law at once on his return. In October, 1834, his father told him not to have any professional objects in view. And each opportunity of Parliament—Tiverton, Somerset, Bath—offered by Gladstone or others was rejected. This was no doubt partly owing to the enormous sums his father had spent on his Parliamentary contests, and to consequent want of funds. But in the autumn of 1835, his father was telling him that he ought to have decided for himself and gone to the law long ago. He was then told to come abroad again for the winter of 1835-1836. He made a short and ineffective attempt at county business in 1836, and finally, in the winter of that year, began to read law in London. Within a year from that time he was in Parliament.

There is no ground for surprise that he looked back on these years with some dissatisfaction. On the other hand, his father must have been much puzzled with his speculative and apparently unpractical mind. He had no great interest in philosophers. He wrote to his son about the Devonshire philosopher, who was born at Ottery St. Mary, and who was with Wordsworth on the Quantocks[1] within a few miles of Holnicote in 1798, writing "The Ancient Mariner" and

[1] "'The little toe of Quantock is better than the head and shoulders of Surrey and Middlesex,' wrote Coleridge to his friend Poole." Mrs. Sandford, "Thomas Poole and his Friends," vol. i. 272.

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"Kubla Khan" as follows: "Bring me your 'Aids to Reflection,' in which I will acknowledge to you I expect to find many views of the highest order of great value, together with eloquence, feeling, imagination, etc., but in which I expect also to find much of a vague and desultory kind, with overcharged and overstrained views and reasoning, and not a little of ill-controlled ardour and self estimation, not altogether accordant with the calm and cautious sobrieties of divine philosophy." Acland admitted to himself at this time that Coleridge was making him a stronger Tory than he had been and a High Churchman, and no doubt his father was aware that this was the case.

In these years of much religious movement and change, there was searching of heart at home, all the more keen, as so often happens, because father and mother and children were all alike so much in earnest. His mother adopted Evangelical views of a very pronounced type at this time. He and his brother Arthur were tending strongly in the Tractarian direction. His father did not agree with either wife or sons. Arthur wrote to his brother Tom in the summer of 1834: "Papa talks to me of the 'heart-rending pain of having his family torn from him,' and he has used to others far stronger expressions. Indeed, Tom, he is, I am sure, in great discomfort. He refuses all conversation with myself and others on any subject connected with religion." The gentle hand of time smoothed away by degrees much of the pain which arose between the father and his family from their differences of religious opinion.

The journals quoted in this and the preceding chapter, contain several records of Acland's visits to Walton, the home of his friend Sir John Mordaunt. He began to form an attachment for Miss Mary Mordaunt, whom he married in 1841, at least as early as 1832. At first probably the doubt as to whether his father, who had nine children living in 1832, and whose financial embarrassments were not inconsiderable, could enable him to marry soon, and a feeling of want of encouragement from his mother affected a mind which was easily led into hesitation. His thoughts were constantly reverting to Walton during the years of waiting, but he could not make a final decision, and with many fluctuations of feeling he remained in uncertainty till 1840. He was filled with a genuine sense of distrust of himself and a feeling of his unworthiness of her. The record of these years of waiting alike for him and her is very touching in the retrospect. But although he was often in perplexity about his plans of life, there was much which he enjoyed during this time, especially the companionship of his brothers and his friends. He took the deepest interest in his brothers and their work at Oxford. He often tried to help them. He read with Arthur and Henry during the Vacations. His attachment to them, and his warm appreciation of their affectionate feeling towards himself, was constantly manifested all through his life to the end. So too with his friends. In May, 1832, he writes in his journal, "What a list of friends I have; Fisher, Hornby, Ogilvie, Mordaunt, Courtenay, Tancred, Egerton, Glynne, Anstice,

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Harrison, Bruce, Maurice, Jacobson, Wood, Wilson, Lady Mordaunt." The influence both of his reading and of friends like Anstice, Harrison, Wood and Wilson, together with Newman, Pusey, Rogers, and others whom he soon came to know intimately, were tending to make him a High Churchman. Alexander Knox, his father's friend, Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose familiar names occurred again and again when he talked to his children in later life, were bringing him into harmony with the new religious movement in Oxford. Dean Church has said in writing of these three men: "In quarters quite unconnected with the recognized religious schools, interest had been independently and strongly awakened in the minds of theologians and philosophical thinkers, in regard to the idea, history and relations to society of the Christian Church. In Ireland, a recluse, who was the centre of a small knot of earnest friends, a man of deep piety and great freedom and originality of mind, Mr. Alexander Knox, had been led, partly, it may be, by his intimacy with John Wesley, to think out for himself the character and true constitution of the Church, and the nature of the doctrines which it was commissioned to teach. In England, another recluse, of splendid genius and wayward humour, had dealt in his own way, with far-reaching insight, with vast reading, and often with impressive eloquence, with the same subject; and his profound sympathy and faith had been shared and reflected by a great poet."[1]

[1] Dean Church, the "Oxford Movement," pp. 147-148.

To Coleridge especially, Acland remained a devoted adherent all his life. It mattered little to him that his Oriel friends spoke of him as a "misty thinker," or that Carlyle said that his method of revivifying the Church had to be carried out "by attending to the 'Reason' of man, and duly chaining up the 'Understanding' of man." The Spiritual Philosophy of Coleridge, wrote Acland in 1892, was "as the breath of life to young men half a century ago."

What Knox, Coleridge and Wordsworth had led him to think about, was emphasized by the action of his friends. When the Oxford movement actually began, Acland was abroad, but before he left England, churchmen were full of alarm. In June, 1832, Dr. Arnold had written "The Church as it now stands no human power can save." Keble's Assize sermon at St. Mary's in July, 1833, on National Apostasy, after the suppression of ten Irish bishoprics, was considered by Newman to be the starting-point of the movement. Meetings were immediately afterwards held in the Oriel Common Room. Between July 25 and July 29, there was a gathering at Hugh James Rose's Rectory at Hadleigh in Suffolk. The "Tracts for the Times" were the result of the consultation. Acland's great friend Benjamin Harrison, afterwards Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Archdeacon of Maidstone, wrote to tell him about the Tracts while he was at Rome, and Acland in writing home asked his mother if they had yet penetrated to the Holnicote valley. He read Newman's "Arians"

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with delight while he was abroad, and found Coleridge in the book, though Newman had not yet read his works. "Acland maintains," said Newman in writing to Wilson, "that my metaphysical (!) views agree with Coleridge, which he is rejoiced to find."

When he returned in 1834, he persuaded his friend Maurice to write about the subscription controversy in Oxford. Some persons had raised the question of subscription to the thirty-nine articles by Undergraduates, and his friends were much perturbed. Maurice wrote his pamphlet "Subscription no Bondage," and was welcomed as an ally by the Tractarians. It was an alliance that was not to last, as is shown by Dr. Pusey's letter to Acland[1] at the time when Maurice thought of standing for the Professorship of Political Economy at Oxford. By the accession of Dr. Pusey to the movement in 1835, whom, like his brother Philip, Acland respected so much, another link was added. And Newman's influence was steadily growing. Acland must have heard many of his Parochial Sermons at St. Mary's and deeply felt the potent spell. "There is nothing like them for going home," he said. He was a very faithful attendant at University sermons also, though their effect was rather uncertain as his journals show. In later life, when his sons were at Oxford, he used to express a mild surprise if anyone was unwilling to attend a second University sermon on one Sunday. Often, when spending a Sunday in Oxford, he would slip away from his brother Henry's

[1] See p. 81.

luncheon table amidst general protests at 2 p.m. to hear a second (perhaps very dull) University sermon,[1] without which he did not feel his Oxford Sunday was quite complete.

Acland went to live in London in 1836, and at the General Election of 1837 he stood as a Conservative for West Somerset. After a severe contest in which the other Conservative candidate was defeated, Acland was elected at the head of the poll with a Whig colleague. What some of his friends felt about his position when he entered Parliament may be indicated by an extract from a letter from S. F. Wood,[2] with whom he was afterwards so closely linked in work and in friendship until his death in 1843.

"I am very glad you have been able to remain so free. You will never I trust find me really captious in judging of the line you take. Events have rendered our position as regards the State so intricate and anomalous, that opinions may fairly differ even widely about what is best. All I want is that people should bear steadily in mind the indefeasible spiritual rights of the Church and Her divine and mysterious nature. If they will do this (as I am sure you will), I have no fear of their tampering rudely in Her details; they will rather shrink back from what is so sacred even when past events really call for something to be done.

I do hope and trust that in acting as you will in Parlia-

[1] Since these pages were written, the second University sermon has been abolished.

[2] Brother of Charles Wood, afterwards the first Lord Halifax.

ment you will find a recompense in being useful for giving up quieter pursuits and things, which certainly have a more direct tendency to build one up in the right way. At any rate you are in the plain path of your duty, and that is enough, come what will. I am thankful that my path happens not to lie there too."

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL, 1831-1837.

1831.

Dec. 3. Essay on Coleridge for the W. E. G. The discussions of last week have more or less continued, some necessary for the Essay, but I have contracted a habit of going and displaying to Rogers which will not profit. *Dec.* 7. Long talk with Manning, found his practical results on mysteries, etc., agree very well, but he a little unsettled me on Church matters, set aside the Fathers, etc. *Dec.* 17. My mind is working on the subject of Episcopacy and Regeneration and picking up on Fulness of time [the subject of the University Ellerton Theological Essay for which he competed without success], Dabbling in the Rose and Pusey controversy, owing to Rose speaking well of Kant and Co.

1832.

May 12. An awful season this in politics, spirits raging awfully. Things out of the hands of the Whigs. Where are we now? The Duke getting on slow. I am reading Burke which is applicable. *July* 7 [Winwick—Liverpool—The Lakes—Edinburgh]. This week has been a sad rattle and knocked me up, very gratifying in many things but distracting. Mr. Hornby[1] most kind and instructive. The Lakes opened a new sense to me, and I was much delighted

[1] Editor of Alexander Knox's Remains, Rector of Winwick.

by my visit to Southey. . . Southey very low, yet cheerful as can be in sure prospect of ultimate good. Edinburgh is very striking and people amiable, a good deal of religious discussion and running after preachers. The Episcopal Church is a striking sight, and the impression of the true Catholic body unsupported by the State. The Kirk I did not at all like, and yet I must allow it to have much good. *July* 14. Since that we have been through Loch Katrine, etc. . . . What with the "Lady of the Lake," the scenery and the thoughts of the Highlands, my heart beats all day as if I was fairly tipsy. *July* 21 [To Glasgow, to Dublin and Archbishop Whately's]. A most beautiful passage, found Mordaunt, bought drawing books, went to Whately's, I am a little set at my pendulum work by Blanco White[1] who has been studiously working to persuade me of Keble's mysticism and Newman's asceticism, that truth is subjective only, that law is practically the will of the people, that the Church is not of divine institution, that the Fathers as a body are fools, yea, knaves.

Invited to stand for Tiverton, refused. Grounds, no intention at present, not yet qualified, opinions not formed to enter with comfort . . . . all this besides expense to father and connection with Tiverton. *Sept.* 7 [Holnicote]. I find that my father does not desire my going to law chambers yet, better make All Souls my home for work till Christmas, for a month (here), then back again to work there.

Indoors drawing, walk on top of hill, came down to Lady Mordaunt. The Bishop of Exeter came. *Sept.* 8. Out shooting very early, good sport, home by two o'clock. Walk up Horner with Lady Mordaunt and Mary Mordaunt. *Sept.* 10. Up early reading. Walk out with Mary Mordaunt and Sir John before breakfast. At 12 started to Culbone with Lady Mordaunt and M. M. drawing, etc.

[1] "A brilliant naturalized Spaniard who sowed the seeds of doubt around him." Dean Church, "Oxford Movement," p. 17.

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Mr. Alford and Mr. Paget dined here. Alford was an Apostle at Cambridge. *Sept.* 12. Off early at Winsford. Got to Highercombe by 1, M. M. just after lunch, etc., down with carriage to Dulverton and passed them in the town. Pixton, drive home. *Sept.* 15. The early part of this week was delightful, the enjoyment of Lady Mordaunt's visit more than I looked for, too great. My mother much prejudiced against them as fine, etc., and people of the world. But I trust this was removed before the end, and Lydia took to the young ladies much. *Sept.* 16. Sir J. Trevelyan came again. Read Keble's Christian Year those marked by M. M. Told Henry most of my story. *Oct.* 8. Rode with Courtenay from Castle Hill to Bude. We had some important conversations, a great battle about Reform, etc., over Umberleigh Bridge to Torrington. *Nov.* 10 [Oxford]. This week has contained topics of great interest, the reception of our new fellows, the visit of Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, which excited my most loyal feelings. I was quite moved when I first saw the little princess bow to us when we met them on Woodstock Road. *Nov.* 17. The subject of Church Reform is going a good deal now. I have met Keble this week, and am increasing my acquaintance with Newman, also some conversation with Harrison on Justification, too much talk, talk. Newman proposed to me this week to get up a Life of J. Norris. *Dec.* 29 [Holnicote]. Our Christmas has been spent here all nine together, and very happily. The most uncomfortable thing is a considerable portion of *opinâtreté à tort et à travers* on religious subjects, and I find it particularly difficult to keep clear of paradox on the subject and to hold my tongue.

1833.

May 26. My father says, "The green wood is good, but it wants hardening." I wish to do right, I now and then make an effort, but I am very far from steady, uniform habit. He also says, "Get out of vagueness and the modes

of thought which you acquired under Fisher.' I really cannot quite make out what he means here unless it is that I have heretofore very much overrated, and interested myself in theoretical questions. I suffer myself to get in reverie on deep points and so get vague. Well I will give up all this. *June* 2. Trinity Sunday. This is probably the last I shall have in England for twelve months. *June* 16. Sunday. Spent this day at foot of the Drachenfels. At the top of it I read the Keble for the day, one of the favourites,[1] and then I found close on a brow a little to the north a little forget-me-not, while I was reading the Keble. *June* 23 [Berne]. *Me voilà à ma destination.* Nothing can surpass the kindness of my reception [by Mr. David Morier] . . . I clearly see I have great advantages here. Morier has already given me proofs of his confidence, and very many of his kindness. *Dec.* 15. Here I am in Rome. I feel puzzled on entering this place, finding myself suddenly in the midst of a lot of English faces and voices as if I was in St. James's Street.

1834.

Jan. 12 [Rome]. My reading of Newman's book on Arianism has, I hope, been very beneficial. *March* 5. I am again perplexed about Popery. What does it all mean? Is it not nearly this that I am amusing myself with talking about it instead of following Harrison's advice by taking principles for my own practical guidance in daily conduct, and not as mere abstractions. Now as a matter of practice, can I not venerate as a simple and pure means of grace that Church into which, by God's grace, I am born, and yet not be ever entering into speculative discussions . . . Again, can I not feel charity to our Romish brethren without paradoxically explaining away all their errors? The great questions between us are not to be settled by the formal invalidity of our ordinations, nor am I to be

[1] Of Mary Mordaunt.

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venturing into the nets of these wily Papists single-handed, without the least power of maintaining the contest on the ground of fact. *April* 27. Probably my last Sunday in Rome. Germany seems coming, and will require harder and more bracing work . . . After that I will, if I have life and health, set myself in earnest at a course of legal, historical, and parliamentary reading. *Sept.* 14 [Edinburgh]. Since I left Bonn, all my plans have been changed; my father does not like my plan of going to stay at Bonn, being afraid of my becoming too professional . . . I am thrown out of what I thought would have been the best plan, namely, some months of methodical German study . . . I think it probable that I shall find my duty to lie in the diligent employment of my time at All Souls. *Nov.* 30 [Walton]. I was much impressed last week by Newman's sermon on Self-denial. My visit here is pleasant and satisfactory. What an example Mordaunt himself is of what moderate abilities can attain to if used humbly and steadily, without vanity or flutter or whim . . . he is a great lesson to me, and I am thankful for it . . . It is a pure pleasure to watch the calm steady growth of one's friend's mind.

1835.

Feb. 8 [Oxford]. Though much leagued with Newman and others, I have got some of the old Calvinistic leaven about me . . . I have been here for a fortnight on purpose to work, and have done little or no history. *Feb.* 20. I am just returned from a week in town which has been spent in one continual whirl, chiefly in attendance on my father, whom I went up to meet. The events of the week have somewhat turned my attention to politics and practical life in general. My father spoke of the opposition move [the election of the Speaker[1]], as the most ungentlemanlike transaction on record . . . I know not what means I have of entering public life, nor can I judge whether it

[1] Abercromby in the place of Manners Sutton.

will be good for me. I feel to want responsible real action. *April* 19 [Oxford]. I have of late had conversations with Keble, Newman and Maurice on subjects in connection with Alexander Knox and the views of the Apostolical school. These have made me aware of the necessity of definite action, and of the importance of justification by faith rightly understood; *e.g.* to the support of Knox's views, and to the danger of the Keble school ossifying the idea of the Church. *July* 19 [London]. I have, since the last note, been to Oxford to introduce Garden and Monteith to Newman and other Oxford men, which produced a very strong impression on their minds. I have also been to Cambridge, and thence went back with Trench and Heath for the same purpose . . . these Cambridge men have great zeal and earnestness of a certain kind.[1]

I am now dissatisfied at my objectless state of existence. I have no end in immediate pursuit, and am doing little or nothing in preparation for more remote ends. Moreover, with my political creed, what can I do in that line, money considerations apart? I have some notion of spending some time of the long vacation in reading with Henry. I don't know whether this will be allowed. Thank God for the comfort which Henry is to me . . . Father and Mother just come home from Portugal. *Aug.* 23 [London]. I ought to be very thankful for the instruction I have received in Margaret Chapel[2] . . . I think Dodsworth is improved since I last attended his church, being more fully a Churchman, and less theoretical.

It seems now really determined that the family shall go abroad for the winter. This is rather serious for us all . . .

[1] Newman says in a letter to R. H. Froude, July 20, 1835: "Acland has sent a fifth Cambridge man to me (Mr. Sterling)"; and Aug. 30, 1835, "Mr. Sterling had a *tête-à-tête* of three hours with Keble and me. We got on most famously."

[2] Afterwards All Saints, Margaret Street, the first Church in London to become a centre for the Tractarians—see also Journal for April 16, 1837. Mr. Dodsworth became a Roman Catholic.

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I should like of all things to see Rome and Bunsen again but still if I could get any real useful work to do in England I would willingly stay. *Oct.* 4. Since I last wrote have happened the interesting events of Arthur's marriage[1] and Bude consecration, at which we saw Arthur and Fanny. The first event drew forth many kindly feelings, and the happy and quiet manner of the whole produced so much satisfaction on all hands as to heal many a sore. Meantime Henry and I have made good some hard reading.

1836.

Feb. 7 [Rome]. I have been in Rome above a month as yet to little purpose enough. How have I been employed since I was here last? I left England June 7, 1833, and did not return till August, 1834. Till November I was sailing idly enough. At All Souls I made some attempt at reading, and got through some little history. Christmas was spent chiefly at Killerton, and in February (1835) I went up to town to meet my father. I continued some little reading at Oxford and till the end of May when we had the Subscription question, and I was busy for Maurice. I also ran down to Devonshire for Parker's election . . . after that I went to town for some time . . . The chief changes which have happened to me during this period are a desire to come into Parliament, a more full, and I trust a sober, sympathy with those regards to the Church set forth by Newman and Pusey; I have also qualified as a magistrate, and hope now to participate in useful county business, in which I have the advantage of an excellent friend, Courtenay . . . I have just determined to abandon the proposal of standing for Bath, so very kindly made to me by Gladstone . . . I am 26¾ years old, living for myself, and doing no good to anyone. *April* 3 (Rome). On the 21st March I heard of my poor friend Anstice's death. He is the first of my early friends

[1] His brother Arthur married Miss Williams. He changed his name to Troyte on succeeding to the property of Dr. Troyte at Huntsham in Devonshire.

who is gone before me. May all end as well as he did. Thanks be to God for making him what he was. Poor Anstice; I shall miss him much. And then his poor young widow. What an end to an attachment carried on from childhood, and how exquisitely pure was his love, and how did it elevate his character![1]

The 25th of March did not pass without much remembrance of three years ago.[2] Who can see the end? *July* 10 [Off the coast of Portugal, between Cape St. Vincent and Cape Espichel.] For some weeks past my thoughts have been turned to the subject of Repentance for Sin after Baptism, as treated in Pusey's tract on Baptism, and by J. Taylor . . . I do not see my way in this matter at all. *Aug.* 30 [Killerton]. I have begun to act as a magistrate in the capacity of Poor Law Guardian. I am much interested in the employment, and would gladly be employed in some such way five days in the week . . . I feel the need of regular duty every day more intensely. *Sept.* 8 [Walton], 3 a.m. A portion of the ordeal of this visit is, I trust, safely past. *Sept.* 9. Lady Mordaunt asked me about my thought of Parliament. I told her I had quite determined against it for the present, chiefly on financial grounds . . . I came away with more cheerful feelings but no doubts cleared up in my mind. This I do no expect or look for. *Dec.* 18 [17, Princes Street, Hanover Square]. I have now come to the end of my first sojourn in London. In some respects it has answered . . . I have read not a syllable of anything but law, but have been thinking, and still more, talking about other subjects, chiefly concerning the Church . . . I am more alive to the spiritual reality of Church principles . . . I find myself left behind or driven into opposition by the young men Wood and Williams, who seem to me over-confident, and to treat

[1] Anstice was the author of the hymn, "O Lord, how happy should we be," which was often sung to a chant composed by Acland's brother Arthur Troyte.

[2] His visit to the Mordaunts, at Walton, in 1833.

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the Roman Catholic errors with unjustifiable indifference with an equal degree of hard measure to Dissenters. I am thankful for intercourse with men so much in earnest as Wood and Williams, but they must not lead me.

1837.

Jan. 15 [Holnicote]. I am thankful for some success in habits of diligence, but I must struggle against narrowness of mind and heart and party spirit, and pray God to open my heart to all that is good and lovely and affectionate. How much I have to be thankful for! *March* 24 [London]. I have wasted a great deal of time, read very little, been too much absorbed in an abstract way with Church matters, etc. How different is my father, his heart full of warmth and life, Church feeling as genuine as honest layman can wish for, and yet he is open to all that is good and intelligent; he can take pleasure in all the little kindnesses of life to children, women, and all living things. This surely is right, and I am suffering from exclusiveness. How is it? How can I mend it? *April* 16 [London]. Church matters are hastening on. I wish I had noted little incidents more at the time. Dodsworth's church is a sort of mark for people holding Oxford views. The terms Newmanite, Puseyite, alas, are getting about. Some of my friends are pushing things to a point which makes me fear for their sober-mindedness, yet they are very earnest and act up to what they say . . . Newman's book on Romanism must, I think, do a great deal of good. It has given me great help; it gives a reality to the Church system, so to call it. It links intimately the National Church of this day with the Church of old and with the body of the Catholic Church in all places and in all ages, so that it removes the awkwardness of our setting up as the only representative of the Catholic Church . . . The book, too, is, I think, very discreet, and throws out no fighting paradoxes, but I hear there is some startling matter

coming on the Sacrament. *June* 18. Parliament, now that the poor King's life seems in such danger, requires my serious attention. I do not at all see my way. If I go in at all it must, I believe, be now, but it is a great responsibility; I scarcely feel up to it. *July* 2 [London]. The last week opens to me a new prospect. Parliament is now offered to me. My father comes forward most handsomely to put it in my power. We have had negotiation, the simple and real object of which has been to obtain a clear understanding from them that they undertake the expense, I, on my part, being *bonâ fide*, quite willing to give up if it cannot be so arranged . . . I cannot but feel how much is done for one on trust, and Lord Carnarvon's liberality—my father's especially, and he knows my weak points. *July* 30 [Holnicote]. I knelt at the altar of Selworthy Church in remembrance of the time, I think, Christmas, 1832, when five of us knelt there together, I, Arthur Baldwyn, Lydia and Henry: this can never be again. *Aug.* 7 [Morden]. This day we have followed our youngest brother to the grave; it has been, as it were, a funeral service for two at once.[1] *Aug.* 27 [Oxford]. My father,

[1] The following inscription to the memory of his two brothers is in Selworthy Church, under a marble monument carved by Chantrey:

CHARLES BALDWIN DYKE ACLAND,

Third son of Sir Thomas and Lady Acland, was born November 1, 1812, entered the Naval Service in the fourteenth year of his age on board of H.M.S. "Helicon," under the command of his uncle, Captain Charles Acland, like him, in the cause of humanity, fearlessly exposed his life to the deadly influence of African fever: and so died full of faith and hope and devout affection, May 10th, 1837, off the Bight of Benin, and was buried in the island of Ascension. This affliction was made known to his parents on the 17th day of July following, and on the 31st of the same month, it pleased God to remove from the bosom of their family, in the tenth year of his age, their youngest child,

DUDLEY REGINALD DYKE ACLAND,

a good little boy, early ripened for heaven by the mercy of Him who would have little children suffered to come unto Him, "and He took them, and blessed them." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

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mother and family, having left the scene of mourning at Morden and sailed for Greenwich, I have, after two or three days in London, come down here for a few quiet days before I go down to turmoil in Somerset. I am oppressed and melancholy here, for I am sure that my connection with this place [All Souls] which I love so much and have used so little, is now to be at an end. All duties bring their blessings, but it is a most painful sacrifice to me to go away. Newman has given me some of Froude's papers to read;[1] they are wonderful indeed . . . I have two objects here, the Library, the Statutes. *Nov.* 19 [92, Jermyn Street]. After my retreat at All Souls I went to Somerset, began with the Church meeting at Wells, and ended with the dinner (with Arthur) at Cullompton . . . Now here I am in London about to commence a new course of life.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

From Mr. Anstice.

12 *Bulstrode Street, Nov.* 25, 1832.

My time is indeed very fully occupied, for you may suppose that in preparing lectures and looking over exercises of 80 youths I have little enough time to myself; I am apt sometimes to envy you for enjoying such perfect leisure and imagine to myself a hundred occupations of study and writing which would be equally improving and agreeable; but I comfort myself with the belief that the frame of mind which is most inclined to such active pursuits, is best kept

[1] These were some of the papers afterwards published in Froude's Remains. Newman had asked Rogers to get an opinion on them from some one "more impartial than ourselves." "I thought of Acland," he says, "except that he is a fastidious man. What say you to Hope? But I leave it to your judgment."—Newman's "Letters and Correspondence," p. 137.

up by having some compulsory occupation; but when this year is closed, my labours will be much lightened, as I shall have gone through a course of English Literature. . . . I am going through the history of our English Prose Literature, which I am obliged to collect from various sources at the British Museum; my wife has an introduction there too, so that is often our point of rendezvous when I come away from the College. . . .

Wood is in town; he breakfasted here this morning, and went with us to Margaret Chapel, where we always go; I like Mr. Dodsworth still exceedingly. . . .

I suppose you have read Arnold's second volume of sermons; for schoolboys I think it is admirable, and I cannot but think he must be doing great good at Rugby, though I am sorry he is such a violent Whig.—They say Gladstone is sure for Newark; Gaskell from whom I heard a day or two ago seems to be equally certain for Warwick.

To his sister Lydia.

All Souls, April 1, 1833.

I have taken up the pianoforte very resolutely, and have *begun* by learning thorough bass which I find hard enough, but bringing a clear head to the matter, and stating it all in plain English devoid of technicality I find it much less puzzling than I expected. I made some progress during my visit to the Mordaunts, by assistance of the young ladies, one of whom learned thorough bass regularly of Barlowes, and went through all the exercises to the amount of a good book full. I must confess that my writing of the exercises has been hitherto but very slack, because I do not like to let it engross too much of my time. . . .

Lady Mordaunt will only be up for about ten days. She gave her daughters their choice of going or not for the Season, and they decided against. Do you believe that?

To Sir J. Mordaunt.

Berne, September 9, 1833.

Cormajor is charmingly situated, just below the junction of these two valleys and under the great wall of the mountain, which stands up so high that there is no getting it into a reasonable drawing. Here I spent my Sunday, being excessively tired and not very well, reading of course the Keble of the day, 10th after Trinity, and could not but think that you were reading it too with a depth of feeling equal to that with which you quoted Wordsworth. My Keble is a delightful journal, I generally date the day of the month on the Poem of the day, and the place, thus it reminds me that yesterday last year we landed at Bristol and reached Holnicote together; while the Saturday after Cormajor was St. Bartholemew's day, and made me remember the first bit of Keble you made me learn at Killarney.

I am learning German with all my might, and reading as much as possible in the practical line; only sometimes I cannot help reading or writing a little on some of my old subjects, especially as Morier thinks a great deal on such matters.

To Sir J. Mordaunt.

Berne, October 13, 1833.

I now in my turn write to you to help me in my travels. I have just received, to speak diplomatically, my "instructions from Home" according to which I am directed to proceed to Italy with the least possible delay, there to winter, and perhaps spend a considerable portion of the spring in southern climates. In my present mood I confess I think it a very great bore, for I had quietly made up my mind to a tranquil, studious winter with my excellent friend Morier and his family. That, however, is not to be, and I am routed out into all the bustle of a winter in the Imperial city. Do not, however, think, because it does not square with my present humour, that I would therefore have it

otherwise; I am quite sure my father's advice is right, and not the less so because it involves a little self-denial as to my laziness.

To the Rev. J. H. Newman.

[*From Newman's Letters and Correspondence. Vol. II.*]

Bologna, May 11, 1834.

My original intention in writing was to thank you for your book [the "Arians"], of which I believe, I was the only diligent peruser in Rome. Bunsen happened to be very busy when it arrived, and Pusey [Mr. Philip Pusey], was not in a theological mood; so it was made over to me and I let some of my friends have a bare sight of it. It is impossible for me to express the pleasure it gave me for many reasons. Wilson had given me such an awe (you know I used to be afraid of you) of your severely practical philosophy, that I would not have dared broach before you the result of my Coleridge reveries, as I look back on them now; but if I could have mastered the clearness of thought and expression, and summoned courage to sport the "view" before you, it should have been in the words you have used, beginning: "What, *e.g.*, is the revelation of general moral laws," to the end of the correcting principle in the next page . . . I cannot say how rejoiced I felt to discover that this great and comprehensive key to all philosophy had obtained the sanction of a calm mind like yours.[1] I thought, after all, that poor Coleridge was not so bad a fellow, if well used; and determined to speculate no more, but to practise the caution which you subjoin by a diligent application to the practical duties of life. I have often—how often!—wished that it had been my lot to have been at Rome the same winter as you . . . Bunsen took

[1] Early in the next year there occurs the following sentence in Newman's "Chronological Notes." "During this spring (1835), I for the *first time* read parts of Coleridge's works; and I am surprised how much I thought mine, is to be found there."

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your book with him; he was much struck with the beginning, and with the economy. I don't know whether you will succeed in shaking him in his strong Protestantism. He says the Council of Nice was the beginning of Popery, of adding an authority to Scripture. . . . Wiseman has desired me to draw your attention to a German work by Möhler, on Athanasius and his times. Very Roman Catholic, I believe.

FROM R. M. MILNES.[1]

Venice, June 16th, 1834.

It is possible that I may have relied too much on the delay which Archducal attentions, oriental learnedness, your own high-minded negligence of passports and the loss of some more of the eighteen small segments of baggage which Terrick Hamilton declares you brought from Rome, will naturally have caused you, and that you may by this time not only have reached the scholastic land of Berlin, but have set forward on your great education-pilgrimage, bodkin in a small caleche between Pusey's dryness and Bunsen's pinguitude, but at any rate a practical person like yourself will have left explicit directions at the Post Office, by which this sheet may find you wherever you may be following the "schoolmasters abroad." I have no incidents for you, neither Venetian or extraneous. I think your letter is the only one in way of friendship I have received this last month. . . .

When shall we two meet again? and how? In the thunder of theology, the lightning of mysticism or the drizzling rain of utilitarian life? I shall try to go to England in the summer, but probably without success. . . .

We all greet you well—write to me here, as it will be forwarded to wherever I am wandering.

[1] Afterwards Lord Houghton.

To Sir J. Mordaunt.

Berlin, June 19, 1834.

Well I went to Naples with a pro tempore companion; hoping to go to Sicily but some delays with some legal papers of my father's and uncertainty about being called home on a will trustee business threw me so late that I could not see Sicily and reach Bunsen in time here.—And *who is Bunsen?!!* you are a pretty fellow; where were you or where was Bunsen in your Roman winter that you did not hear of him or of the agreeable society at Pal. Cafferelli on the south side of Mons Capitol immediately over one part of the Tarpeian rock?—Bunsen is the Prussian minister at Rome; he was Niebuhr's private Secretary, then his Secretary of Legation, then his successor, a man of equal power and as critical mind but less sceptical. . . .

I did not know that I loved Rome till I was just leaving it, but I found it out then to an intense degree which I could not have believed possible: I—that grumbled at having to leave Berne for Italy! . . .

I passed from Rome, which I left May 1, rapidly to Venice by Florence and Bologna, meeting with no end of delays and misfortunes, losing passport, etc. etc., but luckily my delays kept me in Venice for a week nearly, in which time I saw numbers of paintings in out of the way churches which English never see, and many would not care for: Milnes of Cambridge, a Yorkshire family, was there with his father and mother and was kindness itself.

Was ever in this world such a scene as the Piazza St. Marco and the Cathedral itself! St. Peter's is not to be compared to it.—Here then I parted with the land of the Sun and of Beauty and plunged into the dismal darkness of German woods by way of Trieste. Never thought I that I should come to give the first pine wood I saw a greeting, which certainly was anything but a blessing. However, the second morning the sun rose bright over the mountains, and as I wound up a mountain valley I felt that

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wherever my imagination might be, I had still my heart for the mountains; and I felt that the scenes of reality, the business of duty, and the pleasures of home for me are on this side of the Alps, and this one may feel as one passes the barrier, while yet scenes are left which may "oft in lonely rooms and mid the din of crowded cities" cast a ray of sunshine on the work-day-world; my sense of the realities of things was a little strengthened by a very fatiguing journey in all manner of waggons and carts, changing every post, in quest of the Archduke John whom I finally caught at his house near Leoben in Styria. My reason for going by Vienna was my father's earnest wish that I should not miss the Archduke and Hammer, and both repaid me for my trouble; though my visits were necessarily excessively short. The Archduke is a most delightful person, and his lefthanded wife appears a very nice person, quite a child of nature and formed to suit him: they have been married about fourteen years, but it is only declared since three or four months, and she is made La Baronne De Brandhof, the name of one of his places; I could not give any correct idea of his way of life without much detail, so I must tell you when I see you, before which I hope I shall have seen him again. I sacrificed everything to reach Berlin as my first point, there to join Bunsen and his most intimate friend Pusey who married my cousin. . . . I am working from morning to night at German, to be in condition to make some use of a very kind offer of Bunsen which I purpose accepting; no less than to travel with him by several of the Universities to Cologne, to Bonn and perhaps as far as Berne and Geneva. . . .

What is finally to become of me, as I have told you I know not, but I am getting very anxious to get home and settle hard at work with a definite object, professional or otherwise. . . .

I enter Germany with little inclination to dabble in their philosophy though of course some facts and information on

SKETCH IN THE TYROL IN 1819.

By Sir T. D. Acland the elder.

the subject I shall take pains to acquire. Prussia is a most interesting country. I take it to be by far the happiest and best administered country in the world at present; and as far as I see has considerable elements of permanence; which it is perfectly clear our boasted *three power system* has not.

FROM THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN.

Oriel College, June 23, 1834.

I suppose you know all the English news, so I will say as little about it as I can. Wilson is settled at a curacy in Essex under Sir H. Oakeley, and is full of the difficulties and fidgets which attend a person the first year of his parochial life. Unluckily he has no superior on the spot, which ought not to be anywhere in the case of a Deacon. You see I can be a Reformer—indeed I only fear you may think some of us too much in the Reforming line on your return. But what is to be done? Are we to allow such men as form the present Ministry to appoint our Bishops? And yet, when one considers the Grand Turk appoints the Patriarch of Constantinople, it is plain we have not yet sunk to the lowest depth, and may run down merrily all our time. How strong a temptation is presented to men of the world, by means of the imagination, to believe Christianity or the Church (for practically it comes to the same term), is going out. The slavery has been of so long standing, and it is so complete. We fancied when we were at Rome that it was the temporal power of the Pope which had enslaved *him*. As a temporal prince he was bound by money engagements arising out of the late war, and was obliged to consent to the spoliation of the Church in Sicily (*e.g.*) and elsewhere, to pay off his debts. Froude goes further, and doubts whether the Church ought to *allow* the State to make tithes and offerings *property*. He says that certain payments are religiously due from the flock to the pastor, and that non-payment should be enforced by suspension or excommunication—just as you would in the case of any literary, etc.,

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society. "If you do not pay your subscription, you cease to be a member." In other words, I suppose he objects to the essence of an Establishment. This is all very well—but what puzzles me is the case of the *Churches* and *Churchyards*—you must have property there—and so of Schools and Colleges;—and my views are not yet sufficiently expanded to enable me to draw the line between one kind of property and another. By the bye, Ogilvie preached yesterday. Now you know he is now the square of caution—for he is Archbishop's Chaplain—yet he plainly insinuated in his sermon that we must prepare for the necessity of reading our services in private houses. I was struck, too, with the difference of the Archbishop's answer lately to the Lay Declaration, and that to the address of the Clergy in February. Then he said he hoped the Church would come out of its trial with an increase of honour and usefulness—but now he spoke in very desponding terms. Certainly the Ministry have treated him in a most insulting way. I cannot *fear* any ecclesiastical revolution—most sad and distressing as it will be, the present system is so hollow, that perhaps nothing can be worse—yet one does not see one's way clear to touch the existing fabric even with one's little finger—no! let the guilt of demolition lie wholly with the evil workers. Of course this caution is not inconsistent with every one in *his own station* doing his full duty, whether Bishop or layman, whatever reforms that direct duty involves. I am talking of clamouring for changes.

Thanks for your kind remarks about my book—which are really precious, if they are the first step in our knowing each other better. But what mean you by saying I made you afraid? *Quid feci?* really if you knew me, I think you would see I had more reason to be afraid of such extreme critics as yourself. You do not say how long you stay abroad—or what your plans are on returning. Is there any chance of your staying some little while quietly in All Souls'? Harrison is here—and other men, I believe, you know; and we want good Churchmen in these evil days.

FROM HIS BROTHER ARTHUR.

London, July 6, 1834.

Gladstone had tea with me last night. I see him every now and then. He is a delightful old fellow. We agree wonderfully . . . Gladstone bids me give his kindest remembrances, and say that there is a Radical-Education-General-Religion Committee sitting, and he thought that you might get out of Bunsen some valuable facts or theories. If you write to him, direct L 2 Albany. He gets on famously, and we have now more common topics together than at Ch. Ch. formerly, and he does not think me quite so mad as he did then.

FROM SIR S. GLYNNE.

Rome, December 5th, 1834.

I am greatly interested with the old Basilican churches, which you probably know well, especially S. Lorenzo (*fuori mura*), S. Clemente and S. Agnese (*fuori mura*), which remain in a great measure unaltered; also S. Stefano Rotondo, which is a very fine specimen of a circular temple. The pictures (though numerous and many excellent) are, on the whole, inferior to those at Florence, less well preserved, and less easy of access—at the latter place one was quite spoiled by the power of running in and out at one's pleasure. I had not adopted your views entirely about the relative beauty of the older and the more modern paintings, but it is not impossible that I may do so before I leave Italy—for I fully agree as to the fine expressions both of piety and majesty in the productions of Francia, Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Raphael's *prima maniera*.

Pray remember me kindly to Gooch and Boothby if they are at All Souls.

P.S.—We had an early intimation of the change of Government, as Peel was summoned by a messenger who arrived from England in 8 days.

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The following letter, written after his visit to Germany, shows Acland's early interest in education.

To W. E. Gladstone.

All Souls, Dec. 15, 1834.

As I said, I had little means of entering into their educational system in detail. The chief feature which struck me was, that they regard the Bell system, instead of a discovery, as being quite behindhand in the science of education. The master teaches all himself, and I believe no master is allowed to undertake more than 40 or 50; they consider, and I think, with truth, that the Bell "teacher" degenerates into a machine. . . . The Normal school is a known feature of their system, in that which I saw in Berlin. The young men, aged from 18 to 25, went through a course of two years, the first learning themselves, the second practising in the instruction of children in addition to continuing their own work. One circumstance which makes a great difference between the two countries is the different rate of living and value of money. The sum which we raise for a schoolmaster would keep two or three in Germany, and their poverty makes them work tremendously, as no one can be employed who cannot pass a very severe examination as well in his own attainments as in his power of communicating them.

Pusey's[1] impression of the education in Prussia, perhaps more particularly of the students at the public schools and at the Universities, was that they were overcrammed, that the man himself is not sufficiently developed as *e.g.*, by cricket, and that even their intellects are much more commonly stuffed than strengthened; and finally, let me tell you that the best thing you can do is to get a good talk with Pusey, from whom you cannot fail to gain much; if in Parliament he would, probably from his interest in the subject, be on your committee. . . .

I feel very much the kind interest you take about the

[1] Mr. Philip Pusey.

subject, and with reference to party matters I must confess to you that I plainly see that if I were in Parliament I should have to look very much to the line taken by other and more experienced men, which comes pretty much to the same point. I should never hesitate a moment in a full connection with all who stand on the basis of inviolable preservation of our institutions as long as they kept to this; but if this were confounded with a defence of abuses, I should be bound to protest on the ground that only true conservative principle is destructive of real abuses, never sacrificing a jot of the institutions or laying the blame on them but on the abusers.—"Men up to institutions, not institutions down to the level of men."—Maurice says this, and wants to hear people say that they are supporters of institutions *and therefore* (not *and yet*, or *on the other hand*, the formula of shuffling trimming conservatives) reformers of abuses.

Maurice is in great force, and in the happy discharge of parochial and tutorial duties at Bubben Hall, near Coventry. He would be glad to hear from you. We hope, after Christmas, to bring out a grand pamphlet of his on the University question, involving very deep Church views, which I will not spoil by retailing. I was at Edinburgh at the science meeting, and called on your brother (I did not see him) at Liverpool, but I could learn nothing of your *locale*. I joined my father from Germany in London, and sailed with him *via* Pentland Firth to Holnicote in the Bristol Channel. When will you take your summer's run in the North of Devon?

Sir Robert Peel having returned from Rome was forming his first ministry which lasted till the April following.

From W. E. Gladstone.

Private. *London, Dec.* 23, 1834.

I cannot avoid writing to thank you for your kind and valuable letter, though quite unable at present to answer it in detail, so far as relates to the subject of education.

CHAP. III. 1831-1837.

It came to me two days ago through Edinburgh, which I left on Thursday last in consequence of a letter from Sir Robert Peel, desiring to see me. I got here on Saturday morning and had an interview with him, which ended in making me one of the new Treasury Commission. Lincoln is a colleague: I do not know the rest, but they are all arranged and will probably appear in the paper to-day; if by any chance they should be gazetted, the Post Office, inexorable as it is, may charge this epistle, but it is not likely, and my conscience would scarcely let me write you such an one if I thought they would.

We *are* to have an immediate dissolution: may God help us! This indeed is dreadful enough at all times, not needful at this time under any circumstances; but to peril *all* upon a single issue—to entrust all to the short and giddy turmoil of an election—to go before the country with a long list of Tory *names*, and no means (except Pitt's letter only) to convince the people that the object of the government is not party domination—to risk standing in a false position for want of elucidation of our real circumstances, which a little time and a few discussions would supply! I know not what your feelings may be, but my own are of the most burdensome and painful description. *If* Sir Robert Peel obtains a favourable Parliament, it will not be nearly so favourable (I think) as if he had met the present one; but there *is* another alternative, and then, what a retrospect, and what a future. However, this is language which, to hold before our foes (yours and mine) could only, I think, do mischief; it still remains to us to act for the best, hope and pray for the best.

With delight indeed would I see you in Parliament, and a hundred more men, who, sound in their politics (as the term is commonly understood) yet brought something more than such politics to the task of rescuing, rectifying and securing the institutions of the country. It is difficult, indeed it would be indelicate for me to press such a subject after you have put it on such a footing; but I shall anxiously

hope that your willingness to serve your country will, if it please God, find scope: being well convinced from the little I have seen of it, that with all its awful hazards, it is an elevated and an ennobling service.

Your account of your brother (Arthur) is delightful, *and* just such as I expected. From what I saw of him, it was clear that all the elements of his nature had been put into a state of fiery trial, and gave promise of issuing from it in a state of remarkable excellence; and much shall I be surprised with you, if this is not the result. For my own interest I shall try to see him in town now: and hope to see him often during the next season. I am not aware whether you know much of Hamilton;[1] if not, pray try to know much of him; I at least think you will be repaid, and am sure Anstice will give you a fervent recommendation.

Gladstone, now Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, had written to Acland to consult him about educational matters in reference to the West Indies.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Melbury House (*Lord Ilchester's*), *Dorchester*, *March 20th*, 1835.

Shocking as it may sound, I would rather, if we must have education at all rates, give aid to schools simply as places for teaching to read and write and for keeping orderly habits, than sanction schools of any religion but the established. For, though I cordially maintain true religion to be essential to real education, yet relatively to the state, the maintenance of the established form is the sole condition of promoting true religion; and if I surrender the principle of an establishment, I cut away the only fulcrum on which to rest the support of religion at all. . . .

I have spoken all along of a general system unconditionally laid down; but I can conceive many ways in which aid may be given from time to time under particular circumstances, and I can conceive that this might even be done

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

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on a somewhat large scale if certain provisions were first made. It might be possible to lay down first that the State recognizes no general system of education which is not based on true religion, and administered by the regular officers of the Church; it might make the Bishop of the diocese competent to decide in what cases such schools might be established with reasonable prospects of success, and to all such it might give full and explicit and *permanent* sanction; but where the Bishop might allow that for the present he had no hope, *temporary* aid might be given to other teachers who could give security for moral conduct and the teaching nothing hostile to the laws, and this without any enquiry into opinions.

Acland was now again in Italy. The death of his friend Anstice was a great shock to him.

FROM THE REV. C. MARRIOTT.

Oriel, Saturday, April 23rd, 1836.

When I wrote last to you we were entertaining some hopes that J. Anstice might be spared to us. You have probably since heard that he, and Froude, and Alfred Menzies, were all taken from us in one week. . . .

The "Tracts for the Times" are to attack Popery and Rationalism together very soon.—They say a great deal of R. C. money comes here from Austria. They are building at Banbury—schooling and feeding at Shipston, etc. etc., but perhaps they have got hold of you, so I must not say anything offensive.

FROM THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN.

Oriel College, April 27th, 1836.

One has often speculated *how* the onset on the Tracts would first be made, and now it is over. I suppose your brother will also take you out the Edinburgh. I have been introduced to Mr. Dodsworth since you left England, and trust it may be useful. At Christmas I was for a fortnight

with Wood, who is certainly a most capital fellow.—It was a very great pleasure to me; he is a most thorough-going fellow—and I enjoyed my time very much. It seemed to me that there was a harvest to be reaped in London, if anyone would set himself to the work.—Some better sort of people I fell in with seemed to feel the want of Apostolical views—and, without being able to determine how far they were Apostolic, saw clearly their great expediency, and felt a desire almost an augury that they were true. On the other hand I have been much struck to observe the enthusiastic way in which women have taken up our notions—and since what happens once, may happen twice, and thrice, and any number of times, feel great encouragement from it.

Dr. Wiseman has just begun what he calls the "Dublin Review," under the auspices of himself and O'Connell. Really, if one wished a plain practical direction as to one's behaviour towards Romanism, this surely would seem a sufficient one. As no one can suppose O'Connell is to *write* for the Review, it is plainly but his *name* which is put forward. . . .

I have heard nothing of Maurice since you went—or of any of your other friends. . . .

Trench, by the bye, has called on Keble, but I know nothing more. Keble's "Hooker" comes out in a day or two. I hope we shall in time have two or three volumes from dear Froude's MS. much of which is in a most perfect state. In losing him, I have been visited by one of the very chiefest losses which can befall me.

Should Mr. Bunsen be with you, pray convey to him my best respects.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Sept. 22nd, 1836.

I was at Oxford on my way to and from Mordaunt. My friends Newman and Pusey are hard at work, and as I

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trust under the guidance of a humble and discreet spirit, if this be granted them in continuance, I have no fear of their efficiency.—They are now going to undertake a series of English translations of some principal works of the Fathers. They have written two or three very remarkable "Tracts for the Times" this year; particularly one on "The Controversy with the Romanists," and one "On the introduction of Rationalistic principles into Religion."

Have you seen Dodsworth's 8 sermons on "The Church, a Protest against Popery and Dissent."

I am attending on Board of Guardians. The system [1] with us promises well and succeeds fully where it is not hurried too fast into operation—but our farmers are very good fellows, and lean to the side of mercy.

To Sir J. Mordaunt.

Temple, Nov. 22, 1836.

I am still staying with Robert Williams who shames me by being up every morning by five o'clock, always allowing himself exactly six hour's sleep.—Ward is here, son of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.—We profess to have prayers at ¼ after 8, breakfast at 8½, and I hope we may arrive at leaving the house by 9, but letters and notes come in, commissions are to be done on the way, etc., so that I have not yet succeeded more than once in reaching this till about 11. I purpose staying here 5 hours at present, according to circumstances, and as yet I have hardly had any evenings to myself, having had 2 with Sir R. Inglis, 2 with Aunt Charlotte, 1 at Fleet Street and so on. This week I am going one evening to dine with my friend Rogers at Blackheath, and the next at the Bishop of London's.—I hope this work will come to an end, for by the time one gets away from this place with nothing but law, the day seems gone, and this leaves little for general reading, letters, or anything else, if invitations come thick.

[1] The Poor Law Amendment Act had been passed two years before.

FROM DR. PUSEY.

Probably Jan. 1837.

Mr. Maurice's book[1] was put into my hands on Friday evening, and I have read it (until near the end) attentively. As to my opinions, it is a strange travestie of them; even the Record (which I expected to misunderstand them) understands them better; partly because Mr. M. has been very careless, partly because he has not knowledge enough to write upon the subject of which he has made himself an arbiter and judge. He does not know the received meaning of terms.

This, however, is quite a minor matter, and I did not expect, simply from anything which he has said against myself, to be obliged to change my views about him. But he seems to me to be upon very dangerous ground, theorizing upon matters of fact, without facts and against facts, and in utter ignorance of facts (*e.g.* p. 110) and speaking with a shallow self-sufficiency of the fathers—whom he does not know (p. 112). . . .

In a word we must set up the Catholic Church, her doctrines, her truth, her practice, her discipline, not theories of our own, if we wish to contribute to put an end to these unhappy divisions.

The combined impression from Mr. Maurice's book and his paper on Dr. Hampden compels me to withdraw my vote from him (which from what he said about myself merely I did not anticipate) as I think electing him Political Economy Professor would be an error of the same kind as that of appointing Dr. Hampden Moral Philosophy Professor. This I must do at any risk of scandal arising from the imputation of personal feelings, for until his mind is more settled I think it would be wrong to do anything to bring him here.

If you find it of any use, you may shew him any portion of this note.

[1] Upon Pusey's "Tracts on Baptism."

To Sir J. Mordaunt.

Holnicote, July 30, 1837.

You may, not without reason, have been surprised that you have not heard from me since my knowledge of the heavy loss which, as you may have seen in the newspaper, has befallen us from the hand above, that of my fine sailor brother carried off by fever on the coast of Africa.—But Mercy as is always the case has marked the hand whence the blow comes, not least in giving us some proof that my poor brother was not only a good officer, but a really good Christian; and that he died, as we trust he now is, happy.

I have one special reason for thinking of you now. I am come here to escape the turmoils of electioneering and I am reminded that my brother arrived here from America on the day you and your mother left Holnicote (you and I *via* Highercombe) the 12th of September, 1832, and that he was at home most of the time till I went abroad, when I again parted with you 8 June 1833.—He saw me off in the Batavier and I have never seen him since.

I have been intending to write to you to tell you how I am engaged in Elections. I have been forced forwards for Somerset and I believe I have a very good prospect of success; if I come in it will at least be pleasant to find some old friends in Parliament. I have had some battling on the hustings at which I find I get on better than I expected. You will see my return or defeat in the paper about Wednesday or Thursday; the following week I shall probably go down to Cornwall to vote for Lord Eliot. My father is returned without opposition for N. Devon.

From the Rev. J. H. Newman.

Oriel College, August 3, 1837.

The papers tell me both that you are returned and that the privilege of franking had begun. It will be a nuisance if the papers are wrong in both points; but though wrong in the second, I will not mind, so that they do not make a

fool of me by making a mistake in the first. Many thanks for your document, which gave me great pleasure; I thought it the most straightforward sort of thing I had seen for some time. I cannot get myself to wish you joy, for you have great anxieties before you. But I do think it a matter of great congratulation to all friends and servants of Truth, that there will be an accession of sound men to the New House. Anything is better than that superficial way of going on which has been in vogue. Let the House as a whole even be more radical, it will be a great gain if true principles are thrown out more into relief. I do not expect great things—it is, I suppose, impossible to help falling in with Sir R. Peel a very great deal—yet if you were the means of bringing men like Gladstone to act for himself and not by his party, it would be a great thing. You will do much if you make persons of right views feel confidence in *each* other, and *in their* views. And this I should think might be done. Talking of anxieties, I do not forget the announcement[1] I saw in the paper in the midst of your bustle, yet anxiety is not the name for it. Does it not seem like a memento, mercifully intended, that there are higher and more serious things than the whirlpool of politics and ambition!

From Sir Robert Inglis.

Spa, Aug. 8, 1837.

I have this morning seen in a newspaper the announcement of your triumph; and never have I written to any new confrère with so much pleasure as I write now to you to congratulate you upon your entry into the House of Commons. Considering the difference of our age, and recollecting that I have known and loved you from your babyhood, I may venture to say with equal affection and solemnity and earnestness,—may God bless you in the vocation to which He has called you; May you seek His

[1] The death of Acland's two brothers.

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Glory above all things;—and may you *soberly* and *firmly* consecrate all the new talents of your position to the service of the Church and your country.—

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Fasque, Fettercairn, Aug. 15, 1837.

Since I received your first letter I have been in a state of rapid motion and to-day when your second arrived I have but just attained to rest. The news of your success, your brilliant success, the more so from your modest reluctance to engage yourself in the struggle, reached me before that of your sad bereavements; and gave me the heartiest pleasure, partly on your account, but more I avow, and I shall not hurt you by avowing, for the sake of the good you will do, and the truth you will defend. "Wan Truth, a-leaning on her crutch" says Tennyson affectedly, yet with strength and a melancholy precision, if applied to those faint images of her eternal form which the minds of the nineteenth century reflect in our political contentions. . . .

Pray do not scruple to make any use you can of my papers; they are heartily at your service: and greatly do I wish we had the opportunity of personal communication, conscious as I always am of good received from it. I do not know what your family or individual arrangements may be and therefore I do not venture to press an invitation which might annoy you, as many invitations do to us all from a hundred causes: but if you were to see the North this year I hope you would come here, and the longer your visit the better. The Montrose steamboat from London lands you (in about 45 hours usually) within 13½ miles of our door.

CHAPTER IV

1837-1847

PARLIAMENTARY work provided just what Acland needed, and his life and interests now became much less desultory. He settled in lodgings in London with his old college servant Joseph Hobbs, who was with him when he was an undergraduate at Oxford, and only retired from his service in a ripe old age to live in a cottage near Killerton. He was constantly meeting his father's wide circle of friends at the large breakfasts of those days, and on other occasions. The relations of father and son in Parliamentary life were very pleasant. In regard to all public matters his father was very tolerant, and though they differed much on the religious aspect of many questions and also ultimately voted on opposite sides on the Corn Laws, their differences were in the main of a most friendly kind. Though with his Tractarian views and special interest in Church questions his closer friendships were limited at this time to men of like opinions with himself, he was occasionally in the company of men of a very different kind. He was a member of the Sterling Club,[1] and he notes in his Journal for Aug. 14, 1838,

[1] See Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," p. 140, and "Life of Lord Houghton," I., p. 222. J. W. Blakesley had been commissioned to ask Acland to join the club. Acland's letter apparently declining was not, wrote

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"dined at Sterling Club, Pusey, Sterling, Spedding, Mill, Lyttelton, Carlyle. I was much struck with the strong feeling of sympathy for suffering and sensibility of suffering of which they spoke at Sterling Club, and which is likely to break out. Sterling says Mill wishes to see the clergy realize their higher ideas to the nation if they can, but he does not believe it." Acland always spoke with a high regard for the personal character of John Stuart Mill, whom he met in Parliament in later years, and greatly respected.

But with some of his Oxford friends, like minded with himself, Acland was almost immediately thrown into close contact by his educational work. He came into Parliament just at the time when the question of the duty of the State as regards the education of the people was being pressed forward in many quarters. The inadequacy of the annual Parliamentary grant of £30,000 was frequently urged, and the method of its distribution much criticised. During his first session of Parliament, several plans were discussed as to which he wrote:

"Mr. Wyse, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Slaney, differ widely in their views. . . . But though they differ thus widely as to the kind of schools in which they propose that the people should be educated, they are all agreed upon one point—viz., that the first object to be aimed at is to obtain a commission or board of education under the control of Parliament and having the disposal of public money. . . .

Blakesley to Milnes, to be accepted as a refusal because "Acland is so absurdly modest, and has such an unwarrantably low opinion of his own talents and attainments."

Whether it is likely the present government will appoint a commission is a question into which it is not proposed to enter now; that strong pressure has been exerted to force them into the measure is certain. . . . The decision of the question probably hangs on the use which the Church makes of every moment's delay which may be granted to her exertions. . . . We are grateful for the hairbreadth escapes of last session, and willing to exert ourselves during the interval which will precede the next. . . . No London committee can compete with an organized method of attack such as is now pursued, but the energies of the Church in her several dioceses may suffice to our need. And let it be remembered that mere politicians always support the most powerful body; only let the strength of the Church be felt in acts, not in words. . . . It may yet be proved by God's blessing that the only truly national system of education is the Catholic system of the Church."[1]

This gives the keynote to the work to which he devoted himself, namely, to resist as far as possible the idea of a Government or Privy Council Committee, and in any case to organize the Church in its Dioceses for educational work. The foundation of Diocesan Boards in connection with the National Society for promoting the education of the poor in the principles of the Established Church,[2] and the erection

[1] National Education, The Present State of the Question Elucidated. January, 1839. [By T. D. A.]

[2] The National Society was founded in 1811. Since 1833, when the first State grant (£20,000) for education in England was given, the National Society and the British and Foreign School Society, founded in 1808, had made recommendations as to the grant which was spent on aiding the building of schools.

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of middle class schools and training colleges was pressed forward with much zeal by Acland and his friends in 1838 and succeeding years. The original idea owed very much to Mr. G. F. Mathison of the Mint, and in later life Acland constantly protested that Mathison's work had seldom been adequately recognized. He was particularly distressed upon the publication of Dean Gregory's "Elementary Education," to find no mention of Mr. Mathison's name in it from beginning to end.[1] Mathison, to use Acland's own words, originated the idea of establishing colleges for the training of schoolmasters (as distinct from merely empirical model schools) in connection with Diocesan organizations of which systematic inspection and the establishment of a large system of middle schools were to form a part. The notes in Acland's Journal show the steps by which he was drawn into a responsible position in the work.

1838.

Feb. Mathison called and read me his plan. *March* 2. Mathison went to the Archbishop of Canterbury. *March* 4. All this week my chief interest has been about the progress of our education scheme. Mathison has behaved very well, quite in a state of enthusiasm, but always under authority, and ready to give up all his plans if the Archbishop desired it. Our difficulty has been first to avoid collision with the plan of the Bishop of London for a separate set of London schools, secondly to prevent Ashley and others not being cordially with us. *March* 11. Our Education is somewhat

[1] "Elementary Education: Some account of its rise and progress in England, by Robert Gregory, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's and Treasurer of the National Society." See a letter from the present Archbishop of Canterbury to Acland on this subject, p. 400.

in an odd situation. Mathison is getting very nervous and excited . . . he is joining wheel to wheel and certainly has got at a good many very important persons, but he seems to be making too much of a Guy Fawkes plot of it, and he is jealous of anybody interfering. But he is a fine fellow, and has shown much practical wisdom in many respects. Gladstone is cordially with us. . . . Mathison promised to stay quiet at the Mint. I believe he had a dinner on Saturday, and he became more excited on Sunday. *March* 18. With regard to Education we were this week at a standstill, waiting the issue of poor Mathison's attack. *March* 23. Meeting of Mathison's friends in my rooms.

[The eight friends who met in Acland's rooms to arrange for carrying on Mathison's work during the period of his breakdown in health were Lord Sandon, Lord Ashley, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Samuel Francis Wood, Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, Mr. Mackworth Praed, Mr. Lutwidge, and Acland himself.]

April 10. Wood and I prepared our paper on National Education. *April* 14. The Archbishop received us most courteously in his library. . . . I thought he would never come to the point on our plan, but he brought the paper out of his pocket and went through all the points very kindly. Gladstone put the question home to him about the Chapters [*i.e.*, the Cathedral Chapters], whether he might say he approved. He said "Yes, privately, and I think that if the Chapters take the matter up it will redound much to their credit and to the stability of their foundations." We all went away much pleased.

[For the next two months there were constant committee meetings and conferences.]

July 3. We are in some difficulty with our Education not

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seeing how far the National Society will commit itself to us and our friends, or with what effect we can act without their doing so. . . . Gladstone wants them to give formal sanction. Wood and I are for a freer and less restricted course. . . . Mr. Watson thinks we do not enough put forward the middle schools as the great object. *July* 9. Spoke on Education ;[1] too hotly to O'Connell. *July* 21. National Society meeting to settle our communication with the Country, general circular, etc. *Aug.* 10. With Wood, settling circulars, also our journey—ten good hours work, bad for eyes.

In September he was travelling in Scotland with his friends Lord Courtenay and S. F. Wood, half of the time being given to visiting schools and colleges. During the winter he was very busy in helping to start Diocesan Boards for the dioceses of Exeter, and Bath and Wells and with Diocesan organization generally.[2] He spent Christmas at Oxford, and had a long talk with Newman on Christmas Eve. He was blaming himself, as he so often did, for his disorganized way of life, his impetuousness, his waste of time. "No need to seek about for doing some great thing, be strict in little things, aim at getting self-command," is his account of Newman's advice.

The general result of the work of Diocesan organization during the first year was summed up by Acland in a speech in the House of Commons made in 1839, as follows: "By means of existing machinery sixteen Diocesan Boards of

[1] In the House of Commons.

[2] Mr. Rogers [Lord Blachford], writing Oct. 30th, 1839, speaks of the "National Society (Acland's) Training Schools for Masters," which shows how prominent a part he took in the movement.—"Letters of Lord Blachford," p. 57.

Education have been established for most important purposes, and eighty subordinate ecclesiastical districts organized during one year." The Session of 1839 proved one of interest and excitement. The Privy Council put out their Education Scheme which Acland and his friends opposed to the utmost of their ability. Speaking on June 19th in the House of Commons against the scheme, Acland said: 'I believe that the question really involved in the motion before the House, is whether we shall substitute for the system which exists at present in this country the principle of a State education. In other words whether ten or twenty years hence the people of England are to have an Established Church or a Minister of Public Instruction." To many Nonconformists in those days the idea of a Minister of Education and a State system was quite as objectionable as to Acland and his friends. His Journal is full of notes of National Society Meetings and educational plans.

1839.

May 28. Great whirl in morning. Education meeting.[1] I am very nervous about it. *June* 7. At Central school till 10 getting up inspection. *June* 9. New plan of Education out this week as bad nearly as the first, in some things

[1] At the great meeting of the National Society presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury it was resolved: "That it is an object of the highest national importance to provide that instruction in the truths and precepts of Christianity should form an essential part of every system of education intended for the people at large, and that such instruction should be under the superintendence of the clergy and in conformity with the doctrines of the Church of this realm as the recognized teacher of religion." Acland describes the meeting, at which his father spoke, in a letter to his sister on a later page.

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worse. *July* 30. Up to finish National Society letter to Committee of Council. *August* Peel said he thought National Society letter excellent. *August* 20. I held a School Committee solo. My mind has been running first on the appointment of a Principal and Secretary to the National Society, secondly on the improvement of the existing establishments both for boys and girls, and of the masters, both matters of the greatest importance.

One other short note from his Journal in the summer of 1839, when his friend Gladstone was married, may be given: "Good old W. E. G., I am very glad of his marriage, he ought to have a good wife, and I think and believe he will."

In the winter of 1839 he paid a short visit to Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor, of which he says little except "Went out shooting rigged out in Sir R. P.'s jacket." At Christmas he gave up his Fellowship at All Souls, believing that, in accordance with the statutes though not with the traditions of the college, he ought not to hold it any longer. He was deeply attached to the college, and to some of his friends there, who wrote him most affectionate letters about his leaving them. The severance from All Souls and the giving up of college rooms however hardly lessened the frequency of his visits to Oxford.

In 1840, the question of the Cathedral Chapters and the use of their revenues occupied much of his attention, and he made a long speech on the subject in the House of Commons. Then his friend Mathison, who had now recovered, and he were very much occupied with founding

training colleges under the National Society. The Exeter Diocesan Training College was opened in 1840. In this he took great interest. He was also one of the most active founders of St. Mark's Training College at Chelsea, to which he gave constant attention for some years to come. Some words of Acland's own may be quoted here. "Mr. Mathison had now recovered his health, and feeling the importance of strengthening the head to feed the extremities, raised in a few months £30,000 to establish St. Mark's College and Whitelands at Chelsea, of which Charles Kingsley (a fine old English gentleman, father of the authors Charles and Henry) was then Rector. Mathison also raised the income of the National Society from £1,200 to £7,000 a year. Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet and philosopher, was the first Principal of St. Mark's. What the Church owes to his liberal culture, far-seeing insight, and generous sympathies, is known only to a few. Especially did he show wisdom beyond that of narrower Churchmen in his cordial appreciation of the work of Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth and Mr. Tufnell at Battersea."

The hope that the National Society would yet do much for middle class education was not abandoned. Acland notes in his Journal for September, when he was at Holnicote for blackcock shooting, "My mind running much on the connection between grammar and logic with a view to Middle School Book. . . . Went out shooting—thinking more about Grammar and Logic than gun." This is a very characteristic comment, and would apply to many other

days' shooting, when the subject of special interest was perhaps not grammar, but chemistry, or farming, or philosophy, or military drill. His sons used to say in later years that they dreaded his arrival, after his letters were finished, towards the end of a covert-shooting day, at the time when volunteering and drill were the hobbies. He would proceed to organize the beaters in military fashion, and issue words of command in a loud voice, and have the manœuvres repeated with much talking, while the pheasants were taking the opportunity to disappear. In the days of muzzle-loaders there were more opportunities for calling halts and giving the word to advance than there are now.

In the autumn of 1840 he spent a good deal of time at home. He was busy with educational work. Of one of his reports he says: "Worked at school report—father to bed at 3—did not go to bed at all." The home life was then, as almost always, curiously ill-regulated and unpunctual. "My father," Acland once said, "generally does the most important family business after midnight."

Just before Christmas of this year he became engaged to Miss Mary Mordaunt after many characteristic hesitations, and much correspondence beforehand with his father. It was now more than eight years since they had begun to be attached to one another, and his friends, and her friends often regretted in later years that his own self-distrust and want of confidence had led to such delay of a marriage which turned out so happily for them both. She was just his own age, and she was in warm sympathy with his religious

MRS. ACLAND.

From a print after a water-colour drawing by George Richmond.

views, and with his work. She was enthusiastic and lively by nature, with a vein of deep seriousness, and a great power of winning affection. Her father died when she was quite young.[1] Her mother, a woman of very decided character, had given her an excellent education. The old journal books of Lady Mordaunt show how much serious reading she and her two daughters accomplished together year by year. She had a great regard for Acland, her son John's old college friend. She only survived his marriage a few months, dying in 1842, and three years later Sir John Mordaunt also died owing to an accident which happened when he was out shooting.

The marriage took place at Sir John Mordaunt's home, Walton, in Warwickshire, on April 14, 1841. Acland and his wife took a house in Queen Street, Mayfair, in which they lived while in London, till after Acland left Parliament in 1847. When Parliament was not sitting they shared his

[1] Mary Mordaunt's father was Sir Charles Mordaunt, who was M.P. for the county of Warwick. He died in 1823, and was succeeded by his son John, then 14 years old. Her mother was a Miss Holbech. She died in 1842. There were four aunts on her father's side, (1) Mary, who married John Erskine, brother of Lord Rosslyn, and was the mother of Mary Erskine, Acland's second wife. (2) Catherine, who married the Rev. F. Mills, and was the mother of Arthur Mills, who married Acland's sister. (3) Charlotte, who married Mr. Tuckfield of Fulford in Devonshire. (4) Susan, who was the fourth wife of Lord St. Germans, whose house, Port Eliot, in Cornwall, was a sort of "second home" both to Mary Mordaunt and to Mary Erskine. In some notes about her childhood, Mary Mordaunt writes about one of her visits to Devonshire: "I was very fond of reading, and devoured all the story books I could borrow from Downes, where we often spent the day. . . . It was at this time that we wore 'Acland for ever' round our brows, and Sir Thomas first patted me on the back."

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father's home life in the West of England, moving from Killerton to Holnicote or to Bude, as the case might be. This arrangement became more and more difficult as their family increased, and they seemed to get but little privacy and quiet home life together. Their eldest boy, Charles Thomas Dyke, was born in July, 1842. Six other children were born in the ten years of their married life. Francis Gilbert Dyke, born in 1843 (died 1874), Lucy Marianne, born in 1844 (died 1845), Mary Lydia, born in 1846, Arthur Herbert Dyke in 1847, Cicely in 1848 (died 1851), Agnes Henrietta in 1851.

Acland was returned unopposed for West Somerset three months after his marriage, with Mr. Dickinson as his colleague. Besides his Parliamentary work, the National Society, and St. Mark's College continued to occupy his constant attention during the years which followed his marriage. Occasionally he paid flying visits to Oxford, where, as his letters show, every action of his Tractarian friends was of the greatest interest to him. Both in opinion and in practice he was an advanced High Churchman. He constantly reproached himself that in the hurry and bustle of his life he did not pay more systematic attention to his religious duties. He took a great interest in the formation of a small brotherhood among several friends of busy life like himself, including Gladstone, with rules for systematic devotional exercises and for works of mercy, when possible. He compiled and printed for this purpose short services for the hours based on the use of the Roman

SIR T. D. ACLAND AS A YOUNG MAN.

From an engraving by F. C. Lewis. *After a drawing by George Richmond.*

Catholic Church. He also took an active part in the management of the House of Charity in Soho Square, and visited sick people there from time to time. He corresponded with his brother Arthur on many of these matters, and especially on the extent to which fasting could be practised in the home and family. He was on most intimate terms with Dr. Pusey, and among many other Oxford friends was especially attached to Charles Marriott, of whom those who have written the history of the Oxford Movement with intimate knowledge, have spoken with such warm and affectionate regard.[1]

A few extracts from his Journal bearing especially on his relation to his Oxford friends, may here be given.

1843.

Pusey, Dec. 15. Mary and I, with our two children, came here on Tuesday and found Dr. Pusey, Copeland, and Charles Marriott. Dr. Pusey spoke to me on Tuesday evening very seriously as to the need of looking into the religious teaching (as to practice, not doctrine) at St. Mark's. On Wednesday evening he spoke, sitting on the elbow of an armchair, about devotional books, and asked what I thought of an Anglicized Breviary at the present moment.

1844.

Oxford, March 31. Walked up to Littlemore . . . went into the chapel for half an hour. Walked home with Coffin, who told me that he is glad we have been checked about candlesticks and surplices and such things, and that unreal

[1] See Dean Church, "The Oxford Movement," and Dean Burgon, "Lives of Twelve Good Men."

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men have been alienated. . . . He says that Newman feels much more keenly than people think the opposition of others, *e.g.* Heads of Houses, defers more than people think to those with whom he does not in all things agree, is unwilling to pain them or embarrass them such as W. E. G. His influence is very widespread by correspondence. Many of his acts before resigning the Vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, were purely on personal grounds which people attributed to deep plans. *Oxford, April.* [Acland spent Holy Week at Oxford this year by himself.] I felt quite sad to part with Marriott on Good Friday. Our last subject was reading of Holy Scripture; "Read an Epistle straight through he said, then slowly by bits, then all through again, begin with the easier." . . . Dear Marriott, I have an especial love for him; I feel nothing behind in him. I am not afraid of him, have much in common, and his views seem natural, the result of his own personal investigation. And he has such a regard for Broadclyst and Killerton.[1] *Hastings, April* 10. As to matters of opinion, the result of my visit to Oxford is a much increased opinion that our Church is a living reality among us; that Newman and Pusey, etc., are adhering to it, and acting and meaning to act in it; that there is no reason to think they have gradually passed into an adoption of the whole system of Roman opinion, still less of Roman practice. *London, May* 14. We dined at the Cottons to-day. I sat next Archdeacon Manning, talked of conversation with W. E. G., which conversation was under the gallery in House of Commons and grew out of factory question. . . . I asked him about the power of the House of Commons to take up high views of improving the people, and suggested that Howick's views tend to put the State in the place of the Church; his view

[1] John Marriott, Charles Marriott's father, was for a time Curate of Broadclyst. To him the second Canto of "Marmion" was dedicated by Sir Walter Scott.

is that we cannot expect more than that the State should give the Church fair play; he said a very remarkable thing, looking at the House below him he said: "It is becoming a very serious question whether there is anything left worth contending for here."[1]

I have spoken with Manning on the subject of personal works of mercy to be done by laymen after the manner of the Misericordias or Brotherhoods among the Roman Catholics. I found his opinion already formed and decidedly favourable, believing them to be both desirable and practicable now. He expressed himself very decidedly; this was in the Hall of the Athenæum. This subject has been much in my mind ever since a remark which F. Rogers made upon us young men trying to set up Sisters of Mercy, to the effect that more good would be done than in any other manner by five or six men setting themselves to works of mercy, however simple; that by meeting together they might essentially help each other, and when it should be discovered after some few years that the work had been actually "doing," while other schemes had been "talking about," that would be the way for the Church to tell on the feelings of people.

As may be seen from his letters, Acland took the greatest interest in the question of the publication of Dr. Pusey's sermon preached on May 24, 1843, on the Holy Eucharist, as a comfort to the penitent. To the indignation of all Dr. Pusey's friends, he had been suspended by the authorities on account of this sermon, without a hearing, from preaching within the University for two years.

After Newman's resignation of St. Mary's in 1843, Acland and his wife shared with many other friends the great

[1] See a reference to this conversation in a letter written by Acland to Mr. Gladstone when he resigned the Prime Ministership in 1894.

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anxiety which was felt in 1844 and 1845, as to what action he would ultimately take. And when the final blow came, and the period of retirement and silence at Littlemore was followed by the announcement that Newman had been received into the Roman Church on Oct. 8, 1845, they were greatly distressed at the loss of their friend from the Church which they loved.

In 1845 and 1846, Acland's brothers Henry and Leopold were married. Leopold the younger of the two married in April, 1845, Julia Barker, who died in 1851, the same year when Acland also lost his wife. Leopold was vicar of Broadclyst, the parish in which were Killerton and Sprydoncote, Acland's later home, from 1845 to 1896. During all these years the brothers constantly met when Acland was at home, and were greatly attached to one another. Henry (afterwards Sir Henry Acland [1]), who had become a Fellow of All Souls in 1840, and had studied medicine and taken a medical degree, married Sarah Cotton in July, 1846. He had accepted the post of Lee's Reader in Anatomy at Christ Church, Oxford, and begun that life in Oxford (which was only closed in 1900), in which he was to do so much in opening the University for the study of Natural Science. To the delightful and beautiful Oxford home where Mrs. Acland, greatly beloved by all who knew her, hospitably entertained innumerable guests and friends, Acland constantly went

[1] Sir Henry Acland, K.C.B., was President of the Medical Council from 1874 to 1887. He was created a Baronet in 1890. He became Radcliffe Librarian in 1851, and Regius Professor of Medicine in 1857. He resigned the Professorship in 1894. He died in 1900.

from London. He immensely enjoyed throughout his Parliamentary life a Sunday visit to Oxford to hear all that his brother had to tell, and to meet and talk to his many Oxford friends.

In the meantime, to return to public affairs, Acland's position, like that of his leader Peel, became more and more embarrassed as regards the Free Trade question. In 1842, Lord Fortescue, one of the leaders of the Whigs in Devonshire, took public notice of a speech of Acland's to his constituents, which showed indications, as he thought, of an abandonment of the Protectionist position. Acland wrote to explain that he was speaking primarily of the glove trade and not of corn, and he added, "In the present circumstances of the country, protection to agriculture is not, as far as I can judge, too high; I earnestly hope that it may not prove too low." A meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League was held at Taunton in January, 1843, addressed by "John Bright Esqre of Rochdale." In 1844, the Somerset County Agricultural Protection Association was formed and joined by many of Acland's constituents, but he refused to join it.[1]

He wrote many letters explaining his position and trying

[1] His friend and supporter, Col. Fownes Luttrell, of whom he always spoke most warmly in later life, wrote (Nov. 1844): "Your letter is quite in accordance with my own feelings on the Corn Laws Protection Societies. . . . It is difficult to say how any prejudice among farmers is to be met and got the better of, but I believe a conscientious and straightforward course the most likely to succeed. Whenever you have an opportunity, give them to understand that you have their interests at heart, and will not lose sight of them in Parliament, and that you are willing and anxious that there should be a protective duty on corn as long as protection be necessary and beneficial."

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to show to what extent he could still support a Protectionist policy. But, as was said of one of Gladstone's speeches at this period, his arguments were in favour of Free Trade, and his parentheses were in favour of protection. The sufferings of the country and the beginning of famine in Ireland, together with the growing conviction that the policy of emancipating our trade from the shackles of the tariff was the right policy for England, both for food and manufactures, hastened for him, as for so many of his fellow countrymen, the inevitable conclusion. Whether Peel should have himself brought about Free Trade in corn—whether on Russell's failure to form a ministry on account of difficulties with colleagues, Peel ought to have taken office again in 1845, even on the high ground of not wishing to embarrass his Sovereign, is one of those questions that will always be open for discussion. It is clear that whether Russell or Peel had introduced the abolition of the Corn Laws, Acland would have voted for the measure. Like his great friend Philip Pusey, one of the Conservative members for Berkshire, who knew more about agriculture and farming than any other member of the House of Commons, he began to feel that Protection for agriculture was doomed. On Dec. 16, 1845, in the interval between Peel's resignation on Dec. 5, and his resumption of office a fortnight later, after Lord John Russell's failure to form a ministry, Pusey wrote: "Since all these political appearances I have felt it necessary to speak out, and have told the farmers that we are beaten, and that protection, even if any protection could be retained,

would never more be of any use to them. . . . It does not appear who will be minister. If Lord John and Sir R. Peel should combine I should be inclined to support Lord John, but Sir R. Peel would be a difficulty because he has attempted to do what his previous proceedings did not entitle him to do. If he thought Free Trade necessary, he certainly should have resigned. As for sitting in a new Parliament, it is hardly worth thinking of. It appears to me that this is a total break up of the Conservative party, and the oldest county member will not know his constituency again after the repeal of the Corn Laws, for protection to agriculture, a sickening sound, has been our only bond of union, and where is another to be found? . . . If by any chance I should go on with public life looking to the main question in future politics, the Irish Church, I shall turn Whig."

There were not more than twenty-five county members in all England and Wales who voted for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Acland and his colleague Dickinson were among them. His friend Mr. Gabriel Poole wrote to him from Bridgwater, in January, 1846, when it was practically certain that he was going to vote against the Corn Laws: "I must not disguise from you, that both you and Mr. Dickinson are dreadfully unpopular." He was naturally much harassed as to his position. Mathison wrote comfortingly to his wife, "I hope you will not let our dear friend fret himself. . . . He is not one of those who ever publicly or privately talked, spoke or wrote strongly on the Corn Law subject. On the contrary he always advised the

farmers to look ahead and depend on their own skill rather than on the legislature, so that, however angry they or his other constituents may be, nothing like the shadow of deceit by implication can be imputed to him."

His vote for Free Trade cost him his seat in Parliament. The extracts given from his letters show that there was much consideration given to the question, especially in consultation with Sir Peregrine Acland, whether he and Mr. Dickinson could stand again as some of their friends earnestly desired. But in a constituency like West Somerset, Protection carried the day, and Protectionist candidates were invited to stand at the election of 1847. Acland, once more very anxious to save his father from expense, at once withdrew from any thought of the contest, and although in some ways very sorry to give up the House of Commons, seemed to some extent relieved at having to quit political life. Though he attended his House of Commons duties very steadily he never became exactly a House of Commons man. While his abilities and intellectual qualifications were such as to make his friends expect for him some success in political life, his own absorption in particular plans and schemes, educational and ecclesiastical, turned him from anything like an all-round apprenticeship in political affairs. Like his father he sat somewhat loose to party ties, as is shown by some words which he used in his parting address to his constituents: "It does not accord either with my principles or my professions to give adherence to the extreme views

of any party or blindly to follow any political leader. The great ends of all government are paramount to the immediate objects of party combination however important, and public men who steadily pursue these ends with a single eye to the good of the country will sooner or later be justified by its good sense and right feeling." Whether he would have entered official life if he had stayed in the House of Commons it is not possible to guess. He was certainly an abler man than many who have done so. But he was absent from the House of Commons for nearly twenty years, and when he returned at the age of nearly sixty it was too late.

EXTRACT FROM LETTERS.

To Sir J. Mordaunt.

Dec. 9, 1837.

I also write to you to announce a piece of impudence on my part which I did not expect would happen to me so soon (not that I am going to be married) but that I popped up all of a sudden and made a little speech last night.[1] Luckily for me I did not break down, and I was anxious to get the first plunge over, which I was rather stimulated to by seeing an opening on a common-place subject, and my father told me I had better not begin with any Church

[1] R. M. Milnes [Lord Houghton], who made a maiden speech on the same night, says in a letter to C. J. MacCarthy: "O'Brien puts it about that Acland went this morning in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for his successful début. Mine was just what I wished, good of its kind, giving promise more than anything else."—"Life of Lord Houghton," vol. i. p. 204. The occasion of the speech was a motion upon pensions charged on the Civil List and the Consolidated Fund.

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subject, and I was glad to take the opportunity for fear I should some day break his advice (on some subject which interests me) under the influence of excitement. I believe some of my father's friends, out of kindness to him and me, have given him a better account of me than I deserved.

[In reference to Acland's maiden speech Mr. John Morley has kindly given me the following extract from one of Mr. Gladstone's memoranda.—A. H. D. A.]

"I almost never heard," Lord Stanley likewise said—and Peel assented to it all—"a commencing speech so pleasing and so full of promise as that of young Acland." He thought it in great measure unpremeditated—"Wholly so," I said—"I have it from himself."

"He spoke," resumed Lord S., "with so much character, and so much like a gentleman, in possession of his subject, readily turning his mind to it, and having abundance of easy and good language to express what he felt."—*Saturday, Dec.* 9, 1837.

From the Rev. J. H. Newman.

Oriel, June 17, 1838.

There is nothing which right principled men have more to dread in these days than a certain kind of fallacy, which may be called *Argumentum à Calculo.* When such a man for some reason or other wishes to adopt a plan put before him by Liberals, peculiars, etc., he says to himself, "How may a Churchman *cast it* into his own theory?" and by some ingenuity he is sure to be able, by modifying this or omitting that, to express it in his own calculus, just as you would throw an algebraic problem into geometrical expressions. Having then granted it *geometrically*, he proceeds to allow his Liberal friend to use it algebraically—I mean, with all its original unqualified and objectionable peculiarities.

I feel very much the painful situation of a Member of Parliament wishing to do right, yet finding, if so, he does

nothing. But I would ask by way of suggestion, whether, if all M.P.'s who dislike Liberalism, could get themselves to dissent and stand aloof, rather than try to squeeze objectionable measures into their conscience by the *Argum: à Calculo*, whether this great advantage would not result—that they would *know each other* and strengthen their own views, till they would be and would show themselves a formidable body.

To his sister Lydia.

House of Commons, July 16, 1838.

I specially intended you to have an account of my impressions of the Coronation Service, an occasion which I shall never forget, and for being present on which one ought to be thankful. Heaven grant that the poor little Queen may have understood the meaning of it: this I think I must now reserve for a conversation; I am cherishing some thoughts of steaming down to you before long as I shall not be able to come to Leamington when I leave London, but I shall have to go down to Somersetshire assizes then. But at any rate I must give you a line of hearty welcome to Leamington with best wishes for your leaving again as soon as may be, provided you leave it better. I long to hear your impressions of the place and of the great M.D., and whether he keeps you in great order. I suspect he will put an end to your tea and coffee proceedings, and then what temptations will you devise to make brothers idle in your room before dinner on winter days.

I was also going to write to you to tell you I had been having a little skirmish with O'Connell, who attacked me in his coarse way for some inoffensive common-places which I uttered about education in vindication of the National Society and Church Education generally; but that, too, is an old story not worth telling over again, except that the great O'Connell took occasion to abuse the "Tracts for the Times," saying they got all their doctrines from the Roman Catholics and vented their abuse upon them.

To his Father.

All Souls, Nov. 5, 1838.

The University is within a hair's breadth of going to loggerheads on an absurd point. Froude's attack on the Reformers has revived an old project of a monument[1] to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer; some of its supporters want to put it on *general Protestant* grounds so as to exclude none but a Romanist—others would consent to join it on Anglican Church grounds. Newman on the one hand—and the Dean and the Vice-Chancellor stand aloof.—I am not troubling myself about the matter, but I fear that it will lead to a foolish division.

To his sister Lydia.

All Souls, Christmas Eve, 1838.

I am spending a tolerably quiet time here; a good deal occupied in my own room, and you will, I suppose, hardly believe it that I have only had one little walk with Newman; I will not say that I have not been reading his new volume of sermons; that I certainly have, and it seems to outdo the others. I never read the like for coming home. I have finished too, with much interest, my friend Gladstone's book,[2] which delights me as much as it shows my own indolence and ignorance, putting talent out of the question.

92, *Jermyn Street, Sunday evening* [*May*], 1839.

. . . The last week has been one of great bewilderment for me;—on Tuesday our explosion about education took place in the shape of an immense public meeting, the place was so full that the Archbishop had very great difficulty in getting up to his place; he was accompanied by a goodly array of Bishops to the number of 16 or 20, and they all sat in the front row, including the Bishop of Norwich, who sat

[1] The "Martyrs' Memorial," in St. Giles' at Oxford.

[2] "The State in its Relations with the Church," published in 1838.

taking notes as if he had been going to get up and answer all that was said; the whole thing was very troublesome to me and my friends who had the management of it, and I was very nervous all the time fearing some failure, and then that we should have been responsible for bringing the Archbishop in it—but I cannot be too thankful for the way it all went off; there were no very splendid or exciting speeches but there was nothing to offend good feeling or good taste, and there was a spirit of union and harmony which was delightful. My father spoke as usual at the end and warmed the meeting up at its close; he spoke with peculiar earnestness and force, and from the impulse of the moment;—and the Archbishop at the end spoke in very complimentary terms of the "young men"; I believe we are nicknamed "the young gentlemen" among the Bishops. Pray tell mamma that I have not ceased to feel wonder and real gratification at one thing in particular; hundreds of people came up from the country, among them about 60 secretaries and other delegates; and we had a conference for two whole days from eleven to five o'clock on all manner of questions relating to the working of our plans; and we parted at the end without one word of controversy having occurred, and literally I am not able to say of any of them whether they belong to this party or that, or to any party at all.—This has given me unfeigned pleasure, and it is, I hope, an omen of more good things.

The following letter was written a few days after Mr. Gladstone's marriage. It shows that the art of obstruction in Parliament was not wholly unknown to the writer.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Norton Priory, Warrington, Aug. 2, 1839.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

Though removed by place and by associations to a greater distance than usual from Parliamentary business, I am still accessible to a sense of dismay on seeing that the Church

Discipline Bill has been read a third time in the House of Lords, which looks as if it even intended to press its passing into a law. A measure so destructive I cannot conceive. The Cathedrals Bill itself is less virulently bad in principle. How could a Bishop opposed to it in principle sue a delinquent clerk under it without violation of conscience? What greater objection would lie against a Bill interfering with the Episcopal power of ordination? I do assure you that had I not trusted to Lord Devon's confident anticipation (taken in connection with his friendliness to the Bill) that it could not pass into a law this year, nothing would have induced me to have foregone making an arrangement such as would enable me both to speak and vote upon it. Is it asking too much of you if I request you kindly to write and tell me whether there be any serious intention of pressing on the Bill—and what measures you intend to take in opposition to it. Were I in the position in which Sir Robert Inglis and you now stand, I should Dungannonise, *i.e.* after stating my ground, have recourse in the last resort to divisions, rather than allow such a Bill to pass at such a time. That ground would be, that it is monstrous to introduce a Bill on such subject matter, involving principles to men, and of such comprehensive and far-reaching application at a period of the session when the great majority of members have left town, and when it has become morally *impossible* that it should receive anything like the attention which it imperatively demands. How, if this Bill pass into a law, are we to show that the constitution of a Church remains essentially unimpaired among us?

I shall look with great anxiety for any reply which your benevolence may grant me, and I remain always,

Affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

We are to be here D.V. till Tuesday. I wish you could have seen the marriages at Hawarden. I have nothing to desire, except to be better.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Hawarden Rectory, Sept. 28, 1839.

I have been long meditating a letter to you during a hasty and broken tour of 3 weeks in Wales; but this place and its associations, while they carry me back to a very pleasant visit some 6 or 7 years ago, bring you still more forcibly before me; and so I must just write to say that here I am hearing much of you from Henry, and taking no little pleasure in seeing him in his parish, and showing my brother Leopold, now at Christ Church, who will probably have a family living in Devonshire, how the Rector of the family place may do good around him. I did mean to write and tell you all our proceedings about Inspection with the Comrs. of Council; the matter is come to a crisis, and we shall, (I fully expect) get no money this year, and have (I think) a very clear and strong case. . . .

I want to enlist your utmost energy for acting as a member of the C. T. C. and spurring on Stephano[1] to act when you come here; and acting as consulting physician to the Diocesan Board, as I did at Exeter.

Walton, Decr. 9, 1839.

. . . Your feeling about Keble's review will, I am sure, give him the highest pleasure, as it does to Newman, for the latter had been afraid that you might think it unkind; but it is clearly better that the Church Statesman and Church Divines must agree to brush each other up, to keep each up to the mark of what is sound abstractedly on the one hand, and practicable on the other. . . .

You ask an opinion about publishing again;[2] I am the worst person to ask, still I am ashamed of not having answered. My first reason for delay was to wait and put

[1] Stephen Glynne. The subject referred to is the Chester Training College.

[2] This refers to Mr. Gladstone's second book, "Church Principles considered in their Results," which he published in 1840.

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out feelers on the subject, when I thought I could get materials for judging of what the effect would be; my own feeling was against your publishing again just now, first a fear of getting too theological a character among Statesmen, on your influence over whom much of your power for good depends. Secondly, wishing to be a little clearer what the real present effect of your first book is;—but I think on the whole, that most persons who agree with you, and are anxious for your further influence, would be glad if you were to put out something of a mitigatory character in the medial region which you describe. Of course I can judge only from the few within my own reach. . . .

There is one other point on which I should be glad of your opinion, I fear it is too late to ask advice. I am come to a point in All Souls at which I can only retain my fellowship by pleading as an exemption from certain obligations (which in the spirit are clear) some cause which is either *purely formal*, or founded on *the fact of my having chosen* to take up a line of life inconsistent with the discharge of such college duties. Can we who profess to observe our statutes in spirit, and thereby to be absolved from the letter, avail ourselves of mere literal exemptions? or to put in another form is it safe for me (looking at my own circumstances only, *e.g.* my opinions) to take any step which shall be inconsistent with taking a high line as to the purposes of Collegiate and Cathedral institutions, and which I am not capable of defending, if need be, *publicly*, in the face of foes of our Institutions as well as of friends.

I should be much obliged if you would give me a line on this last point at once to All Souls.—I have purposely put the matter *generally*, to avoid confusing you with the details of a particular case. I have asked Courtenay and others like him—and all that is said on the other side is that I may do more good by remaining and helping to bring about a reform. Something also, it is urged, is due to precedent, but what is the value of precedent which *begins* in the eighteenth century?

All Souls, Xmas Eve, 1839.

I only now write to tell you that it is all settled, and my fellowship will be vacant on the 3rd January, by the natural operation of the Statute requiring me to go into orders at a certain time and having no satisfactory reason to give why I should not. It takes effect as a matter of course,—it is a great relief to me—and I think some good may come of it, but I have endeavoured not to think of results.

I am sorry to say I cannot give any intelligence from Drayton.[1] I was in too great awe to start subjects. . . .

I am out of heart with the Chapters; I fear they have no real plan ready; at least little for money, and no plan at all for efficiency.

To his Mother.

92, Jermyn Street, Jan. 26th, 1840.

I had a large breakfast party yesterday all made for Mr. C. Trevelyan, who had offered himself, and who never came after all, not having received my note naming the time. Captain Cragie was one of the party, and was half astonished, half amused at the unceasing flow of literary paradoxes poured forth by my friend Milnes the poet. He completely talked down Francis Doyle, another friend, and a more beautiful poet who was next to my father and whom I wanted him to know.

To his sister Lydia.

House of Commons, Jan. 31st, 1840.

I have heard that Southey, who is remarkable for his self-control, makes a point of putting down his pen in the middle of a verse which he is composing, or of the most complicated argument to fetch a newspaper or pamphlet

[1] His visit to Sir Robert Peel.

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for a friend, or to answer any household question, and takes up his thread as soon as he has done without the loss of a moment beyond the time used in serving his friend; and that he insists on all his children doing the same. One secret of my friend Gladstone's greatness is a similar power, he is said to have what are called his "five minute books" in every room in the house. . . .

I have been, not as you suppose listening to some dull speech, but following my accustomed practice of retreating into the Library to write letters; but now O'Connell is up, and I suppose he is saying something bad or amusing, so I must go and listen for a moment,—and then get some tea, and then in for it, for my attention on full stretch to hear a speech of Sir R. Peel's, which must be a great effort.

In Dec. 1840 he became engaged to be married to Miss Mordaunt.

To Miss Mordaunt.

Holnicote, Feast of the Circumcision, 1841.

It is indeed a refreshment from the whooping of beaters, the yelping of curs, and the banging of guns, to come to you and write your quiet name. . . . I contrived to get a short time before breakfast and shooting, but not enough to read the service; I was quickly summoned out and stayed out till about 3; I then deserted and came in at ¼ to 4 and dressed expecting to find my mother also come in and ready to have a chat with me; the carriage was at the door as I supposed setting her down. I found her and poor Agnes at work over the dreadful library books for the poor people, and just *beginning to go out* . . . well my journal of to-day is not interesting; it imports little to you to know how many woodcocks and pheasants I killed, and how many more I missed; perhaps it may interest you a little more that we lunched at William Clarke's, our best farmer, (and in spite of Friday I was obliged to eat ever so much pork for fear of offending him or rather making him have less

pleasure in receiving us) and that I whispered in his ear that I was going to be a family man like him, (he is an excellent husband and father) and I hoped I should follow his example, and how you were a very good little woman, and had no nonsense, which seemed specially to please him. . . . But what it is of most consequence to secure this time for, is to tell you about last night's conversation.[1] . . .

I will first give you what in Gregorian chanting is called the Intonation, or striking the keynote. This was said the first evening quite en passant, *first*, a cordial expression of entire satisfaction at the way matters had ended, and not a word of criticism on any step we had taken as far as they knew it. *Second*, the moral, or present duty consequent on the settlement. . . .

First I will dispose of what was not pleasant and have done with it; my father said a good deal to the tune that I had shown no strong impulse in the matter, that my whole proceeding had had the air of deliberation rather than of passion; in short, that I had not been much like a man deep in love, and *therefore* I must not now start in the romantic line, but must maintain my grave decorum, and more to that effect. I confess that while this part of the confab was going on I did kneel on a chair and wriggle my legs and heels in a sort of smoke jack style enough to wear out the cushion; because I was determined not to reply or discuss whether I loved my own Mary or not.

We talked of the place . . . this led to some talk about religious views; I said I could not enter at large upon the subject . . . that however strong your opinions and feelings might be, I believed your tact and discretion and consideration for others to be far stronger. I don't anticipate that you, dear Mary, will have much difficulty; that which sets my father most up is the qualified assumption of infallibility which cliques always make for their leaders; but practical earnestness he always respects, except this that he always

[1] With his father.

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loves the exception better than the rule, and is very intolerant of people who are not elastic enough cheerfully to make exceptions. . . .

Now for my mother's chats. She came in about 5½ or 6, and did what is very unusual indeed for her, came to my room, took a chair and sat down by the fire, I being in my gray dressing gown! willing enough for a coze though time was short; she was very much interested by one or two little things I told her. . . . We talked a little about household matters, a little about general views and habits, and very little about religious opinions. . . . Since 12 to-day till 1.20 we had another comfortable chat—all my mother's apprehensions about new acquaintances are quite gone, the feelers are all comfortably drawn in, and she is herself in calm repose. . . . On details of money matters we have not yet got except that your thrifty habits excite great admiration. . . . I hope I shall always try to make you comfortable; and the best comfort you can give me is that when I feel it due to my father to comply with his wish, you will enable me to do so cheerfully.

To S. F. Wood.

Hastings, Jan. 1841.

Your touching letter reached me in the middle of a very few hasty hours at Dorchester, and the delay of the railway reduced my time in London to little more than passing through. Though nothing which I could say could do more than simply assure you of my sympathy,[1] I could not write to you in those hurried moments lest I should speak unadvisedly. But I have this gain, that, being now here in the calm, but I trust also the subdued enjoyment of recent blessings, I am enabled to assure you that whatever I feel for you is more than equally shared by another who has learned to look upon you as a friend who has strong claims on her regard.

[1] This refers to his mother's illness and death.

To his sister Lydia.

Hastings, 1841.

Perhaps I am somewhat sensitive to mere differences of expression, but I cannot express to you the intense longing that I feel at times that our dear good mother who is so consistent in her pursuit of evangelistic doctrine and practice as it presents itself to her own mind could but see how deeply such men as Dr. Pusey realize the facts of man's sin and God's mercy in Christ; how he endeavours, at least, in every thought and action to dwell on the cross of Christ and the grace of the Holy Spirit. We are all, alas, too much occupied with discussions about some external matter which divides us, but I have a very strong feeling of the ground of union not only in a general way, but in daily and hourly motives, could it but be more present to our minds.

From the Rev. J. Keble.

Hursley, Feb. 23, 1841.

I do hope you will consider that we are in the direct way to Devonshire, and I shall try and impress the same fact on Miss Mordaunt through our friends at Dogmersfield, who are really as much interested in it as we are. Besides the thousand other reasons which make it a delight to hear from you on the subject, I must confess I am glad so hard working a person should have someone to take care of him, and for whose sake he is bound to take care of himself. I well remember, when I was here in 1826, receiving a letter from Coleridge in which you were mentioned as a possible pupil, and I remember that I did not part with the notion without a good deal of regret. I wish you had been here, partly that I might take the credit of you, as Harley's dancing master did of his being made Lord Treasurer, and partly that when you come and see us you might "hold up your hands and bless Mr. Keble," or rather Mrs. Keble, who I must own, is the greatest improver of the two.

To Miss Mordaunt.

92, *Jermyn Street, Friday, Feb. 26th*, 1841.

I stayed in my room last night after going to Margaret Chapel till 10 o'clock, and then had Joseph up to evening prayers, which I mean to do whenever I can get home at night in order to make trial of it. I then set out with a heavy heart to the House of Commons. The big bully O'Connell was still going on breathing out his ugly imputations against us, and I did not listen much to him. Had some talk with Lord Sandon on school affairs; then I went into the lobby and found Gladstone and R. Williams had been talking for an hour. The latter has a way of speaking lightly of Gladstone which I don't like, merely because he does not go rashly forward to Popery as he does himself. . . .

I then went to hear Sir R. Peel's long speech, but was tired before the end of it, and could not or did not resist going to get some tea about 1 and ½ o'clock. I have made one or two rules to which I mean to try to adhere in all ordinary cases, one of which would have barred the said tea. I then came back to hear Lord John, whose speaking I always like. . . .

I did not get to bed till 4, but wasted no time in coming home or going to bed.—I was not up alas till 11! consequently did not go to church.—My father was up by 10 and had been to church before I was dressed!!

House of Commons, March 2nd, 1841.

Landor[1] has not appeared yet, he is expected to-night. J. [John Mordaunt] is aghast, for my father will not make a methodical appointment, but says "Oh let me have him, I will take him up to breakfast with Sir R. Inglis and introduce him to some people worth knowing; and

[1] The solicitor of the Mordaunt family.

then we will drive along in a cab and I will make something of him; oh I shall get him out of his dryness and his proprieties." Poor Landor, I pity him! So J. is to bring Landor up at 9 o'clock to-morrow and hand him over; it is like putting some nervous old maid into a merry-go-round. That will all go straight enough I dare say.

Acland's marriage took place at Walton on April 14.

To his sister Lydia.

May Place, Malvern Wells, April 15th, 1841.

Before this can reach you you will have heard from eye witnesses all about the wedding yesterday, though you will not have heard how very kind my father and mother both were. I hope you will have heard that they were both pleased with their new connections. As to poor Mary she does not know what to say about her brothers, she has felt their hearty but quiet feeling and kind looks towards her. The only drawback was the absence of two of the bridesmaids, which seemed felt equally almost by everybody. My brothers were not allowed to join in the Holy Communion service at 8 in the morning, but it was very pleasant to hear afterwards that they were joining in the Litany at their lodgings while the same was going on in the Chapel. We regretted their absence, but only regret feeling that we ought to be very thankful that we had the service at all. It was very quiet, and I trust a comfort and means of union to those who were present. The habits of punctuality of the Mordaunt House were pretty much carried into effect, and when Mary went to wish her mother good-bye, not only had I no time to do so but before I knew she was gone up she was down again and in the carriage, and I had to rush through the crowd, hardly able just to kiss my mother and wish my brothers good-bye, and we were off by 2 o'clock.

To his Wife.

All Souls, June 27th, 1841.

It is now near the awful hour of dinner, the great event of an All Souls' day, and I must not be late.—I did not get home till one o'clock.—The coach stops at Chipping Norton and waits for the Worcester mail, which does not hurry with no London letters. Saturday night I finished Maculloch on Corn at Chipping Norton, and I am sorry to confess read another pamphlet after I came here and so I was late in bed. . . .

I went to church at St. Peter's and heard a good sermon on peace and quietness during Election times.—An Univ. sermon at 2 from Wood, the Queen Dowager's chaplain, with whom I had an interesting conversation afterwards on the present state of public affairs.—I saw Dr. Pusey for a few minutes, and have just come from St. Mary's where J. H. N. has been preaching a very serious sermon on the danger of resisting conscience.

From Dr. Pusey.

July [? 1841].

As you entered so kindly into the plan for the Church windows, I may, or will, tell you some facts more distinctly. The Church for which they are intended is about to be built by a penitent, not of large means, but still one, who might do something if his life was spared. The Church is to be called "Holy Cross Church,"[1] and it was hoped that a Curate's Collection would ultimately be associated with it. He wishes it to bear the character of the Cross. This was the ground for his selection of subjects for the chief windows, 3 of suffering, 1 of triumph. It seemed to us as though much instruction might in this way be given, not only by the subjects, but by the selection of texts bearing upon them, conveying Catholic Truth.

[1] The church was built at Leeds, and was ultimately called St. Saviour's. The penitent was Dr. Pusey himself—see "Life of Dr. Pusey," vol. ii., chap. xxxiv.

Acland was returned unopposed for West Somerset, in 1841, when the Conservatives obtained a majority, and now sat on the Government side of the House.

To his Wife.

41, *Eaton Place, Eve of St. Mich., Sep.* 1841.

I am just balancing whether to go and dine at the Sterling where I have not been, I think, since last year.—Lyttelton and others are going. . . . It is so funny (but tedious) to see the little bottles of opposition pop all uncorked and squirting about in every direction, after having been so long made to hold their tongues when in Government.

To his Mother.

Testwood, Southampton, Oct. 25th, 1841.

At Dogmersfield were Rev. C. Dyson,[1] an invalid, something between Mr. Barker and Mr. Stevenson, the knowledge of the former with the quiet of the latter; withal a spice of quaintness after the Isaak Walton way; and deep affection for the man Keble, with much sympathy with his opinions, exercising however an influence over K. in the way of moderation; as K. has much deference for Mr. Dyson's judgment. Mrs. Dyson is very like Lady Pattison, a well informed gentlewoman. Miss Dyson is not so easily described; but it should make one better to be with her; she is always ill, unable generally to exert herself much, but ever cheerful, full of calm poetry and imagination, but always chastened by an abiding reality and firmness of purpose in practical matters—very deep and strong church feeling passing into all her daily life, but very little to be seen by passing observers to whom she might seem a commonplace person, yet hardly that either. She manages to get to church always on Wednesdays and Fridays, a mile and a half distant, and every other morning spends two or three hours in visiting the

[1] For an account of Dyson, Keble's friend, see Sir J. T. Coleridge's "Memoir of Keble," p. 35 ff.

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village brats and little girls. There is a very beautiful new church building which we believe (for we have not been told) is chiefly, if not wholly built out of Miss Dyson's accumulated savings.

FROM THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN.

Oriel College, Nov. 25th, 1841.

Thank you for your kind note received yesterday. I am sorry to say I must confirm the report which caused it. I feel most deeply on the subject of the arrangement which is in progress, for I will not say concluded, as to Palestine.[1] If it is concluded, there is nothing likely to happen in our time, of a more perilous nature to our Church. I mean, if concluded and carried out into what I believe is involved as if in seed, in its first principles. It seems to me a very perilous step actually to *recognize* the Protestant bodies. Hitherto this has been an open question among us. But now Protestant congregations instead of coming over to us, are to have Bishops set over them, in *Statu quo*. What would be said to giving the Wesleyans or the Baptists Bishops? When Lutherans join us in England, they acknowledge us, not we them, they join us. When Dissenters join us, that joining is not a recognition, but an incipient demolition, of *their* bodies. I cannot understand any communion between the Lutherans and Calvinists and ourselves except by reconciliation or formal admission. Even of our own members we require the submission to confirmation, a rite at once of professional acknowledgment, before they are admitted to the Holy Communion. Considering the state of the Protestant bodies abroad, have they nothing to renounce? What security does the confession of Augsburgh present against rationalism? The only Catholic security

[1] The plan of a Protestant bishop at Jerusalem, nominated alternately by England and Prussia. "My opinion is," wrote Mr. Gladstone at a later time, "that the Jerusalem bishopric snapped the link which bound Dr. Newman to the English Church." "It was one of the blows," writes Newman, in the *Apologia*, "which broke me."

is their disowning, or anathematising rationalism; the presence of a heresy is always a sufficient reason for demanding an anathema. Why is our religion to be assumed to be the same as that of Prussia, when the Convocation of 1689 refused to let Anglicanism be included under "the Protestant Religion in general"? I assure you I think a recognition of Protestantism such as this will *ultimately* lead to consequences I dread to think of. But I trust the act will not be completed.

Everything is "smuggled through," to use your word, in so *painful* a way, that nothing is left us but to speak by *acts*. I have sent in my protest to my own Bishop, but not as yet to anyone else. I am afraid it will be thought very harsh—but when authorities will prejudge and rule delicate matters, they can only be met by absolute statements.

From the Rev. J. Keble.

Hursley, Dec. 10th, 1841.

My view is that Williams is so evidently the fittest man for this particular Professorship[1] that to vote against him is only justifiable on the grounds which the Wadham Circular, printed in the "Times," avows; while to vote for him commits a person to no opinion on his theological views further than this, that they are not known to be so bad as to exclude him from all office whatever. Voting against commits one to a party, therefore, which voting for does not. And this of course is the long and the short of Pusey's circular, which would have never been blamed by those who have blamed it had not his name been supposed to be altogether tainted.

There appears also to be this particular reason for not being against W. just now, that to be so is lending one's countenance to such wild scandals as the "Standard" has been venting, which are untrue with respect to all,

[1] The Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, vacated by Keble. The candidates were Mr. Isaac Williams and Mr. Garbett.

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and with respect to him particularly impossible. Nobody, I will pledge myself, has a greater horror of conversions to Rome from England than he has. But in the panic people are in just now, everything is believed, and those who want to turn us out are eagerly taking advantage of it *e.g.* last Tuesday the Bishop of Winchester rejected the Curate of Hursley a second time, after a conference of a quarter of an hour, from Priest's Orders because he wished to leave the question open whether there be any mysterious presence of our Lord in the Holy Elements on the Altar or no; the Bishop insisting on his positively denying it. He allowed that he was clear of Romish error on the point.

From the Chevalier Bunsen.

Carlton T., 31 *Dec.* [? 1841].

A line in the dying hour of the year, my dear friend, to thank you for the kindest of letters—I cannot move for an hour from town; scarcely from home. I go to meet the King with the Squadron at Ostend, on the 17th January. I am settling my house, and my wife has made the impossible thus possible, broken up our establishment at Berne, and set out on the 28th with *all*. This news I received this morning, after I had for ten days given up all hope of our reunion before next spring. You may imagine in what agitation I am at present.

Now I say nothing more: do say that to yourself and to your dearest Father and Mother and to Mrs. and Miss Acland and the whole house, God knows my heart feels your kindness! Ever your attached friend,

Bunsen.

I enclose the statement of the Bishop of London.

Of course, the news of the King's bringing the so-called Bishop Neander with him, is an *absurd fable*.

To his Wife.

All Souls, Whitsunday, 1842.

At 2 I walked with C. Marriott to Littlemore; he talked to me about a meeting he had attended at Winchester and on Wordsworth's sermon on Repentance and Absolution; but I fear I have not carried off much of his conversation. We also talked about Marshal's Music plan. There are two new painted windows at Littlemore. I went to see Newman in his cloister which is, whatever he may say about cottages, a monastic retreat.

To S. F. Wood.

Avonhurst, June 16, 1842.

If ever in these times there has been an example of pure unselfish unworldly charity full of humility, contentment, in the world, not of it, doing the duty of the moment, leaving the morrow to God, one such example was afforded by her[1] whose body has been this day deposited under the Chapel where you met a year ago the company who gathered to-day on the same spot with sadder faces—but one atmosphere of peace pervaded the whole—peace is the word which seems almost written from above on all that has been passing here since the Sunday before last.

His eldest son, Charles Thomas Dyke, was born on July 16, 1842.

To his Mother.

12, *Queen Street, Sunday, July 17th*, 1842.

I find the first day after the birth of a son, even though Sunday, leaves less time than I had reckoned on, but still I must not forget my promise of meditating with you on paper. . . .

As a general rule and under some other circumstances I should not deem it advisable to ask parents to be sponsors

[1] Lady Mordaunt.

for grandchildren, but we soon came to the conclusion that the position in which an eldest son of mine would be in the event of my death before it should grow up, made us wish my father to superadd the spiritual relation to the natural love which he would bear to the child. . . .

Undoubtedly I do believe that it is through the church alone by surrendering to it anything we have pushed too far (a hard trial), but still more by accepting from it what our own contracted view has hitherto failed to reconcile with other precious gifts, that we can comprehend the breadth, strength, depth, and height of Christ's love in the due measure and proportion of each part and how many of the whole. But I was not going to say this. I know not why, I just remembered the Killerton chanting the evening psalms with gratitude, and I thought how much we owed to you (the type of the church because the mother of the family) for consistently maintaining that family ordinance, which I think you must have felt to be an inviting one. I have never lounged on in the library without feeling just like a schismatic. I mention this thing as an illustration of my two former pages; how unity consists in acts more than in sentiments, and how beginning by joining in acts not appreciated at first we may work up to them in heart and sympathy, and eventually supply what is wanting in the full measure of our comprehension of the truth.

To his Wife.

Queen Street, 2 p.m., March 8th, 1843.

I went on to School Committee when there was a good deal to do, walked away with the Bishop of Salisbury, talked chiefly about Pusey's publishing his sermon.

Since I left the Bishop of Sarum I have wholly been occupied by writing at length to Dr. P., to tell him what I heard said by other good men about his publishing. Am I becoming a trimmer? It would be sad to feel that one had not one's lot with Pusey. I hope I have done right.

KILLERTON.

From a print in Moore's "Devonshire."

To W. E. Gladstone.

Alveston, Stratford-on-Avon, June 13, 1843.

You will wish to know what came of my communication with Dr. P. He took very kindly into his consideration what I suggested to him. Neither he nor Newman set much store by the argument that a deference to the authority of the tribunal should restrain him from publishing; but neither does P. wish to publish as appealing against the decision for his own credit. With a full foresight of the sad consequences which must ensue from the controversy sure to follow, he feels compelled to publish for the sake of unsettled minds which will have been affected by the judgment; such persons will think he has gone further than he has; and on one side or the other will think that the movement has taken in the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

He hopes to make it clear in the manner of publishing that his motive is not an appeal to the people though it may be the result.

He is convinced that all who are content to receive the *mystery* without making a theory for the *mode*, will acquit him of having gone beyond the formularies of the Church —and he says at the outset of the Sermon he conveyed his rejection of the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation. I fear he is very unwell, for he was lying on his sofa.

His second son, Francis Gilbert, was born July 8, 1843.

To his Sister Lydia.

Alveston, Stratford-on-Avon, July 16th, 1843.

We propose D.V. to take the child to church next Sunday, the 23rd, to name him Francis Gilbert Dyke, Francis being one of the few old Acland names which seem open to us. (There was a Sir Francis Acland during the

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great Rebellion [1]), but in reality I take the name in memory of my dear departed friend S. F. Wood (of whom you may find a slight notice in the June No. of the "English Journal," price 6*d.*). Gilbert is the name of Mathison, with whom and Wood I have been intimately linked for the last six years. The godfathers are to be first Henry, who has accepted; I have written to ask my colleague and friend Francis Dickinson.

To his Wife.

Mitre Inn, August, 1843.

I walked rather fast to Littlemore and got hot. I found no Crawleys; I went to the monastery, and they were at dinner, so I begged the keys and went to the Chapel. I was not so much struck with the new windows as I expected. I then went back and Newman kindly came to me; he was very kind, but we talked of common things; only at last he told me *as a secret* what you will be sorry to hear, that he will before long give up his parish; not his fellowship, but still Littlemore will then cease to be his. You must not speak of this—he says he cannot stand alone in the face of all the condemnations which have been heaped upon him by Bishops—I cannot help fearing this may be a beginning of further changes—he kindly walked back with me a mile or more.

House of Commons, February 1st, 1844, 5½ *p.m.*

I found the train arrived soon after 9.30, so I dressed, and was in capital time at Sir R. Inglis;—found Peter there and Henry, and Miss Edgeworth. When I was introduced she said, "Why Sir T. you are rich in sons, you don't mean to say you are the father of that gentleman." She is a little

[1] Mr. Carew, the family friend and solicitor had been consulted, and had recommended Baldwin as the oldest family name. He quotes from Pole as to this and adds, "there succeed three Johns, who had issue Hugh and Sir John, of Columbjohn. After this time John holds its place with an introduction of Hughs and Arthurs, and last of all Thomas."

woman very much less than Miss Hill, and bustled about and chattered incessantly, and there was quite a circle round her as she moved about. Sir R. I. was all flowers and smiles.

Nat. Soc. Office, March 13th, 1844.

My father spoke so kindly of Newman; saying, poor fellow, it is very sad to think of what he is drawing on to; seeming rather pained for him, then vexed with him for Romanizing. He thinks Pusey is still attached to a National Church. I enlarged on the Anglicanism of Manning and his friends.

37, *Fleet Street, Tuesday, March 19th*, 1844.

We beat the Government by nine votes on the ten hours question.[1] Lord Ashley has given notice that he will propose to bring it into action gradually:

12 hours till October, 1844
11 hours for two years
10 hours for afterwards

and Sir Jas. Graham immediately said he would give it determined opposition, at which we are rather displeased. I must now go and listen to Gladstone.

House of Commons, 1844.

Sir Jas. Graham refuses to take the eleven hours, he does not throw up the Bill in a huff, but wishes for leave to withdraw this bill, and to introduce another bill of amendment of details in other points passing over the question of hours. There is some talk going on now as to refusing to allow this course, in short, things are in a very unsatisfactory position, the Government and the main body of their independent supporters at issue and the machine at a stand still. Sir Jas. Graham has used an unfortunate expression, he has called it Jack Cade legislation.

[1] The Factory Bill limiting the work of women and children.

To W. E. Gladstone.

44, *Queen Street, March* 22, 1844.

By the way, if you have time look at Kay's letter to Lord Wharncliffe (propounding a system of Inspection) in the early part of the minutes of Council on Education. It is impossible for us to take quietly such an attempt at direction in the garb of Inspection. The Government agent is to spend nearly two months per annum in Stanley Grove;[1] and to hold conversations with all the subordinates, and with all the pupils. I suppose the paper is a mere unauthorised feeler.

To his Wife.

House of Commons, March 27th, 1844.

I had some very nice conversations with Mr. Watson[2]—dear old man; he says he has had a key to unlock Newman's mind—viz., that he has a monomania for the visible union of the Church, that for this end he has steadily laboured to remove prejudice on both sides, to diminish the dislike of Rome to us, and to increase the regard in England to Rome. . . . He also told me another thing, that he was talking to Bishop Lloyd about Peel before 1829—telling Bishop Lloyd he ought to influence Peel to a higher Church tone. Bishop Lloyd said he knew Peel well, that he was a man who was cautious in making up his mind, but when he had done so he was immoveable—that he, Bishop Lloyd, had told Peel he was suited to the House of Peers, with his calm dignified manner, that Sir Robert Peel had said or implied that it was his ambition to be the guide of the destinies of this great Empire, and that he was convinced this could only be done by carrying the people with him, and this must be done in the House of Commons. Upon which Josh. Watson said to the

[1] St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea.

[2] Mr. Joshua Watson, often called in those days "The Lay Archbishop."

Bishop: "Then mark me the Roman Catholic question is carried."—I long to have a further talk with Mr. Watson, he is so good, so wise, and far-sighted.

To his Mother.

November, 1844.

Frederick Rogers,[1] a very old friend of mine, and the one whom Mary is least afraid of, is to be godfather present; and I am going to write to Arthur on the subject.

Her first name will be Lucy.[2] We neither of us think the sentiment over-balances the inconvenience of having the names in use in the last generation repeated for the first name; the second name is to be Marianne, which was Mary's mother's name, and she considers her birthday as much more fitly commemorated by the name of the mother than by that of the child; . . . further Marianne includes, we think, the name of Mary herself, and her two dearest friends Anne Bourne and Marianne Dyson.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Dogmersfield, April 17, 1845.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Keble here; I had a good deal of conversation with him on the subject of the proposed college for poor students. He looks upon it as conclusive that it cannot be established at Oxford *now*, at least not on any footing which would be satisfactory to us; and that even if we could force its institution upon the Heads of Houses they would either thwart it, working in such a way as to discourage its fair success, or cause it to degenerate into the common tone of Oxford life. He has therefore turned his thoughts in another direction at once, because he has a strong conviction that the subject has been put forward so forcibly as to arrest public attention,

[1] Afterwards Lord Blachford.

[2] His third child, Lucy, was born in 1844, and died when only a few months old.

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and that the attempt will be made by the Low Church party to establish a college or system of some kind to educate clergy more cheaply in their own way; and then, as he expresses things in his terse way, we are done for; he thinks our only chance is to be first in the field; and he proposes that a second college should be built at Canterbury, or at least an addition made to St. Augustine, for missionaries at home as well as abroad. The objections to thus adding a new graft to a tender plant have been strongly pressed upon him, and considered by him, and in some degrees perhaps modified his first view; but he retains substantially his opinion that no time is to be lost, that we ought to try at Canterbury, and he suggests that we should memorialize the Archbishop. Will you turn this matter in your mind and pass this on to Glynne?

To his Wife.

May 30, 1845.

My plan is to tell Popham;[1] (1) that I don't like Peel's plan, (2) but that I see the danger of any attempt to form a high protection Government which is quite hopeless, that I *will not* oppose Peel's plan, (3) that I consider my seat to be in their hands if they do not like what I am doing and wish anyone else to go in I will resign. I expect that P. Acland[2] and Luttrell will stand by me, but I think very likely Popham will be very crusty and I may have more difficulty than I expect. My father is very kind, and approves of what I am doing.

Sidmouth, July 14, 1845. [*With the Yeomanry.*]

I had a good dip in the sea this morning before 8 after an hour and half of drilling. It gave me such a glow for an hour. I am very prudent in my grub; drink almost no

[1] The Corn Law question was now becoming critical. Popham was one of his chief supporters in West Somerset.

[2] Sir Peregrine Acland.

wine and little coffee, only I do have tea at 3 p.m. when I come from the hill. I fear I am sadly distracted, what with military ardour, and tire, I feel that I am indisposed to brotherhood. I read Ruskin, I am now in the clouds and greatly interested; I shall look at the sky quite as another thing and have made notes for us to look at certain pictures mentioned by Ruskin in the National Gallery and Dulwich Gallery. I have also read two of the Dublin articles, especially that of the Donatists. I can understand how Newman's keen perception of the Spirit of the Fathers should make it tell on him; but I cannot myself appreciate the force of the argument, indeed, with my indistinct perceptions it almost tells the other way.

Sidmouth, 1845.

Ruskin gives me occupation in watching the clouds when standing erect on parade. I have had enough at the week's end, but I am no longer much tired. I bathe every morning. I was in the chair at the Mess with the inspecting officer on my right; but I shirked the ball, and alas! me—I fell asleep over Ruskin till a very late hour.

From W. E. Gladstone.

Colonial Office, Jan. 6th, 1846.

I can neither answer your kind letter nor let it remain unanswered. As to the political part, I have taken my own line, with an anxious mind but a clear judgment, and I am only desirous to have the opportunity of sustaining the decision in the face of my own, an agricultural constituency. But I took that decision with reference to the circumstances in which I found myself; you will have in your turn to do the same.

I think your letter a very reasonable one, but it may not prevent your coming to the same conclusion as mine. I am happy in having first to run the gauntlet of an election somewhere—I know not yet whether the Duke of Newcastle

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may put it out of my power or duty rather to stand at Newark.

I hope in a day or two you will hear news that may please you about the Under Secretaryship here.

I rejoice in your prayers; only think that to-day I have not been able to go to church.

It is an evident necessity, that I, and every other man, must be from time to time severely judged. I have laid my account with it, and am prepared for more than anything that has yet come if I discern the path of duty clearly before me.

This need not be anybody's fault (though it may too probably be mine) but belongs I think to our institutions and their modern movement.

From Philip Pusey.

January, 1846.

I should not think that you could mend matters by going to Bridgwater. A dinner seems just now an unfitting mode of meeting for a Protection Society when our difficulty is the doubt of an impending scarcity.

I continue to tell my farmer friends here that I do not think they have much more to look for from protection if anything, though I shall vote once by way of protest against the measure, but you are differently circumstanced, not having taken the Protection pledge.

I suppose that Sir R. Peel has made up his mind thoroughly on his measure, which when proposed by him, will be, as if it were an Act of Parliament. The whole subject of protection therefore has lost all interest, except as a matter of personal honour to county members individually.

It seems possible that Sir R. Peel may have resigned, not from internal difference of opinion in his cabinet, but from the sense of fair dealing, and the wish of offering to the Whigs the opportunity of carrying their own measure. If this be not a vain supposition, he will certainly stand very

well as to personal character and higher than for some years.

In any case he seems to me to stand now upon new grounds.

I suppose something will be divulged in answer to the Corporation of London at Windsor next Saturday. The best reaping machine now is Scragg's.

Both Dickens's and Carlyle's new books are failures. The "Cricket on the Hearth" is affected nonsense, and Carlyle's style has broken down before real English history.

To his Wife.

Royal Oak, Winsford, All Souls' Day, 1846.

I do very much wish you were here and the ducklings too, and yet I fear it is only a selfish whim, for though I enjoy being here among the hills, having still romance enough left to conjure up an imaginary wildness, I therefore wish you to share it; still it would be I fear like many other things wishing you to like something only because I like it without considering whether it would really give you interest or pleasure; for after all it is a muddy village, and the blue and purple moors are far to go to, and the woods are wet and the roads bad; still the streams are beautiful and clear; and the trees still rich in autumn colour, and the hills stand round about the church so that there seems no way out of them. Some day I hope we may be all among them. I am very anxious to train the children to find health and delight in their grandfather's pure pleasures, and as I consider myself but as a connecting link between him and them to one of whom probably the real influence and possession of these lands will probably pass, I fear lest any defect of mine should stand in the way of their loving, what he has taught me to love as far as it is in me. And so I hope, dear love, you will try and use the joyful spirit with which you are blest to find joy in a little roughing it hereabouts before it is too late, and we become dull and lazy. How happy

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would it be to see you enjoying a pony ride with the children. . . . I shot one gray hen and missed one woodcock, my father had only one chance and that too far off. I wished he had killed the bird instead of me. I quite disliked taking the gun at first, and though a little of the old feeling of the chase revived, I should certainly give it up but for the children, and then comes the question, why should they be brought up to think shooting a matter of course, and if not why should I lead them to it.

Holnicote, Nov., 1846.

I hope I do not too much take pleasure in the incense of loyalty among the tenants, and all the "Your honoring," but it is very exciting to ramble over the hills and come upon these people unawares in their secluded farms—how secluded, you can hardly realize till you come to live at Highercombe and get on a pony as I hope you will.

House of Commons, July 8, 1847.

I dined at Grillion's last night, a very good party, but I sat up writing my address till 2. Arthur went off very early this morning to Cambridge. I then went to breakfast with my father to meet D. R. Morier, E. B. Pusey, Prof. Huber, J. Burnet, Planta, a young man from Switzerland, and Sir Robt. Inglis, after which came Peregrine, with a sketch of an address which he had written, and though he said of course he did not mean more than that it expressed his sentiments and all that sort of thing, I see I shall half offend him if I reject it altogether. Of course I shall write my own, but he is becoming troublesome, he has taken fright at Dick,[1] and I am suffering for it in his estimation, that is, he is in and in with some of the squires and anxious to satisfy them, that putting Corn Laws out of question I am all right, and wants me to say something warm to rally the party round us.

[1] Dickinson, his colleague in the representation of West Somerset.

July 14, 1847.

I fully expect now to go out of Parliament—the meeting at Bridgwater to-day will probably decide to put two protectionists in nomination, and I cannot go against my old friends. So the only way is to let them try what they can do with an extreme man. If they had all stood by us, no doubt we might have held it, but it is better as it is, and a great comfort if we save my father's money. How happy and good we will try to be in a country house!

House of Commons, on a Committee, July 15th, 1847.

Somerset matters are coming to a crisis which will make it difficult for me to leave London till I have sent out my address, after which I shall be a free man. The meeting of Protectionists took place yesterday at Bridgwater, Mr. Popham in the chair, when it was decided to call forward Sir A. Hood and Mr. Moody who have agreed to come forward and to issue their addresses forthwith. Sir Peregrine came down to the hotel, and was very hearty and kind. We all three agreed that there is nothing to be done but to retire at once as soon as Hood's and Moody's addresses are out. I cannot say how well satisfied I am with the position in which I am placed, and I feel, I hope, humbly thankful for it. It has been so ordered that, without running away from the post assigned to me, and without being led into any fruitless expense, and without the mortification to my friends and myself of a defeat, my course is plain before me by the withdrawal of a large portion of my former friends and their nomination of other persons in my place; and therefore I am very glad that we have all waited so long as it has been a great saving of expense and agitation, etc. I shall now endeavour to write my address in perfect good temper, at the same time setting forth as far I can my case without much argument, and saying boldly that my course was taken quite independently, and that I am quite convinced it was right under all the circumstances.

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I wish I could have you with me to give me the same help which you have given me before. . . .

It feels odd listening to people talking here to feel that my place in it is virtually gone—but there is no need to think about that.

House of Commons, July 16th, 1847.

I made a most vehement speech last night against Sir Jas. Graham, the most plucky thing I ever did in the House, getting up instantly after him in the front row of the House to answer him which I did with great vehemence and with some little success, though of course not without great dissatisfaction to myself. There is an excellent letter of Sir R. Peel's out, which I will bring with me.

House of Commons, July 23rd, 1847.

My view is that I ought to try to read one hour's Greek or Latin, and two hours' English history, but I suppose you will say I can do nothing except in a rage. There is the question of the Bishop's office to be got up on which I might study my learned Latin books with much profit, and Hooker too. Oh! what might not be done.

Queen Street, July, 1847.

I am sorry to say that when I came to my heap of Parliamentary papers and felt that I was out, it gave me a sick feeling, and I turned away from them having no heart to sort out what is now of no use; perhaps I ought rather to think of what *has been* so little use. But I must not let this spirit go on, and I must remember what Short said "anyhow don't go to sleep." I am very little advanced in thinking what we are to do in future. . . . I feel M.P.'ship such as mine gives an artificial importance which it may be for my good to lose; the great question remains, what is anyone worth really and truly as he is in himself without position, etc.—I often think what should we be if we were turned loose on the world, with no adventitious help of

station or friends. Oh! dear, how much we have to be thankful for, but I have wandered from my story, and also taken a nap in the middle.

FROM SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Drayton Manor, July 26, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,

You kindly release me from the obligation to acknowledge your letter, but I must in satisfaction to my own feelings, express to you my deep regret on public grounds—that any constituency can be found insensible to the services of such representatives as yourself and Mr. Dickinson, and can bear to read your address to them and then transfer to others the burden of the public duties which you have both so honourably, with such true independence and integrity, discharged.

I said to Lord Sandon that I felt ashamed of being a Lancashire man, when I saw Liverpool acquiescing in the severance of the connection of which it ought to be so proud.

I deeply regret that Liverpool should be kept in countenance by West Somersetshire.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with sincere esteem,

Very faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

CHAPTER V

1847—1856

CHAP. V. 1847-1856.

ACLAND was looking forward to a more settled and quiet life at home with his wife and children. He was going to read Virgil, he was hoping to prepare for teaching his children. But his plans for a quiet life were but seldom realized. "You will say I can do nothing except in a rage," he wrote to his wife. In the autumn of 1847, the year in which he left the House of Commons, he was hard at work learning Chemistry in the Laboratory of King's College. He was deeply impressed with the work and example of Philip Pusey, whom he always spoke of in later life in terms of the warmest affection and regard. He felt himself to be peculiarly bound after his vote for the abolition of the Corn Laws to do what he could to show the farmers a better method of improving their position than was to be found in any reliance upon Protection. He worked at King's College under Professor Miller and Mr. Bowman, both of whom he considered to be excellent teachers. For the remainder of his life up to the very last years he was always interested in Agricultural Chemistry, trying to learn more, trying to impart to farmers and farmers' sons what he knew. He wrote many articles and pamphlets, and he

published a book for farmers on the subject when he was over eighty.

In 1848, he and his wife left their house in Mayfair and went to live at Coleherne Court, near Earl's Court, which he spoke of as being almost out of London. He was anxious to be near St. Mark's College, Chelsea, to which he was still paying close attention at this time. After a while a great longing to settle in a country home in the West of England came upon him. He had a romantic attachment to the beautiful hills and valleys of his Exmoor home. He wanted to be near at hand, so as to bring up his children to love them as he had loved them himself. But there were a good many difficulties in the way. The subject was so often and so long discussed in the family that it got to be called "the topic." His father said it would not do to have a third home in the West. He ought himself to give up either Killerton or Holnicote if Acland wanted a home of his own. Every member of the family knew that for his father this was impossible. He went so far as to say that he would rather shut up Holnicote than yield on the point. Acland and his wife had, however, made up their minds that they could not as a permanent arrangement live, with a young family of children, in the same home as his father. And they were not willing to accept the alternative which he suggested of remaining in London or at the seaside. So after much delay and prolonged discussion he arranged to rent Tetton, a house belonging to his friend Mr. E. Herbert, a few miles from Taunton.

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In the meanwhile, before this question was settled, he had accepted the advice of Mr. Pusey to compete for a prize offered by the Royal Agricultural Society for a Report on the farming of Somersetshire. He took great pains over the work, and travelled all over the county, visiting landlords, farmers and agents; and he was successful in winning the prize. His chief competitor was Mr. W. Sturge, President of the Surveyors' Institute many years after. Acland made an arrangement with Mr. Sturge, by which their two reports were published together. He always spoke of this piece of work as having laid the foundation of his later knowledge of agricultural questions. It compelled him to think out many problems in a thorough way. The Prize Report on the farming of Somerset, which was published in the journal of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1850, gives a very careful survey of the condition of the county half a century ago. It also lays great stress on the need of fuller security for the farmer. "Let it only be remembered," Acland says, "that no man can now farm well unless he can look with confidence beyond next Michaelmas." The condition and housing of the labourer in many places, at that time and since so very unsatisfactory, is also discussed.

In 1850 the Royal Agricultural Society held its annual meeting at Exeter. This set Acland thinking whether some of the advantages to be derived from such meetings could not be secured more frequently in the West of England. He formulated a scheme by which the Bath

and West of England Society,[1] which had never held exhibitions outside Bath, should in future hold them in different towns in the west and south. He was practically the author of the revival of this society, which now holds such an important position among agricultural societies in the country. From the first annual show under the new arrangements in 1852, for more than forty years Acland took the deepest interest in the welfare of the society, whose meeting was to him always an important annual event. The first "Journal" of the society was published in 1853 under his editorship. He was editor for the first seven years and chairman of the Journal Committee for many years afterwards.

The Devon Agricultural Association, and at a later stage the Southern Counties Association, were amalgamated with the society whose title now is "The Bath and West and Southern Counties Society."

The object of the parent society had been defined by its founders as "the encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce." Acland worked hard at the foundation of an Arts Committee and an Arts Section of the Society, and in 1859 there was an exhibition of pictures for the first time at the annual show at Barnstaple. Acland did all he could to encourage good local artists to show their pictures, and year after year, as chairman of

[1] This society was established at Bath in 1777. In 1790 it was resolved that the title of the society should be "The Bath and West of England Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce."

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the Arts Committee, this part of the work engaged his keenest attention. In 1885 a Committee was appointed to consider further developments of the society's work, and the establishment of a system of agricultural experiments in several counties was one of the results. In these experiments, some of which were conducted at Killerton as well as in the Dairying School which was started about the same time, Acland took the greatest interest. The society was like a favourite child to him throughout his middle life and his old age, and its Journal bears many marks of the subjects which from year to year were occupying his special attention.[1]

In the meantime he and his wife had settled at Tetton in 1850, their first home outside London. He was full of plans for a quiet and happy country life, in which he was to be much more at home than before. But these happy hopes of his wife and himself were not to be fulfilled. Before a year was out scarlet fever entered the house, and, attacking Cecily, a bright child of three, who sank under it, soon laid half the family low. The eldest, Charles, and the youngest, Agnes, then only six months old, fell ill, and the life of Agnes was for a time in great danger. Then Acland took the fever himself. During the earlier days of the outbreak he and his wife faced the worst, and walking on the terrace one evening strove to prepare themselves for whatever might be God's will. But when the mother of the five little

[1] See an interesting article on Sir Thomas Acland in the Journal of the Society for 1898-9, written by Mr. Thomas F. Plowman, secretary and editor.

ones fell ill, rapidly sank, and was taken from him on June 11, 1851, the blow was heavy indeed. In his extremity he sent for his wife's cousin, Miss Mary Erskine, who arrived before the end came. His father in writing of the family sorrow to Mr. Harford, one of his oldest friends, said :

"You must not learn first from to-morrow's papers the heavy affliction with which God has visited poor dear Tom, and us all. His belov'd and most excellent wife has been recalled from his to her better home as in a moment—I think you know scarlatina was amongst them, and that the young child had fallen—two more were stricken, and are recovering—the father likewise—but still in bed.

"Some of the scenes have been very touching. She, taken ill on Sunday, three days after him, was not considered to be in any real danger, but on Tuesday afternoon she began to sink rapidly from weakness, and breathed her last in perfect peace, we do truly believe as in all outward calmness and repose, on Wednesday morning. Henry (the Doctor) arrived as it were providentially in the night. All had been over some hours before the first alarm reached me. I have come and returned as I am now doing each day since. I have much to do till Tuesday.

"Pray for our sanctification in faith. 'The Lord gave—the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

The funeral took place at Killerton, after such of the children as were still well had knelt in the hall round their mother's coffin, and joined in prayer with their uncle,

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Arthur Troyte. Slowly the two children recovered, and as soon as Acland was well enough to move he came to Holnicote, where Miss Mary Erskine had preceded him with those of the children who were free from infection.

While they were at Holnicote the house was burned down (August 31). The fire took place in the middle of the day, but, although there were plenty of willing helpers, as the house was thatched there was never any chance of saving it. The loss of the old home under the Exmoor hills was a great blow to Acland's father. His associations from childhood upwards were closely intertwined with Holnicote and the beautiful "Valley," where from year to year, in the autumn and at Christmas, his children had gathered, full of romantic interest in the place and its inhabitants. No attempt at rebuilding was made for several years. The bailiff's house and the gardener's cottage were used when he or his sons came for the shooting or to look after the estate. But after some years a small house, without offices, was built, and strange to say that was thatched also. After his father's death Acland added considerably to the house, which still shows evident signs of its piecemeal erection. Some fragments of the old home, now covered with creepers, have been preserved.

Acland never took his family back to Tetton. Under the woods of Sprydon, within a mile of Killerton, there was a little house called Rattlecote, which his father purchased and improved. It soon came to be called Sprydon cote, and this for more than twenty years was Acland'

home. To his children it was essentially the home of their childhood, and neither the larger glories of Killerton nor the romance of Holnicote and Exmoor can ever take away from Sprydoncote those special associations which the home of one's childhood must always retain. Some recollections of the home life there are added a few pages later on. Here, during the five years of his widowerhood, Acland lived, going away but little, shrinking from intercourse with friends, and refusing all public engagements that he could possibly avoid. He lived a very solitary life, devoting himself almost wholly to the education of his children and his domestic affairs. He taught them himself from time to time, and kept most careful records in notebooks of their progress. He struggled to the best of his ability with the different characters he had to educate, and with the various stages of elementary learning. The internal household arrangements worried him sorely, and still more the selection of tutors and governesses. He made elaborate time-tables and plans of work, and with the help, by correspondence, of Mary Erskine and the Dysons, on whose sympathy he leaned greatly in his solitude, he supplied the children with the best educational books then known, and with admirably healthy surroundings both for mind and body. The children were bright and happy, but the weight of responsibility lay heavy on him, and it was a dreary, sad period, for in truth, though he devoted endless pains to the task, he had little practical gift for the management and daily instruction of young children. His ways were too

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spasmodic; daily steady drudgery was quite out of his line; he needed a larger life and wider interests to occupy his mind.

Two new responsibilities came upon him during these years. His friend Edward Charles Hugh Herbert[1] died almost suddenly on Whit Sunday, 1852. Acland was left guardian of his son, Edward H. C. Herbert. Edward Herbert often came to Sprydoncote in his undergraduate days, and sometimes later when he was in the diplomatic service. He was one of the Englishmen so tragically murdered by Greek brigands on May 21st, 1870. In 1855, when Philip Pusey died,[2] Acland found himself named as guardian of Pusey's three children. It was a labour of love. He never ceased to the end of his life to speak of Philip Pusey with great affection and admiration.

To London and Oxford he began to turn once more as time advanced. At Oxford, at his brother Henry's hospitable house, he found always a welcome from Sarah Acland, herself the mother of a large family of young children. In London, in the house of "Aunt Betty" (Miss Mordaunt), he had the relief of telling all his troubles to Miss Mary Erskine, his wife's first cousin, who had stood by her death-bed, and to whose care she had committed her young children. Miss Mordaunt, an aged lady of the old school, died early in 1856, and on June 18 of that year he married

[1] He was Dr. Pusey's greatest friend at Eton.

[2] Lady Emily Pusey died November 13, 1854. Mr. Philip Pusey had a stroke of paralysis shortly afterwards at Dr. Pusey's house at Oxford. He lingered for nine months, and died July 9, 1855.

from his sister's house in London, Mary Erskine, who now for thirty-six years shared his home, and to whom was largely due the revival of his powers of work and his renewed public activity. She was the most kind-hearted and unselfish of women, and became a true second mother to all his children.

[The following notes of recollection of our old home are taken from a letter which my sister, Mrs. Hart-Davis, wrote to me soon after my father's death.—A. H. D. A.]

"It is common enough to hear people say there never was such a place as the home of their childhood, but certainly Sprydoncote had much to make it a very perfect place for children to grow up in. To begin with, the position on the slope of a hill gave an extensive and varied view, with Dartmoor in the far distance. Posbury Hill stood up among the lines of woodland and hill, over which the shadows of the clouds chased one another and made endless varieties of colour and light and shade. Then the splendid trees that cover Killerton Hill were always changing colour on the right-hand side, and down the slope to the left was the pretty little pond with the island in it, on which grew the snowdrops, and round which the moor-hens swam. What happy hours we spent lying on the grass by that pond basking in the sun, and watching the floats, of which the fish seldom took any notice,—but that did not matter. Between the pond and the house was a sand-pit, where we grubbed with little spades, and filled our wheelbarrows, and let half of the sand spill on the way to the shrubbery near the house. It is impossible to describe all that that shrubbery contained for us. There were the nut-trees, whose boughs we wove into little dwellings, and called them our own houses, the plum-trees whose gum we thought such a priceless treasure, and the little stream that ran through it, sometimes flowing freely,

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and then again refusing to run at all. How muddy we made ourselves in that stream, and what hours we spent in making ponds and water-falls, and watching the frogs and newts and beetles. Then the swing under the lime trees, where the tame robins lived, how we sat in it and read, or 'swang our dinner down!' How carefully it was all filled by our father with opportunities for our enjoyment—a thatched shed for our garden tools, hutches with partitions for our rabbits, cages for the doves, little seats and corners so temptingly placed to sit in, and gardens well manured and with plenty of seeds and bulbs, and everything needed for their cultivation. He was not in the least fond of gardening himself, but he took care that we should have the chance of doing plenty of it. No flowers ever seem to me like those we found there on summer mornings, getting up as we did long before breakfast, when everything was wet with dew, and working hard with all our might to excel and compete with 'Squires.' We led this dear old gardener[1] a life with our incessant demands on his time and patience. He was a quaint old fellow with his oft-repeated saying: 'Ah, Missie, in whatsoever state you be, take my advice and be therewith content.' Never do russet apples taste like those he gave out of his store, up the ladder, which he allowed us to climb for a special treat. Beyond the shrubbery came the long and narrow walk between oak trees, called the 'meditation walk.' How little it ever changed, and how quiet it always seemed, with a large seat facing the beautiful view, and beyond that a most delightful wood full of springs of water, which though they made it very muddy, added to the variety of ferns and reeds and plants, as well as beautiful feathery moss and many creepers which tangled all together, and made it full of mystery and charm. Over one of these chasms, which was, I suppose,

[1] He was a firm believer in the West country superstition of shooting the apple trees at Christmas time, and the noise he made in the orchards near the house led strangers in the early volunteering days to suspect that there were nocturnal sham fights in progress.

only a ditch, but seemed full of danger to us, my father had two trees felled, and a hand rail fitted to make a bridge ; and there was another of these bridges further down the chasm. This second bridge was opposite the little Swiss cottage he built for us called 'The Chalet.' It was full of funny original contrivances such as a drawbridge which wound up with a cogwheel and a chain ; also tables round the inner wall, which, when turned up made shutters, and a large drain pipe for a chimney, which, passing through the upper room was to form a warming and drying place for linen, but as it was all open to the air the use of it was not quite carried out. He used these contrivances with a double purpose, to make experiments for cottage building, and to interest all of us. Down stairs there were walls made of 'cob,' the straw and clay wall which is known by that name in Devonshire.

"What a complex family we were when the large cousinhood of nine were left orphans,[1] and came in turns to the care of the aunts and uncles. Besides them there were my father's wards, S. Pusey and the gentle cultivated Edward Herbert, whose love of reading was, I am sure, very good for us all. Indeed the parents were most forbearing, for we were often a noisy clattering chattering set. And besides the young folks there were the endless pets. There were generally three or four ponies for us to ride, and dogs of all sorts, even sheep dogs, and puppies most irritating to housemaids. A pet lamb too I remember, the sea-gull, and finally the tame bear that Gib brought from Canada. What an excitement that bear was, and how he must have astonished people as he sat on the branch of a tree near the front door. He came indoors sometimes. I remember his coming into the hall at Christmas time with all the dogs at a respectful distance. The hall, with the large open wood fire and the cosy little stone seats and niches, was a capital place for us ; what games and romps, and long cosy

[1] The orphan children of Acland's brother, Arthur Troyte.

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chats that place has seen. On Christmas Eve yearly burned there the Ashen faggot, all of us rejoicing in the glow and clapping our hands as the bands burst one by one. Once or twice the mummers came and that was a great excitement.

"My recollection of my father in those days is that he sat in the drawing-room very contentedly in his armchair with his book, looking in on us occasionally when one of us dragged him out, extremely amused at times, but always deep really in his own studies and able to return to them through all the din. No doubt unconsciously we cheered him up, for though he was supposed not to understand children, he valued our love, and rested on it.

"He enjoyed seeing us taking advantage of the many opportunities for happiness which he had placed within our reach; and the bright smile which lit up his face at some bit of fun which he thoroughly appreciated is well remembered by us all."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

To his Father.

32, *Charing Cross*,[1] *Monday*, 1847.

Every vote is of consequence, we fear we shall suffer by pairs. There is a terrible attack against Gladstone, signed by Sumner, Harrison and Hathaway, Secretaries (I believe) of R.'s Committee, saying three most unjust things on the Dissenters Chapel Bill, Maynooth and Ward: ending by saying by implication that W. E. G. is not "heartily devoted to the doctrine and constitution of our reformed church." We think it will be a very close contest. We know of 700 *of their votes*, and probably there are half as many again, perhaps more, that we know nothing of.

[1] This was the London Committee Room for Gladstone's contest for the University of Oxford.

To his Wife.

Pusey, Thursday, Sep. 9th, 1847.

I have been a walk with Dr. Pusey and Charles Marriott, and am now come in to go out with Ph. Pusey.

I read some Chemistry yesterday on my road after writing to you; had some interesting talk from the station with C. Marriott on the commentary, and on the questions respecting the connexion of the Scripture with Science: he speaks strongly against Bunsen's views, but quite differently of Dr. Prichard (I wish you could read his book) and he said he should not, speaking confidentially to me himself, be staggered by evidence, throwing back the Chronology of the Deluge 10,000 years, though he did not believe it would be forthcoming; what he cannot stand is the *mystical* way of dealing with the personal history of the patriarchs.

To his Father.

12, *Queen Street, Oct. 30th*, '47.

I am working hard at Chemistry, which of course I find somewhat difficult, but I think the effort of steady application to acquire knowledge accurately is doing good, so you will probably find me engaged at King's College 3 days a week, from 10 to 4, when you come to town. I attend Brande's lectures at the Royal Institution from 9 to 10 the other 3 days.

I should like when I know a little more to have a piece of the honeycomb stone, which W. Birmingham says makes 10/- per acre difference, with a piece of the neighbouring soil (not so valuable) to try my hand on, but I am not up to that yet.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Queen Street, Dec. 13, 1847.

I am very thankful that I am not in the House of Commons to have to decide on the momentous question,[1] on which I am sorry to hear that you feel it your duty to vote as you say. I suppose you mean at present only for the second reading, but on such a question as the admission of the Jews, the form and the details will be comparatively nothing, at best only a verbal protest in favour of a substance which might have been, but is no longer. . . . I am thankful in such a matter not to have to vote, for if I could not go with you in Church matters, whom should I follow? Only let me hope for the sake of your precious *personal* influence that you will deal with the question on broad grounds and not refine, not aim at dragging out for the first time some recondite view not seen by common men, in short, that you will be as little as possible like Maurice, and more like the Duke of Wellington.

I should not have troubled you with this note, but that I have seen Dr. Pusey this evening, and felt it due to him to tell him that you had written to Dr. Richards to tell him your decision, begging him not to talk about it till he heard from some other person. I cannot attempt to express to you his feelings, though he did dictate words which I might pass on if it might seem milder so to do than to write strongly himself; he says he voted for you on grounds of personal affection, fearing he might be disappointed, but that this disappointment is so great that he could not have voted for you, if he had foreseen it.

From W. E. Gladstone.

13, *Carlton House Terrace, Dec.* 19*th*, '47.

I enclose a sovereign from my wife and myself towards the Hursley windows.

I was engaged in surgery about my arms when your

[1] The admission of Jews to Parliament.

letter came or I would have acknowledged it at the time; your suggestion to imitate the Duke was good in substance and timely—I endeavoured to act upon it. My speech was most unsatisfactory in many ways, but I do not believe, at least I have not heard that it mystified or puzzled anybody.

I had a letter from Dr. Pusey, very kind in everything personal, but inflamed in tone as to the subject.[1]

It is a painful question, but I am not perplexed with doubt as to my vote. And I have been confirmed by finding that *some* of the best men, as well as men possessed of the best heads, came independently of one another to the same unpopular conclusion.

The following letter, of which a facsimile is given on the opposite page, was written by Acland's father from the House of Commons on April 10, 1848, the day when a great Chartist riot was apprehended in London. It is a distinctly favourable specimen of the handwriting of Sir Thomas Acland the elder:

FROM HIS FATHER.

H. of C. Ap. 10. 6.45 *p.m.*

MY DR. TOM

All right—no row, no broken heads. *A complete Chartist failure.*

Thank God for it.

Yr. very aff. Fr.

T. D. A.

TO HIS WIFE.

Taunton, May 16th, '48.

Why can't I read at home with the same zeal as I do when travelling? because I am always in a fidget I suppose; how do all things resolve themselves into want of self-control, and how important it is to keep up the struggle against bad habits, even after it may be too late to form and ripen habits which might have been formed in the green wood.

[1] See the previous letter.

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Sidmouth, [*during Yeomanry week*] *May 28th*, 1848.

I find Dunne very useful; but like an old soldier who is used to have things all regular as a matter of course, he does not seem to understand my disposition to talk things over; and I have been so long used to manage the troop myself without either help or interference that I feel rather queer with my new Lieutenant, and nervous about taking the command before Dunne. I cannot get on with young ——, he seems not the sort of man his father's son might be; but I cannot make him out. It is a sad loss not having Northcote; his mind would have given me such a lift in every way, moral, political, intellectual, and church. Courtenay not to be here till Tuesday—poor Duckworth very poorly, but doing his duty as usual, his right arm quite useless, but it is said that this will come all right; it is a lesson to see one's contemporary so brought down in health.

Sidmouth, *May 31st*, 1848.

We have had a thorough wetting to-day to the skin, from about half past ten till near two, but we went on with our field day all the same, and had a good deal of fun in the fog to keep the men in good humour. I was very much pleased to-day at finding I could make the gray mare back with me, which she defied all Dunne's efforts to make her do, to the extent of an inch yesterday, but I think she was out of temper yesterday and perhaps she might know me when I got on her; I felt quite in love with her, she is so beautiful and springy—perhaps I may have a tumble yet to take the shine out of me.

TO HIS FATHER.

Sidmouth, *June 4th*, '48.

I have heard no particulars about the National Society, but I hope that G. Denison may be induced to take some moderate course. The Committee have, I am glad to see, let their manifesto get into the newspaper ("Times" of Saturday) which Lord Sandon had a considerable

hand in drawing up, and will, I think, tend to satisfy reasonable advocates of Church liberty without putting the Society at war with the Privy Council. Talking of war reminds me of last week's work, and whatever drawbacks there may be to the Yeomanry, it is satisfactory as far as it goes that the work is efficiently and well done; we were inspected by a Blues officer, who recognized Dunne as having been in his own troop, and began chatting with him after it was all over, he said: "Why, Dunne, this is an extraordinary regiment you have got into. You know how we do our charges in the Blues; well, they were done quite as well by the men to-day": and Buller called Barnes to him and told him that the charge of the Tiverton Squadron was the best he had ever seen. What, however, is more satisfactory is that I do believe that I have in my troop now, almost without exception, a set of well-behaved young men who are desirous to learn and do their duty, and not merely looking at it as a lark—however, this is not a Sunday topic.

Walton, July 4, '48.

Something doubtless is to be learned from these great farm reformers, but I see the need of a cool head and sober judgment, and doing with implements and new plans as my mother used to do with flowers, never bite the first year, and the price will come down, and perhaps the value of the improvement be more correctly estimated. I have picked up a little here from the farm accounts which are very simply and well kept.

To his Mother.

Bude Haven, Sep. 15th, 1848.

I have taken Charles Arthur[1] in hand for Latin as a relief to Arthur; not that he had begun any before. My Charles Thomas gets on very fairly. I wonder whether he will turn sulky at "Sum es est," as I did with you at Vienna, and got so fairly caught in my own trap.

[1] Eldest son of his brother Arthur.

To his Father.

Dunster, Nov. 3rd, 1848.

Things seem going on well on the farm[1] as far as I can judge. I feel pretty confident that you will have been no loser on my turnip doings, and some little good may have been done, so I think I shall make the farm a present of a turnip cutter which it ought to have for its credit. The cost is not much.

To his Wife.

Athenæum, Dec. 5th, 1848.

I went off with Mathison to Fulham, and after dinner we went into the Bishop's library to coffee and sat there till half-past eleven—between us, Bishop Sarum, Sinclair and I resolved to carry on St. Mark's on a reduced scale—making ourselves responsible and requiring very severe audit monthly.

About cost of teaching, we are to look into it, and if not good, change our master.

About Choral Service, nothing settled—except to seek an interview with the Archbishop and open frank communication with him. . . . It is weary work, for our finances are in a dreadful state, and in the present state of things it is hopeless to ask for money, and dangerous to retrench our institutions.

King's College, Monday, ? '48.

I went last night to see the Bishop (Wilberforce) at Oriel after his ordination; he is taking a very strong step about Hampden, having signed articles against him in the Ecclesiastical Court, whereby he will subject himself to great obloquy and vitally offend the Queen. Dr. Pusey admires his conduct very much, because he may have cut off all his prospects of advancement by an act of faith—it is a secret but you may tell Pem.[2] I went to Dr. Pusey who

[1] He was now in charge of the small home farm at Holnicote.

[2] His wife's sister, Miss Emma Mordaunt.

was very kind, he has not possibly had time to write to you, but hopes to see you as a friend on Thursday evening at Grosvenor Square, or on Friday, as you like, and he will then advise for the future.

Taunton, Railway Hotel, 1848.

I wish my mind or my tongue were not so full of farmering or such like things; it seems to me to arise from not keeping up cultivation of mind on literary and human questions of general interest, and that this we should try to do more earnestly if we do not mean to drop into clods.

I quite agree with you that arguing will not save us against Chartism. One cannot but fear some letting loose of the evil tendencies of the natural man, being permitted as a judgment on the selfishness of the possessors of property, but if we look to human causes only, I should say that we must look to making the people happy and attached in various classes, as you say, to feeling and not to argument.

Bowden Park, Chippenham, Aug. 28th, 1849.

I saw a good example for us. Lady E.'s[1] two coach horses go regularly to plough, and the man who ploughs with them puts on a livery and turns coachman.

I do not think I can tell you much more about the Pusey visit, for you will not care about the farming and implements, etc., which occupied my attention. What will you say if I set to work in good earnest to write for the prize on Somersetshire farming—you will not object to the £50 if I get it. I must not make up my mind in a hurry—the chief objection to it is that I shall have to go to spend some time near Bath and near Frome to get up the farming practice of that district. I should probably go to the Mordaunt property at Cross, and get Edwards to teach me about Cheddar and the cheese-making district. I suppose two or three days in each place would suffice—and I should learn geological and geographical facts, worth knowing as a matter of local

[1] Lady Emily Pusey.

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interest; why is it that we have got ourselves into a way of scrupling about taking an interest in anything? It is not that by not doing so we do anything better, or is it that having children leaves no room for thought about anything but domestic cares? I suppose if we had a settled home, and were not so dependent, we should naturally fall in with some interest which would grow out of our circumstances.

Mells, Sunday evening, Oct. 21st, 1849.

The worst part of the Report is the time taken in contriving plans and writing about them, and then having to alter, and then the double post to you makes such a difference because I must settle so many days ahead and not take things as they turn up, but, however, perhaps this makes me more methodical.

Mr. Horner[1] preached in the morning a nice quiet sermon on the fear of the Lord, the general sense of God's presence. Then up to early dinner, then to the St. Edmund's Church after writing to you. It is so beautiful, I think quite perfect situation and all, and a little farmer close by plays the organ, and has 6 or 8 sons and nephews who sing like Margaret chapel, and he has actually suggested a procession for the anniversary. The church is always crowded.

Sutton, Dec. 4th, 1849.

I groan under my Report, it has become so public that too much will be expected, and it is a great sacrifice of domestic life. . . .

I am a good deal alarmed by information which I have seen here as to price of American corn, and I begin to think that a serious fall of rents is inevitable, in which case we must come down considerably, and I hope it may lead to fresh arrangements in which my farming knowledge may be of service, and help us all to live.

[1] In another letter he says, "Horner is the greatest help I could have had."

Stourhead, Dec. 5th, ? 1849.

I drove on to Wincanton, where a grand protection dinner was breaking up, and as I was having some coffee and waiting for Sir Hugh's[1] man, in they came one after another to have some tea, and I got into a regular protection argument. I learned something of the tenants' feelings on several points, but I was too excited and argumentative. The more I see of them the more I see the wretched state of their farming and the disproportion of their capital to their farms, and the consequent scanty employment of labour, and low wages; but what is to become of some of them if the present low prices go on I know not.

To his Mother.

Hastings, March 6th, 1850.

I think I wrote to my father on Sunday to say we had all but made up our minds to take Tetton; I fear it is a large undertaking, and the family will seem to be expanding instead of contracting, but we hope to be able to take a decided line of quiet living, refusing all dinners and giving none.

To his Wife.

Deanery, Chichester, March 14th, 1850.

I had the good luck to find Manning as well as the Dean at Brighton, and to travel with them to this place. I did not venture to speak to him about poor F. Murray, his own mind seemed full of the judgment[2]—he did not say a great deal about it, but what he did say out loud was

[1] Sir Hugh Hoare.

[2] The Gorham judgment. The Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Phillpotts) examined Mr. Gorham on his presentation to the living of Bramford Speke, near Exeter. He was dissatisfied with his views on baptism, and refused to induct him. The case went against Gorham in the Dean of Arches Court, but on appeal the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided in his favour. Manning (afterwards Cardinal Manning) was received into the Roman Church on April 6, 1851.

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this. This judgment has done many things; it has put an end for ever to the power of the civil power to judge in matters of doctrine for the Church. When I ventured to ask if the parties who were in favour of comprehensive opinions were not more numerous and more powerful than those who would disapprove it, he gave some answer which I do not recollect, showing that he admitted the difficulty of upsetting the tribunal; and in reply to somebody else's remarks he said with a laugh, "Oh, let those who like it remain under it if they wish," or something of that sort. Then conversation went on in which he quite agreed that Parliament would never allow the Church to have liberty and keep her property. Then he went on to say to me in a lower voice the views which all the papers took of the judgment, which he had been reading through in the Guardian, viz., that the judgment was a politic and a wise one because it made baptism an open question; and then went on to give his own opinion that the judgment is a theological one, and not an evasive one. He said, "they would have put us in a great difficulty if they had only said the formularies were ambiguous, and the case was not so clear, nor Mr. Gorham's opinion so glaring as to warrant the Bishop in excluding him." But the case is quite clear, the judgment lays down principles which are inconsistent with true doctrine and which, if admitted, will make the holding of sound doctrine impossible; and therefore, to say they have settled no doctrine would be like admitting a man's jurisdiction and objecting to his acts; he seemed to be preparing his mind to take some decided step of protest or resistance, I should think, rather than to give up the Church. . . .

Manning went on to say that a Church cannot hold two doctrines; if it has two doctrines on any point it has no doctrine, teaches nothing on that point; the tendency of public men is to make one doctrine after another open to question, so as to comprehend as many as possible, and therefore to have as little faith as possible; he said to me,

"you cannot doubt"—then somebody opened the door once and again he began his sentence and was again stopped, and I in my off-hand way, "It will be difficult for you to finish that sentence truly," meaning that I doubted too many things—he took no notice then but later asked me what I meant. I said that I could not conceal that my mind was drifting away from former convictions—he said, "Are you sure that they ever were convictions?" and other kind things he said, and at last we settled I should ride over there to-morrow and see him for an hour, which I shall hope to do.

[? *March*] 1850.

I have just been with dear old Gladstone, he was so affectionate and thankful for what I said in the way of friendly advice.

His great aim is to keep men together who are prepared to stand or fall by the maintenance of the faith in the Church of England, says the worst evil of all is the acquiescence of the Church of England in the judgment, which he looks upon as a demoralizing one because it enacts the non-natural sense, and allows men to sign one thing and preach another; it will ruin the whole principle of Church Establishment, the system of tests and articles; and nothing hinders but that the Privy Council may interpret scripture as well as the Prayer Book; but above all he seems to feel its degrading and demoralizing tendency.

The second worst evil is that those who do not acquiesce in it should be absorbed one by one in the Church of Rome. He spoke with contempt of men having the superstition to suppose they must join the Church of Rome to save their souls, and desert their calling to work out the destiny of Englishmen, and all God has called the Church of England to.

The third and least evil is the formation of an independent quasi Scotch communion.

He considers that his political life is at an end if he lifts

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up his voice in favour of separation from the State, and fears he may have to sacrifice all private feeling and throw himself into the breach.

He regrets that the Bishop of Exeter has raised the issue, and precipitated the Church into this difficulty before it is ready, as it seems to man, to grapple with it; but as I said his great aim is to keep men together who will stand for the faith, for revelation in fact. He has given me a prayer which I will enclose.

Oxford, March 24, 1850.

I think he (C. M.)[1] spoke most about doubts; in which all he said seemed most real and true; the great point to be believed, and the great difficulty is the Incarnation, is that a fact or is it not, all else is subordinate to and dependent upon that. Then as to evidence he seemed to think that the greatest of all is the spiritual tone of the Psalms and of the Hebrew books taken as a whole; is there in the mind of man anything to compare with the spiritual wisdom shown in the Psalms, where did it come from if it was not given by God? In regard to physical science, he said it is true the immensity of the universe seems strange by the side of the great mystery of the Incarnation in this little point of space and time; but then the fact of our having minds capable of comprehending the universe, is an evidence that there is in us something far beyond all visible things, capable of a higher state. . . .

I have seen Dr. Pusey to-day. He is looking as well as one can expect under the circumstances, I will tell you about what he said another time. He said for one thing he could not sign the Council of Trent, and he is hoping, but barely hoping, that the Bishops will do something to re-affirm the doctrine of the Nicene Creed.

[1] The Rev. Charles Marriott.

In train, Bath—Bristol, Lady Day, 1850.

I dread the explosion which the Bishop of Exeter's letter will produce at Holnicote; I shall try to say nothing and to bear it all quietly. . . .

Dr. Pusey says none of those who signed the protest can stay in the Church, unless something is done to save its doctrine; but he says he can't sign the Council of Trent. I should think he hoped for some act of the Bishops to mitigate the evil.

I cannot sign the thanks to the Bishop of Exeter because I cannot thank him for raising the question.

To his Father.

Tetton, Sunday evening, 1850.

I am much stirred up by the results of Lord John's letter:[1] I have suppressed an indignant reply to Popham and Sanford inviting me to sign a requisition for a county meeting, but I must make my protest somehow; I must stand in the breach and help bear this attempt to crush honest Tractarians by invoking on them all the odium of the Pope's acts, and of the ultra candlestick nonsense with which you know I have no sympathy; I believe Johnny is getting up the steam to alter the Prayer Book, and legalize a new form of loose Protestantism open to all except honest high Churchmen, whom (as a Whig should) he hates.

I cannot expect you to approve of my view of the subject; but I do not wish you to be in ignorance of what I am thinking.

[1] Lord John Russell's letter about the division of the country into dioceses by the Pope, denouncing it as an act of papal aggression.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

6, *Carlton Gardens, June* 23, 1851.

A letter from Mathison has acquainted me that although unable yourself to announce your heavy loss, you would not be displeased at my writing to you. . . . You are in a sacred sphere, which it is like a profanation for me to enter; and I enter it trembling, even under your own sanction.

No one could or did know your wife without loving and admiring her as a pattern of all that woman should be in the several capacities she had to fill. . . .

You have yourself, I find, travelled much of the road towards death in company with your wife, and only parted from her at a point outside as it were of our common human life. You have seen her too, spending the last of her strength in the sacred duties of a wife and a mother, perhaps a martyr to those of the latter office. You are certainly in these respects carried beyond and above the ordinary lot of even those who undergo the same peculiar trial. . . . There is indeed room among us for men inspired by the teaching of calamity or otherwise for elevated acts and aims. Our poor Church has lost those, who have left broad blanks behind them. . . . May the Almighty open upon you together with the stress of your inexpressible trial the riches of that consolation, which is deeper still, and which may make the very weight of your burden to be the secret of your future strength.

Do not think of writing to me; pray believe my wife and I shall not forget you, nor her whom you must rejoice to look upon as now more than ever yours, though beyond the reach of the outward ear and eye.

TO HIS FATHER.

Tetton, June 25th, 1851.

I receive daily most touching proofs of the kindness of friends; and the esteem in which she was held; may I not add what strikes me very forcibly, proof of the reality of

the religion of my friends, or of the increased sympathy in the tone of their religion as evinced by the remarkable number who speak of prayer in a way which shows plainly that the prayer has not been only a pious wish expressed by the pen, but a real intercession at the throne of grace. One very touching comes this morning from Keble adverting to a visit which Mary and I made at Hursley about this time ten years. . . .

This is like Keble in his best days. I believe he is "in quietness and confidence" the greatest earthly stay of English churchmen. I have a remarkable letter from Gladstone, and one still more coming home from Frederic Rogers, also from S. Oxon, and E. Sarum. C. Adderley poured out his heart like a brother, as he feels to you like a son, I believe. I answer none. I am as I implied above keeping very quiet, I have got up for a few hours each day since Sunday, and it tires me very much.

To his Mother.

Tetton, July 9th, 1851.

Reckoning as fond mothers do their babies' lives, this is the first monthly birthday of my lonely life, so it inclines me to write a line to you. Arthur is going to Killerton to-night to return to-morrow night.

Charles Marriott left me this morning. His visit was that of a true Christian friend, and he showed the heart of a man, for after the intellectual effort of answering definitely as in the name and office of his Master some questions which I put to him, after this was over he burst into a flood of tears from pure sympathy with my misery and self-condemnation. . . . The more I see of him the more I am inspired with confidence in his deep appreciation of the trials of human nature, and of the difficult times in which we live, and the more I perceive his enlarged charity and appreciation of the Christian goodness of many who look upon him as a mere formalist or a Jesuit.

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Tetton, July 11th, 1851.

M. E.'s[1] account of Mrs. F.'s[2] oracles is rather amusing, she walked in one day and said, "You see Miss E. this is a family in which there's never no time, as one may say," an unconscious piece of keen satire on my habits for me, which I mean to treasure.

To his Father.

Tetton, Sunday, July 13th, 1851.

I think I cannot have misspent a part of this holy day, (on which I have been to church for the first time since June 11th, and which is the last day of my first sojourn here in loneliness), in copying out for you some passages of Bishop Wilson's life of Sherlock in Mary's copy of the Practical Christian. I have been anxious to connect this little remembrance of your fondly-cherished daughter with the earlier and religious impressions of my childhood, when I learned to venerate Bishop Wilson, and after many strikings out for myself into the seas of philosophy and controversy I am pretty nearly come back to the Bishop of the little island as my best pilot.

To his Mother.

Holnicote, July 25th, 1851.

The children are of course usually in high spirits just as at common times, but they have their little moments of serious feeling; my most earnest wish is that their thoughts should not be drawn to their feelings, nor be tempted to think what is expected of them; therefore I do little except in little ways keep her up in their recollection, and often speak of her; I hope I do not do this too easily or lightly. . . .

The very rooms remind me of the first conscious moments of incipient attachment in 1832.[3]

[1] Miss Mary Erskine, then at Holnicote with some of the children.

[2] Mrs. Fletcher, housekeeper at Holnicote.

[3] See extracts from his "Journal" for 1832, p. 56.

HOLNICOTE ABOUT 1800.

Holnicote, Aug. 28th, 1851.

Neither this valley nor my lot are suggestive of great variety, though I will not quarrel with either; and they are both much linked in the remembrance of about this time 19 years, when I learnt part of St. Bartholomew in Keble with John Mordaunt in Ireland, that day being his birthday,

> The childlike faith, that asks not sight,
> Waits not for wonder nor for sign,
> Believes, because it loves aright—
> Shall see things greater, things divine.

but I will not begin prosing—hard to let that word drop after quoting Keble.

To his Father.

Holnicote, August 31st, 1851.

My Dearest Father,

I am very sorry to inform you that Holnicote has been burnt down—no life lost or persons injured—pictures, books, etc. I hope all safe, and I believe the greatest part, if not all of your papers. I was able to rescue a good many things in my mother's boudoir, and I burst open the Mitcham wardrobe and saved some relics, the St. Kilda Book and apparently some early child's recollections. I am sorry I cannot speak more certainly. We are stowing pictures and furniture in the coach-house—books in the loft of the stable. Mr. Thompson has been very useful in standing sentry over the contents of my father's room, and all written papers, and seeing them put in boxes—which will all be locked up probably at Robert Birmingham's.

As to the cause I can only tell you that, as I was teaching Latin at 10 minutes before 1, I smelt soot and soon after saw smoke and ran out to the back door and saw the top of the roof near the kitchen chimney on fire. The wind was South-west, we tried pulling off the thatch, but in vain —it is now North-west, nothing else has yet taken fire; it

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was all on us far too quick for the engine to be of any use. No danger of further fire, now four o'clock.

Your affectionate and dutiful son,
T. D. ACLAND.

FROM SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

3, *Gloucester Terrace, Regent's Park, Sept.* 17, 1851.

We came past your old house at Brompton to-day, and the Church where my little godchild was baptised, on our way from the Cemetery where we buried our poor little baby last week, and thought much of you, and of that day. God has sent afflictions to both of us in these last two years, and to me they have come with great rapidity one after another, yet mine have been light compared to yours. May He enable us to profit by His teaching! and yet what seems to me the most awful is the sort of hardening of heart one feels after a blow has fallen. It is so difficult not to rebel against chastisement.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Pusey, Oct. 10*th*, 1851.

We lead rather a Trappist life here. Old Lady Lucy, a fine old Dame of 82, who makes a perpendicular curtsey with her arms folded, who loves her Edward but is no Puseyite, is here. People speak but little, and very early hours are kept, so I cannot say I am disturbed, and they let me miss evening dinner: but I have been more down at heart than ever, partly I think a reaction from last week in London and feeling so unequal to do justice to the children.

Dogmersfield, Oct. 20*th*, 1851.

My visit here is touchingly pleasant, combining the tenderest love for her whose place by M. A. D.'s[1] sofa is vacant with the great happiness of the present children; their delight is to follow a pretty fancy of their mother's often

[1] Miss Marianne Dyson.

practised here, viz., making large nosegays of autumn leaves, red and yellow berberries, Virginia creeper, Dog Wood, lilac, etc. It used in her mind to connect with the sober thoughts of the Autumn of life. Mr. Dyson's mild wisdom and reflection on the world into which he peeps as great men do, are very valuable in this stirring time, and helpful to me.

From the Rev. A. P. Stanley.

Canterbury, Oct. 23, 1851.

I have heard and inquired often from your brother Henry about you; knowing from sad experience what it is to have a happy home for the first time broken down by successive visitations of sorrow. I hope I may congratulate you on his Librarianship[1]—I wish it had been his Professorship. I never shall forget his kindness during the last sad days of my parting from Oxford. Whatever Canterbury may be it never can be to me what Oxford was.

To his Father.

Taunton, Railway Hotel, Jan. 31*st*, 1852.

The meeting to-day promised well.[2] A number of very sensible men were collected, apparently with every disposition to work well together. I found that it was in vain for me being here to abstain from taking my fair share in the deliberations; but I have been allowed to decline putting my name on Sub-committees with a sort of understanding that I shall continue as a sort of extra consulting secretary till the first annual meeting. . . .

Lord Portman was elected President for this year. Porter first proposed Moody, but on finding that Lord Portman was President of the Bath Society up to the time of the adoption of the new plans, he withdrew his proposal, so there was no discussion on that point nor indeed on any other.

[1] The Radcliffe Librarianship at Oxford.

[2] Bath and West of England Agricultural Society.

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Sprydoncote, May 31st, 1852.

Probably some means has brought you in the course of to-day the account of the death of our cousin and friend E. Herbert. . . .

I understand I am executor and guardian, whether sole or with others I know not, but it seems right to go there first as Mr. Bailie refers me to Pusey, saying, "All I suppose is known there as to his wishes." . . .

I hope I may meet you and have your help and advice. It has so often happened to me that a time intended for a retirement has been by God's appointment turned aside from self by some call of active duty to others; but my heart sinks to think how much more I am trusted than I am equal to. Dear Herbert, his was a gentle fine-strung mind, very generous and noble, and I believe humbly and earnestly devout; believing strongly, and the more strongly for having had his faith much tried.

To his son Francis Gilbert.

Sprydoncote, St. Mark's Day, 1854.

Last Tuesday I went to Tetton, and went to see your old gardens which have still a few flowers left, and the old box-hedge; the place is not much changed, and I told the man to keep the old garden from being quite grown over. On Wednesday and Thursday I was at Bude with Grandpapa. The waves were very fine, rolling calmly in, and just as they came near the shore the breeze from the land caught the top of them and sent the spray flying up in the air with the sun shining brightly through the spray. Grandpapa said they looked like regiments moving on line after line and discharging their guns as they came near the enemy.

To his eldest Son.

Sprydoncote, May 2nd, 1854.

We will see about the kitchen garden and sow some of what you wish, but I think as you will be so little able to attend to the garden yourselves it will be better for your sisters to manage them as they grow older, and then you and Gib[1] can have a sort of partnership with each of them.

To his Father.

Oxford (Meeting of British Association), June 19th, 1855.

I ought to send you a full account of our doings, but you know how difficult it is: I am just come from poor Pusey[2] after a long sit (too long I fear), Gladstone being on the other side of the bed.

Henry has been most successful—not personally prominent, and everyone is deeply grateful to him—I believe no one so well as your son could have done so much to bring many people and many minds to work well together.

Lord Derby's was a splendid effort. No Don here could have done it, probably not Sedgwick nor Whewell—it was scholarly and manly—but the occasion was in many respects unsuited to him; he was like a cavalry officer, dismounted, forming square instead of charging; under constraint, I mean having no one to attack. He put science on very *low* grounds;—that we must do all this out of fear of the mob getting ahead of us, and though he said a little of the mental training and moral purposes, I think he did this not so well, and the science was very superficial. His allusions to Routh and Gaisford were very beautiful—to my great surprise Sir R. Inglis has not been alluded to publicly, either by Lord D. or by the public orator, who is a Tory too. Sir J. Burgoyne, De Lacy Evans, and Tennyson splendidly received.

[1] Short for Gilbert, his second son Francis Gilbert.

[2] Philip Pusey, who was dying at his brother Dr. Pusey's house at Oxford.

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Sprydoncote, July 9th, 1855.

Henry's account of Pusey leaves me no choice but to go straight to Oxford: it being more than probable that I shall find I have to act at once as Executor.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden, Chester, Nov. 14th, '55.

Doubtless the state of things about St. Mark's[1] is odd, if I rightly understand your statement to be that the week-day service is full Choral and the Sunday not. I would venture to say most earnestly, beware how you worsen this state of things by trying to better it. Are you sure that we can hold it? If you are pretty well assured to that, I should be very shy of running any material risk by efforts to get back to the ideal. For in the weekly Choral service you already have the essence of what you want.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Bournemouth, Easter Monday, 1856.

My father will not, I am sure, mind my writing to you about present blessings,[2] which were only in the possible future when I wrote to him, and received his prompt and kind answer (which was to me the indication of Providence) by the old walnut tree. Indeed I cannot be thankful enough. You know (or at least my father does) what a woman's full heart is when it is once really given, and given with a consciousness of the religious seriousness of the gift and all the duties it involves.

This precious gift is more fully bestowed on me than I could have imagined, and I can only hope that I may be made more worthy of it; and that it may as you said lead me heavenward. She will enter on her new position with desire and prayer, not only to help my children and me,

[1] St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea.

[2] He became engaged to Miss Erskine in the spring of 1856.

but to be a good daughter, and a comfort to you as far as she can, and you know she has had some training in the school of experience. I hope that the remembrance of what has been, and of all the imperfections attendant on human relationship, as well as a prudent consciousness of all our circumstances will keep up in our minds the desire to avoid all nonsense, or whatever may attract attention ; but I think that as I told my father when he talked of Platonic friendship, that however dull a being I may be, he will find the youthful spirit not extinct in her. God be thanked for it, and may it sometimes in a dull hour bring a gleam of sunshine into your chamber.

From the Rev. J. Keble.

H. V. [*Hursley Vicarage*], 2 *May*, 1856.

Our Communion hour on the 5th Sunday in the month, when such a thing occurs, is generally at 7 a.m. (in summer), but I think that the 5th Sunday in June this year will be an exception as being St. Peter's day : please to consider it so settled, unless the other arrangement would be more convenient to you : for it really is at my discretion, and I do not see that it makes much or even any difference to us. I mean then, except I hear otherwise from you to have H. C. *after* morning service on the 29th of June. And we will be as "good strangers" (vide "As you like it") as ever you could wish us.[1]

To Miss Erskine.

Highercombe, Whit Tuesday, 1856.

I reached Mr. Relph on the top of Dunkery, or rather over the top on the south side, at half-past seven. Tea with him. He was Mr. Fisher's old college friend, an uncouth pious old North country Evangelical, with such a brogue-speaking wife. I left him at half-past eight and

[1] Acland and his wife had intended to go to Hursley, but his mother's death five days after his marriage recalled him home.

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rode over hill, and arrived here by ten—beautiful night, and how could I but feel thankful for the feeling of health still spared to me to ride so by night, and feel rejoiced and invigorated by it. Three or four years ago all inclination to such a ride was gone, and a moping indolent state of body seemed almost established, and when I think of how my father has taught us to find as much pleasure in these healthful rides as others in hunting and excitement, one could not but remember that it was not given only for romance or feudal homage, but for the good of the people in these valleys committed to our care and of those who come after us, and so I do hope that somebody will come and get interested in them on the spot.

LADY ACLAND.

From a drawing by George Richmond in 1856.

CHAPTER VI

1856—1865

JUNE 18, 1856, the day of Acland's second marriage, was one of the turning-points of his life. Dependent as he always was upon human sympathy and help, his time of widowerhood had been one of special loneliness and distress which none could relieve. Miss Erskine, who had spent a large part of her life with his first wife's relations, had known him since his College days, and had loved his first wife as if she had been her sister. Though an invalid during her early years, she now entered upon a life the activity of which would have exhausted the energy of many a stronger woman. Before they reached Sprydoncote they were recalled to London by the sudden death of Acland's mother, five days after his marriage. His father was then sixty-nine, and after his loss retired into private life and soon needed a large share of Mrs. Acland's time and help at Killerton. A new wing was added to Sprydoncote and the house was often filled to overflowing; but she frequently, for weeks together, had to superintend both houses, going backwards and forwards between them. Acland's life now became active once more, and under her influence his energy greatly revived. The first subject to which his renewed

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vigour was applied was the improvement of the education of the middle class.

A variety of circumstances had led Acland to be greatly interested in this matter, and also in the consideration of the share which the Universities might take in the work. He had corresponded with Dr. Pusey many years before this time on the question of the admission to Oxford of a class of students who were poorer than those who usually obtain a University education in England. But though Dr. Pusey was constantly urging that something should be done, little progress had been made. Then, in the plans which Acland and his friends made for extending the work of the National Society soon after he entered Parliament in 1837, a system of middle-class Diocesan schools was to be included. This, too, had failed to be accomplished. But after he left Parliament, Acland, through his work for the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, to which he was greatly devoted, was constantly brought in contact with the problem of the improvement of the schools to which the sons and daughters of farmers were sent in the west of England. During the years of his retirement after his wife's death, he was editing the journal of the Society and constantly revolving this problem in his mind. Without an improvement in the schools it was not to be expected that the results of the new developments in scientific agriculture, for which his friends Philip Pusey and Voelcker were doing so much, could be made really available to the young generation of farmers. After his second marriage

in 1856 and the close of his retired life at Sprydoncote, he was ready to take a more public part in these questions. At the close of 1856 he was already working out a plan for an experiment in the west of England.

During the first six months of 1857 he was preparing for an examination to be held in Exeter for the West of England middle-class schools in June; during the same period he and Dr. Temple, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who was one of the examiners for the Exeter scheme, were persuading their friends at Oxford to bring the University systematically into a scheme for offering examination to the middle-class schools throughout the country. And so it came about that the examination at Exeter, which was a practical example of local examinations of schools by University men, and to some extent suggested the idea of the University Local Examinations, was held in the same week as that in which the Statute was passed at Oxford which founded the Local Examinations of that University.

An account of the early stages of the work may be given in Acland's own words. After alluding to the examinations of the Society of Arts open to Mechanics' Institutes, he writes:

"Lord Ebrington called attention to these Examinations by his letter to Mr. Harry Chester, and, in conjunction with his excellent fellow-labourer the Rev. J. L. Brereton, suggested a systematic county organization in the West for the distribution of prizes, providing a prize of £20 at his own cost; he took at the same time the important step (all honour be to him for it) of vindicating for the Christian

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religion a recognized place in examinations purporting to test the results of education. These plans were promulgated at a meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, and to a certain extent taken up by the Council.

"To Lord Ebrington unquestionably belongs the credit of having concentrated public attention on two points, viz., how we may best improve the existing means of education, and stimulate self-cultivation among juvenile adults in the middle ranks. It was evident, however, that difficulties lay in the way of establishing self-constituted county boards of examination, and that the Society of Arts could not supply the required conditions for central action, nor command the confidence of the great body of educators in the country. The practical necessity for omitting one most essential element in education from the proceedings in a body constituted as that Society is, and the absence of sufficient security for the educational character of the examinations, seemed to indicate that the proper sphere of the Society of Arts might lie among adult mechanics, but does not embrace schools.

"The promoters of the West of England Examination looked at first in another direction, viz., towards the Committee of Council. It needed only a successful experiment to show that the same principles which had given scope and strength to the voluntary efforts of Committees of National and British Schools, might be applied to schools of a higher description; and success would have been insured to the experiment, if success were not impossible, by entrusting its official direction to Mr. Temple, Inspector of Church Training Schools, and Mr. Bowstead, Inspector of Protestant Dissenting Schools. A debt of gratitude is due to Lord Granville and Mr. Lingen for their frank cordiality in this matter." . . .

"A few persons of various shades of opinion, political and religious, having learned to act together and to trust each other, have provided a small prize-fund, with a view

to put to a practical test the value which the middle ranks may be disposed to attach to certificates of the progress of their children if awarded by competent examiners.

"The promoters of the prizes do not offer education: no attempt is made to found Agricultural Colleges or Middle Schools; no inspection is proposed; still less is it intended to protect the interests of existing establishments by encouraging a monopoly of education. The one thing that is offered to the Middle Classes is an examination which shall test the success of the education given, whether in schools or elsewhere; and thus at once give parents the power of discriminating efficient teachers, and teachers the opportunity of proving their own skill.

"With regard to the internal economy of schools, the regulations for moral discipline, the habits of worship (points which have hitherto proved a stumbling-block in middle-class schemes), no interference is attempted, and therefore no responsibility is incurred. That is left, where it must rest at last, with the parents.

"If the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge should feel themselves justified in extending the benefits of an examination to non-resident candidates (as suggested by Mr. Temple in his letter to Dr. Jeune), under special conditions as to age and other circumstances, and in offering some such title as Associate in Arts to all who passed the examination, those ancient seats of learning might be endeared to thousands who now scarcely know of their existence, or only hear exaggerated reports of their expensiveness, little dreaming of the encouragement and sympathy held out to industry and talent unaccompanied by wealth."

During the first half of the year 1857 Acland was preoccupied with all the details of the arrangement for the Exeter examination. Almost everything which is now so well understood was then entirely new. What candidates were admissible, how to accommodate the candidates, how to

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arrange for all the various subjects of examination, and for examinations both *viva voce* and on paper, all this he had to deal with himself. The late Sir John Kennaway was chairman of his committee, and the late Lord Iddesleigh one of its members. Acland was the secretary and the life and soul of the arrangements. Among the examiners were Professor Henslow, Professor Max Müller, Dr. Acland, Dr. Voelcker, Mr. Cockerill, R.A., Mr. George Richmond, and Mr. Hullah. One hundred and seven candidates came to Exeter for the examination from schools of various kinds, grammar schools, commercial schools and others, and two little fellows from a National School walked twenty miles in order to be present.

An evening meeting was held during the examination at Exeter on June 18, 1857, which was addressed by Mr. Temple, Mr. Bowstead, and Professor Max Müller, who came from Oxford, and said at the opening of his excellent speech, "I have never spoken in public before, not even in my own native language." On the same day that this meeting was held, the University of Oxford passed its Statute which laid the foundation of its Local Examinations. Mr. Temple, in his speech at the meeting, struck the keynote when he said:

"The Universities educate the members, or a considerable portion of the members, of what are called the learned professions. The Universities also educate the great body of the upper class. It is of the greatest consequence that there should be a strong opinion entertained of the importance of binding together this class with all the other classes in the

country; and the Universities should be made to feel that they have an interest in the education of all England, and all England should be made to feel that they have an interest in the prosperity and excellence of the Universities."

Acland kept up a close correspondence with Mr. Temple during these busy months. The following extracts from Mr. Temple's letters illustrate the nature of the work to be done, and what he thought about it, alike as regards the old Universities and Acland's Devonshire scheme.

Education Department, Council Office,
Downing Street, London,
3 *January*, 1857.

I do not think we can do much with the Middle Class Schools till we get them regularly examined and reported on as the Elementary Schools now are. But your scheme is a good beginning. It will give them an aim.

27 *January*, 1857.

I hope your scheme will work well, and I think that you have means to make it work well if you persevere. For though the Government may do much, I am quite sure that the county gentry can do more. . . .

I do not believe the parents are unwilling to pay well. But they want *your* guidance in deciding what to pay for and whom to pay. In this matter I am sure that you can lead them, and that we cannot.

12 *Feb.*, 1857.

If you want to hurry on Lord Granville you must write and ask him for a personal interview. He can always postpone answering a letter. He cannot so well postpone giving a verbal yes or no. . . .

I will not ensure you against being handed over to Science and Art.

28 *February*, 1857.

I want particularly to talk to you about the means of making your scheme permanent. *The Government won't take it up.* But I think the Universities will, if you ask them properly. An examination ending with a class list and conferring on all who passed it some such title as Associate in Arts (A.A.) of the University of Oxford would probably do more for the cause than the presence of H. M. Inspector.

20 *April*, 1857.

I am very strongly impressed with the saying of an old Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the worst fault in a financial scheme is, if you cannot carry it through the House of Commons. In my letter to Jeune I tried very hard to divest my plan of any appearance of a wish to forward some favourite crochet under the guise of a general measure. I want to carry the plan: and the worst scheme that can be carried will be infinitely better, *me judice*, than the best that cannot. For this reason I left out several things. Cole and Co. would wish in such a scheme to see Drawing made an essential and put into the Preliminary. Playfair would make everyone know something of Botany. And so on. But every such indication of a special leaning damages our chance of success. . . .

My own idea in regard to Music is that you are in too great a hurry.

30 *May*, 1857.

I do believe that if you had been here you would have been correcting your pamphlet till this day. I am quite sure that no corrections could have been worth a day, much less, what it would have been, two days. You do not see the importance of speed. The Oxford Statute is in the Common Rooms; unless the matter is at once before them, we shall have the Congregation rejecting it next Friday on the ground that they know nothing of the matter. Rejection next Friday means postponement till after the

Long; during which time our friends will have time to get cold.

The Cambridge case is quite as strong. They break up on Wednesday week, and after that time we shall get nothing done there. And their Statute is not even prepared.

3 *June*, 1857.

All the paper setters have been true to their promises except two, these two are

Henry Acland, M.D., of Oxford.
T. D. Acland, Esquire, of Devon.

The former promised me some Physiology and, as he has failed, I have perforce gone on without him. The latter promised me questions in Department D, section The Arts, sub-section Styles of Architecture and Principles of Ornament, and, as he professed to have a sort of belief in such things, I expected great things. If his questions don't come to-morrow I must take up Art myself. . . .

Don't kill yourself just now, for we can't spare you till we have brought this business to a close.

Of the means by which the two old Universities (for Cambridge immediately followed the lead of Oxford in this matter) worked out the ideas which Acland, with Mr. Temple, did so much to start, it is not possible to give any account here. Acland threw himself zealously into making the work known in the large towns, and was a diligent member of the Oxford delegacy of local examinations. From this time forward he was closely associated with many educational leaders, and a few years later he became a member of the Schools Inquiry Royal Commission. The quotations which follow show how warmly what he did was appreciated.

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Mr. Temple, writing in December, 1857, said: "*Macte tuâ virtute puer.* You are just doing *the* right thing. *See* these people face to face; it is the only way to stir them up, and all our success depends on rousing the country. You are one of the very best, if not the best, colleague that I ever have met. It is presumptuous in me to praise or advise you now that you are at your own peculiar work."

Mr. Thring—one of the greatest headmasters of last century—wrote in his journal in 1859: "A cheering letter from Mr. Acland, not the first time he has given us a lift. Greatly interested in the statement. Told me to send one to Gladstone and Judge Coleridge." And again in 1861: "Delighted by a letter from Mr. Acland, most hearty and thorough, giving me leave to put his name on our committee, and telling me he has been strongly advising my being examined by the Public School Commission. I am glad of his name. He was the first public man who gave me a cheering word here. I shall not forget that as long, I think, as I remember anything."

In 1858 Acland received the honorary Degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, as a recognition of his services to the University.

The following account of a proposed memorial to Acland, with a letter from the Dean of Christ Church, was published in "The Times" on November 6, 1900. It was signed by the Members of Parliament for Oxford and Cambridge, the two Vice-Chancellors, the Secretaries to the Syndicate at Cambridge and the Delegacies at Oxford, the Mayor of Exeter, and others.

Proposed Memorial to the late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland.

We wish to draw your attention to a proposal for commemorating the services rendered to education by the late

Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. He took his degree from Christ Church as a double first in the same year as Mr. Gladstone, and in 1831 was elected a Fellow of All Souls. So long ago as 1845 his name was to be found among the signatories to an address presented to the Hebdomadal Board of the University of Oxford, asking the board to adopt measures for the admission of poorer students to the University. Some years later various schemes were initiated in the west of England and elsewhere for the examination of middle-class schools; and in 1858 Sir Thomas Acland appealed to his old University of Oxford to sanction the movement, and thus for the first time to take a definite part in the education of persons who were not matriculated members of the University. Oxford consented; Cambridge happily adopted the same policy within a few months, and thus was established the system of local examinations. Sir Thomas Acland regarded it as essential that the scheme should be based upon the prestige of Oxford and Cambridge, and it was he who devised the machinery of local voluntary committees for local business under the general direction of the Universities. When Mr. James Stuart, in 1873, originated the system of local lectures in connection with the University of Cambridge, a precisely similar machinery of local committees was adopted.

The present lead of the Universities in our system of national education is, therefore, in no small measure due to the foresight and energy of Sir Thomas Acland. To the time of his death, in June, 1898, he took the warmest interest in the development of the work which he had done so much to initiate.

It is proposed that the memorial should take the form of a bust or tablet, to be placed at Oxford, and, if possible, in the examination schools, in close proximity to the offices of the delegacies of local examinations and University extension, and of a replica to be placed at Exeter, in the Cambridge University Extension College, with which Sir

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Thomas Acland was connected from its inception. Any balance of the fund might be devoted to the foundation of a prize or prizes in connection with the external work of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

In June, 1857, Acland's brother Arthur Troyte died, only surviving his wife's death for a very short time. He was a remarkable man, with practical knowledge as an architect, with considerable gifts as a musician, an earnest High Churchman of devout and saintly temperament, devoting his life to the good of others. Sir John Coleridge, who knew him well, said of him: "How playful he was, how pleasant in talk, yet how earnest on serious subjects, how ingenious, how industrious, how full of varied knowledge. One of the sweetest, simplest of men, one of the most humble, sincere, and devout of Christians, he literally wore himself out in works of charity."

In the spring of 1859 Acland suddenly received an invitation to stand for Parliament for Birmingham, contesting the seat as a Liberal Conservative against Mr. John Bright and Mr. Scholefield. Though the invitation was backed by some of the most eminent men in the town, it soon appeared that the attempt, made at such short notice and without sufficient knowledge of the electorate, was a forlorn hope. But Acland gained from it a wider knowledge of the character and needs of working men in the great towns, which was often afterwards of service to him. The nature of his opposition to Mr. Bright may be gathered from the following extract from a speech made in the Town Hall:

I now pass to the practical results of Mr. Bright's doctrines of Reform, to me the most difficult part of his speeches to comprehend. I have listened to him attentively to-day, but I have gained no fresh light. We have had the old stories about the selfishness of the aristocracy; about the necessity of enfranchising the working-classes, in order to prevent the country going to war; about the economy which will be introduced into Parliamentary expenditure, by the members of the House of Commons being returned by a much larger body of electors. I can only say, that I think Mr. Bright has not at all succeeded in showing any grounds for such belief; and certainly the history of our country, and of more than one republic, tends to show that Governments cannot be economical in proportion as they are democratical. Why should Mr. Bright go round the country drawing eloquent pictures of the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, unless he can lay down some tangible principle of policy by which the nation may provide for its security, and that of its dependencies, without incurring the expense of defending herself? What is the use of telling us, as he has told us to-day, that England is a precious gem set in a silver sea, if, in the same breath, he denies to her that navy which alone makes the sea an efficient protection? I have seen something of the working of the House of Commons in matters of expenditure, and I must say that I think England is more indebted to the steady perseverance of such men as the late Mr. Joseph Hume, working in a Reformed Parliament of the middle classes, than to the oratory of which we have heard so much of late years. Joseph Hume was perfectly master of the details of finance, and applied himself to those details to effect retrenchment. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion, than that Mr. Bright is endeavouring to lead the public to a vague opinion that it is the influence of the aristocracy that keeps up war for some selfish purpose of their own. I could hardly believe that such was the import of his language, until I heard from his own lips

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such studied and elaborate depreciation of much that is great and noble.

Acland took his two Eton boys with him. One of them wrote home to say that if his father got in there would not be a pane of glass left unbroken in the Hen and Chickens Hotel. Dr. Newman wrote from The Oratory, Edgbaston: "I thought I had a vote, and meant to have given it you, but it is for the county and not for the town. I hope I have got you five votes as on the paper enclosed."

The result of the poll was: Scholefield, 4425; Bright, 4282; Acland, 1544.

At the beginning of 1859 he took an active part in what became the great Volunteer Movement of the following years. A detailed account of his early volunteering work, and particularly of his great interest in mounted riflemen, is given a few pages later, together with a special note written by Mr. George Courtenay, who was one of his fellow-workers in the movement in Devonshire.

Towards the end of 1860 he took his family abroad, spending the winter at Pau and making some excursions in the Pyrenees in the spring. This step was made necessary by the ill-health of his wife and of his eldest son, who had an attack of pleurisy at Eton. Five very happy months were spent abroad. Acland made great progress in sketching at this time, and thoroughly enjoyed the foreign life. He made friends with hill-country farmers, to whom he was specially anxious to show Bickford's system of irrigating water meadows. He had long talks with priests on theology,

and with officers in the French army on military matters. As a sign of his military enthusiasm, he grew a beard and moustache while he was abroad. He had been appointed Lieut.-Colonel in a volunteer battalion in Devonshire, and in consequence soon became familiarly known as "the Colonel" among his relations and friends, a name which he retained up to the time of his father's death. His military interest was much intensified by the fact that at this time his second son was preparing to enter the army.

The two eldest sons, Charles and Francis Gilbert, commonly called "Gib," had been at Eton until 1861. Charles went from there to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1866, and Gib, after being for two years at Trinity College, Cambridge, entered the Rifle Brigade in 1864.

Acland's correspondence and reading during these years show that he was taking a close interest in both the ecclesiastical and the political developments of the time. His higher Anglican views had of late years been considerably modified. His wife, who was a deeply religious woman of great earnestness and devotion to duty, had always held in some alarm the development and growth of the Oxford Movement. While not markedly evangelical, she was an earnest English Churchwoman with a dislike of extremes. With her Acland constantly discussed the questions that were working actively in his mind, and the example of her unselfishness and simple piety had much influence with him. His constant intercourse with Temple worked also in the

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same direction. He made frequent visits to Rugby, to the headmastership of which Temple had been appointed in 1858. He linked himself personally with the school by sending his third son to the School House in 1861. It was natural, therefore, that he should be greatly interested in the "Essays and Reviews" controversy in which his friend Temple was so closely concerned.

When Bishop Colenso's writings on the Pentateuch came out and created a great excitement in the ecclesiastical world, he read them with interest and corresponded with Colenso on the subject when he came to England from Natal. He was much concerned about the attitude which was to be taken by the Church of England as a whole to the question of Biblical criticism, which was now brought into such prominence. During the early months of 1863 he did all in his power, by much private correspondence and by a letter to "The Guardian," to produce a calm and judicial frame of mind among Church people. He brought about a meeting between Tait, Bishop of London, and Colenso, who had much felt his cold reception by his brethren.[1]

While deeply interested in the effect of such criticism as Colenso's upon the Old Testament, he communicated with his friend F. D. Maurice and earnestly pressed him to write something which might be of general service in these matters. Maurice answered in a series of letters, and the result was the small volume called "The Claims of the Bible and of

[1] "Life of A. C. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury," vol. i., 346.

Science, Correspondence between a Layman and the Rev. F. D. Maurice on some questions arising out of the controversy respecting the Pentateuch." This was published in 1863.

Meanwhile the educational interest did not slacken. Acland was greatly pleased when, in 1864, he was asked to become a member of the Royal Commission, usually called the "Schools Inquiry Commission," under Lord Taunton's chairmanship, with Temple and W. E. Forster as two of its most important members. His political views had been moving steadily in the same direction as those of his friend Gladstone, and when a vacancy occurred in the representation of North Devon owing to the death of Mr. Buller, whom he greatly respected, in the spring of 1865, he accepted the invitation sent to him to stand as a Liberal, and was elected without opposition.[1] It must have been something of a shock to his father to find his son representing his old constituency as a Liberal. But the modification of Acland's political views had been well known at his home and to his friends for some years past. The relations between father and son remained quite as cordial as when, twenty years before, they had voted on opposite sides upon the question of Free Trade.

[1] He appreciated the kindness of his friends, new and old, on this occasion. "Old Drewe is quite touching," he wrote to his wife. "I asked him to stand himself, but he says he is too old. I am also struck by Lord Fortescue's kindness. Show my father Lord Portsmouth's letter. Sir J. Kennaway strongly thinks it my duty not to shirk this."

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[The following is an account of the part which Acland took in the Volunteer Movement, with a note contributed by Mr. George Courtenay.]

When the alarm about the military power of France led to the idea of establishing Volunteer forces armed with the rifle, Acland threw himself at once into the movement.[1] A Committee of Yeomen was formed in the neighbourhood of Exeter, which included several of his father's leading tenants. Acland submitted the address drawn up by them or on their behalf to Lord Fortescue, the Lord-Lieutenant, in November, 1859. In the address the question "What is the reason for forming a Rifle Corps at the present time?" was answered as follows:

"The Queen and the country require every active and intelligent man, who is able, to learn how he may best help the army to defend the country. A rapid change has taken place within a few years. Self-defence is at all times the necessary means of preserving national life. But steam has created a new necessity. The Rifle is a new means put into our hands.

"It is idle to ask whether an invasion is intended, or probable, this year, or next, or where, or why? One thing is plain: the armed forces of continental nations are gigantic,

[1] At a meeting held at Taunton in favour of the Volunteer movement, Mr. Arthur Mills, M.P., Acland's brother-in-law, said: "It is my wish that the Volunteer movement should become, as it has been expressed, a permanent institution, and not a mere symptom of a temporary panic. I fear we are too much, in this country, in the habit of having these panics. A gentleman, a friend of mine, said the other day: 'We have always some panic or other; it is either the Emperor, or the cholera, or the Pope.' The panic now is the French invasion. I do not wish to say one word to discourage the Volunteer effort; but I must say this, that I do not share in any panic of the sort."

far greater than our own, and, if an invasion is attempted, we cannot stop it, unless we are prepared. Are we prepared? Are we in Devonshire prepared?

"Those who should know tell us that the South Coast of Devon offers special facilities for landing a large force; that two hundred thousand men could land in a single day, as the English and French landed in the Crimea. If such a landing were to take place close to our own homes, what must happen next? The first object of invaders is to strike terror on the unprepared. Let the *Men* of Devon steadily picture to their own minds what this means, and on whom the first blow would fall.

"There are those amongst us who remember the preparation made in Devonshire at the beginning of this century, when this county furnished fifteen thousand volunteers. The defence of this district was thoroughly organized under General Simcoe; every post had its means of resistance, every party its assigned duty. Nobly did the Farmers gird themselves up for their duty. *The country was prepared then*, and the blow did not fall upon our shores.

"The Farmers of Devon will surely not be unworthy of their forefathers; they will not shut their eyes to plain facts; nor stand still, idly guessing at the probabilities of the future, when the Voice of all England speaks plain—'NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION.'

"Now we can prepare calmly, earnestly, and effectually; wait a little longer and it may be too late.

"Then all will be alarm, hurry, confusion. A crowd of men armed in hot haste, without previous discipline, is useless before a regular army. Like every other crowd, it is simply in the way.

"Discipline is not to be learned at a moment's notice. Order depends on habit, and habit requires time."

In his letter to Lord Fortescue submitting the address Acland indicated what his idea of the County Rifle Corps

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was. He was one of the first Volunteers to realize how valuable mounted infantry might be, and he devoted great time and pains to working out plans by which the farmers acting as Mounted Riflemen might be of real service as a defensive force. The extreme mobility which the armed farmers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free Republic have shown in the recent war in South Africa has given a fresh interest to this subject.

"Your Lordship is already aware," Acland said, "of what may not be so obvious to others, that the proposed Country Rifle Corps differ from the Town Rifle Corps in no respect, except in the addition of the use of the horse for the more rapid transport of the riflemen; first, as a means of enabling those who live far apart to assemble for drill and instruction; secondly, in the event of an invasion, as a means of harassing the enemy on his march by rapid advances and retreats over ground familiar to the defenders of the country, and inhabited, of course, by their friends.

"It is unnecessary to enter into details as to the nature of the drill required to enable the corps to move when mounted or when partially dismounted, but I feel justified, after due inquiry, in asserting that it presents no insurmountable difficulty, and may be very simple."

Already some months before this time action had been taken by Acland in his own neighbourhood. A public meeting was held at Broadclyst on January 17, 1859, his father being in the chair, at which it was stated that a

tender of service had formally been made to the Government on behalf of the Clyst and Lower Culm Vale Corps. This, the first Devon Rifle Volunteer Corps, was among the first, if not actually the first, formed in England. The principle of Mounted Rifle Volunteers was approved at the War Office, and in December, 1860, at a public meeting at Exeter, the following extract from a letter to Lord Fortescue from Lord De Grey was read:

"I understand that you have called a public meeting in Devonshire, on Monday next, on the subject of the formation of Mounted Rifle Volunteers; and I am induced, by my anxiety for the success of the movement, to trouble you with this, for the purpose of assuring you that this plan meets with Mr. Sidney Herbert's entire approbation. Corps of this kind, if organized on a good system, must be very useful; and I have little doubt that, if the attempt now making in your county prove successful, its influence will be extensively felt elsewhere. I trust that your mounted rifles will bear in mind that they are infantry on horseback, not cavalry acting occasionally on foot. Infantry drill should be the basis of their instruction—*the rifle, not the sword*, their proper weapon."

In a letter which he printed in 1860, Acland describes with much precision his view of the way in which the Mounted Volunteers should drill and act in defensive warfare:

"The principles of the drill on horseback are obvious and few: the mounted men are formed in 'Rank entire,' that is, in one single line; they are told off by fours, not by threes; odd numbers, right files, even numbers, left files, as on foot.

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Numbers one and two, when dismounted, are front rank men; three and four, rear rank. One telling suffices for all purposes. Alternate files (right or left) dismount, and take up their places at once as front and rear rank skirmishers on foot, in open order, in front of the horses. The men who remain mounted have only one horse each to lead, and can therefore move freely to the front, flank, or rear, as fast as the men on foot can skirmish, and so afford them full support, or meet them at concerted points.

"Riflemen, acting in defensive warfare, and therefore always able to fall back on friends, can appear unexpectedly at favourable points, dismount under cover, fire, and retire into positions where no cavalry can follow them: they may pass round the heads of valleys from hill-top to hill-top, causing repeated annoyance and delay to an advancing enemy. I have been informed, on the best authority, that Lord Harding expressed the opinion, founded on his experience of the harassing effect of mounted men with long rifles in India, that a similar force would be of the utmost importance for the defence of England."

As in all forms of work in which he was keenly interested, Acland dragged or tried to drag all his available neighbours along with him in his enthusiasm. Sprydoncote for a time became quite a little military centre. Every kind of cloth and tunic and cap and many appendages were being tried on from day to day within the house, and there was ultimately a picture of the heavy-laden Devon Volunteer with all sorts of apparatus attached to his person in "Punch," to the great amusement of the "Colonel" and his friends. In the fields in front of the house small bodies of mounted riflemen were constantly dealing with horses more or less refractory, mounting and dismounting, and hiding behind

trees or scanty hedges. On the gravel path near the front door manual and platoon drill was practised till the children knew it all by heart, and shouted the words of command through house and garden. In the stable yard the coachman, who, being musical, was requisitioned as a bugler, was practising bugle calls in his spare hours by night and day. At the side of a wood, a few fields behind the house, a rifle range was made in which firing up to four hundred yards could be practised. A small farmer complained that he was nearly shot one day while practice was going on. Acland described in a letter to his father how the bailiff, William Birmingham, and the old Sergeant-Major (Draycott), were posted under a hedge close to where the shot complained of had taken effect, while he fired various erratic shots, the results of which were carefully tabulated. The range was ultimately abandoned for one both longer and safer.

For many years after 1859 military affairs absorbed a very large part of his attention. His two elder sons joined the Volunteers at Eton. His eldest son became an enthusiastic member of the Broadclyst corps at home, and ultimately its captain. Acland himself was made Lieut.-Colonel of the First Administrative Battalion of the Devonshire Volunteers. His second son had already fixed on the Army as his profession. To Acland his preparation for the Army, his entering the Rifle Brigade, his Musketry Instructorship, his Adjutancy, and every step of progress in his military work were matters of the keenest interest.

Mr. George Courtenay very kindly wrote, a short time

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after Acland's death, the following notes and recollections of the beginning of the Volunteer movement in Devonshire:[1]

"With regard to the Volunteer force I find that on 30th May, 1859, I told my cousin Lord Devon that I would join the Volunteer Rifles if I could be of any use. On the 23rd of June I wrote to Devon saying that Government must (underscored) do more for the Volunteer movement, or that it would be a failure. At that time the Volunteers had to pay themselves for everything, uniforms, rifles, ammunition, accoutrements, instructors, in fact everything, and there was no capitation grant or allowance of any sort.

"But in a very short time arms, ammunition and instructors were provided.

"6th January, 1860. I went into Exeter to the general Committee meeting upon uniform and rules, and your father took an active part in the debate.

"I at this time met your father constantly at the Rifle Committees in Exeter, where he was the leading spirit. I note that on June 14th, 1860, I had a letter from him. On 21st June, 1860, I note I have new suggestions from Acland including my amendments. On 30th June, 1860, I visited the Exeter range with him. This was at Walls hill, and was afterwards given up as dangerous to the houses near. In July, 1860, I find 'Lord Fortescue has been talking to Acland about me as one of the new Adjutants. He, Acland, is to be one of the Colonels.'

"On 20th July, 1860, 'all day at a meeting in Exeter upon

[1] In the preface to a pamphlet on Volunteer Discipline published in 1868 Acland expresses his obligations to Colonel Fisk and Captain George Henry Courtenay (late 60th Rifles), Adjutant 1st Devon Rifle Volunteers, "for their advice and assistance, not only in the composition of this volume, but on many occasions, public and private, when it has never failed me, and for the example which they have set to all Volunteers by the unflagging discharge of duty, under whatever difficulties or discouragement."

Rifle Prizes and Musketry Instruction. We are to have a course of Musketry commencing on the 7th of August.'

"On August 2nd 'the first rifle Volunteers had a review of the whole Battalion in the Park at Powderham, and Acland was there mounted.'

"6th August, 1860. 'On Musketry Committee meeting in Exeter. Lecture from Tom Acland, and mess dinner.' This was the commencement of the short Hythe Course of Instruction in Musketry, which was entirely got up by Acland's untiring energy. Colonel Chichester was the nominal head, but everything was carried out by Acland. We had forty Volunteers divided into two wings, one under Sillifant, the father of the present man, and the other under me. We used to call them the liver and the gizzard wing.

"This course at the time was most valuable as the only means of such instruction then available, and as we taught them to teach others, much information was afforded to Volunteers throughout the county. Many of those who afterwards became some of our best officers were there. I used to call Tucker of Ashburton my best boy. We worked very hard. On 7th August, 1860, my diary says: 'Up at 4.30 to write letters. At 7 in castle yard hard at work all day at drill (position and aiming) and then judging distance all the afternoon. Mess at 8 o'clock and then had to give a lecture.' It had appeared in orders: 'Captain Courtenay will lecture upon the resistance of the atmosphere.' In these more scientific days I suppose I should have had an air pump, but I remember that in the guinea and feather experiment my substitute was a half-crown dropped flat upon the large table in the Grand Jury Room. I had a piece of paper on the half-crown; but, as the metal protected it from the opposing air, it of course fell as fast as the coin.

"On 13th August, 1860, in continuation of the course Acland with a vehicle met me at the Broadclyst Station and we went to the range which he had formed at Sprydoncote, where the classes were assembled for firing.

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"On 14th August we fired away all day and did not dine till 8.30. On the next day we had some more firing in skirmishing order.

"4th September, 1860. Major Hume came to look at the Rifle Range at Holcombe. He had just been appointed Inspector of the Volunteers of the district.

"12th September, 1860. The Rifle Prize Committee, headed by Acland, went to look at the Rifle Range at Newton, with a view to a County Meeting at that place, and on 9th October, 1860, the first County Prize Meeting was held there and lasted, I think, three days.

"I need not say that our head, Colonel Acland, was hard at work all the time from early morning to late at night. Indeed, if an idea struck him, he would come and wake one up in the middle of the night. I know that, when all the excitement and anxiety were over and I had a chance of a proper rest, I slept for fourteen hours, had breakfast, a stroll in the garden, and slept again. I may here mention as a proof how Acland worked, and made others work, that at the close of the short Hythe course before mentioned I (never very corpulent) lost five pounds in weight.

"In February, 1861, adjutants were appointed to each battalion and brigade in the county. Also sergeant instructors.

"The Volunteers of the present day can hardly realize the difficulties surrounding those who had to work the scheme from the first. There was no precedent for anything. I may almost say there was no law, for they were enrolled under the old Yeomanry Act, which was not very suitable for Volunteers. Then from all this uncertainty no end of little difficulties and acts of insubordination cropped up. The position of the Commanding Officer was almost the exact reverse of that of the centurion in the Bible.

"The Volunteer who now joins finds himself among a series of men accustomed to discipline. But in the old days there was no one to set an example of obedience, and much patience and tact were required on the part of those

who were responsible. There were no official Volunteer Regulations. Every small corps had its own little set of by-laws, often very absurd ones, and often confused and differing widely from each other. I say every small corps, because in those days most of the battalion were not amalgamated, but each captain of a company was its commanding officer, almost independent of the colonel.

"The thought and trouble in organizing united drills was very great, and when all was settled some little jealousy would crop up, a corps would take the huff, and accordingly remain at home.

"Colonel Acland did much to remedy this, and I used often to meet the Inspecting Officers at Sprydoncote, when all necessary information could be given to them, as in those days it was difficult for these officers to understand how much or how little they must expect from the Volunteers.

"I have kept to the last my expression of the great admiration and affection I had for your father, from whom I received the greatest kindness. I think I never met your grandfather without feeling a strong desire to be up and doing; and with regard to my late friend, I used to liken him, when dealing with a difficulty, to a thoroughbred horse at a leap. His conduct was ruled in the highest sense by the precept: Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

To his Father.

Castle Hill, October 1st, 1856.

We arrived in a large family party—Courtenays, Poltimore, Fortescues, and Tom Newman. Mary very kindly received and very comfortable, though a country visit has no precedent in her life for many years back.

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I conveyed your remembrances to Lord Fortescue, who spoke much and long about you, and seemed much to hope you would see him some day ere long. . . .

I hope the first sight of Bude, however overpowering, will be followed by peaceful and blessed thoughts, and that you may find in the wild sea such soothing as many a wounded heart has heretofore found in that type of eternity: what Wordsworth, speaking of the depth of the sea as an image of the mind, calls

> Central peace, subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation.

We shall be very thankful if we can in any way share and not disturb your thoughts.[1]

To W. E. Gladstone.

Sprydoncote, Dec. 26, 1856.

I think a year has never passed since you and others met in my room in Jermyn Street as poor Mathison's friends, without a hope that some day his views for the improvement of the Education of the Middle Classes might be carried into effect; hitherto, with the exception of Hurstpierpoint, we have seen nothing but failure.

During the last five years I have hoped that our Bath and West of England Society's Journal would awaken some thirst for education. . . .

I now send you a paper which is the result of a good deal of consideration, of private conference with one and another in these parts. And I shall be very glad to hear what you think of it.

I think it hopeless to attempt (at least in the diocese of Exeter) to found a middle-class College. I have visited

[1] Lady Acland died in June, 1856. The visit to Bude had always taken place in the autumn, and had been greatly enjoyed by Acland's father, who would now go there for the first time as a widower.

some Commercial Schools, and I think much is to be hoped from encouraging the honest masters; one man told me he could not teach Euclid because several parents said it was of no use in after life, and such an examination as I propose would support him.

You will see I am stipulating for some definite Church teaching in return for non-interference with the masters (as to making their schools exclusive), and in return for great latitude to Dissenters.

I hope to get the Privy Council Committee to co-operate with us, by lending us the aid of their inspector, and I hope that, if our plan takes as an experiment, they may follow it up: indeed, I think it must either come to nothing or be so taken up. . . .

My boy is going on, thank God, very well at Eton, and I am going to send the second after Xmas. I feel a little more anxious about him: he is so volatile: but I have much faith in Johnson's[1] vigour of mind.

To his Wife.

Notting Hill, Jan. 14th, 1857.

Here I am at the end of two hours' talk with Mr. Temple[2] (poor man! what will come to his letters?). He is indeed an able and good man. I can't tell you all he says, but he fears I shall not be able to see Mr. Lingen to-day. The subject is a very complicated one: there is wheel within wheel in the Government Department: however, he has not shown me anything to make me feel my plan impracticable.

[1] Mr. William Johnson, Eton master and tutor at Mr. Vidal's house, beloved by a long series of Eton pupils, of the number of whom were Acland's two elder sons. On his retirement from Eton, he settled on a small property in North Devon, and afterwards changed his name to Cory.

[2] This was his first meeting with the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

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Jan. 15th, 1857.

I write you a second letter, having reserved the dirty piece of paper for wife to help pay the bills with the saving. Mr. Temple and I went to Mr. Lingen, who was very kind and encouraging, and I expect that we shall get our Government propellers to begin with, and the scheme may develop into something further hereafter. I have not much more to say. I find it, as usual, difficult to collect my thoughts when I am plunged into London life for a few hours with a hobby in my head.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Bridehead, Dorchester, June 22, 1857.

I doubt not the sad intelligence of my brother Arthur's death has reached you, but we should be wanting in what is due to his and your mutual esteem and affection if we did not let you hear from us. Ever since his poor wife's death he has been yearning for reunion in another world, not neglecting daily duty; but still, ever dwelling on the one thought and his physical system lowering at the same time, he had no stamina to bear up against an attack of ulcerated sore throat, and though I hoped he was to recover the end was rapid. I was in the middle of our Exeter examinations, and my father, who had been here, had gone away without seeing him, quiet being thought most important. His nine children are all here, the eldest a good, steady-minded girl, nearly of age. My brother Leopold will have the chief responsibility, but we shall all help as we can; and my good wife will be an invaluable help, being, alas! the only available aunt or mother, Mrs. Henry at Oxford having, of course, as much as she can do. Poor Arthur! he has been a wonderful instance of Christian love, uniting subjective and ecclesiastical religion in such intimate fusion as few have done since the early days of which you spoke to me at Hawarden.

While his strength was ebbing I was in a large gathering at Exeter, of which I sent you an account in a paper (I

kept as quiet as I could); the result of the meeting, I hope, was very good to others; God be thanked for this strengthening, if so it be, of our Universities. Of course I cannot be at Oxford, as intended, at Commemoration.

He took his two eldest boys for a short tour in the north of England in 1857.

To his Wife.

Manchester, Fairbairn's Engine Works,
August 4, 5, 6, 1857.

We are thus far started on our inquiries, but it takes time to get started, "pertiklar" with boys. I did not get to bed till near two, Charlie snoring like grandpapa. . . .

Well, I woke this morning at half-past five, hearing Gib give his little titter—but it was in his sleep; well, the fancy seized me to get up and see the people going into their mills, so out I went and followed the streams of people and tried to talk to them. The first set of girls set up a shout at me as a guy; I had my nightshirt on and no necktie, and travelling cap, with my loose gray Nicholl's overall. Presently I found a quiet-looking man—the six o'clock cathedral bell was ringing. He said it was only an old form kept, no prayer. From what I have since heard, I doubt this. Well, I followed on, and, after two or three failures, came to the door of a mill and saw hundreds of people pouring in; the whistle sounded to call them exactly at six by real time, *i.e.*, a quarter of an hour after. . . .

Pictures, oh, how glorious![1] God be thanked for such gifts *ægris mortalibus*, and for our belief that they come from the source of light, and not from man against the envy of the Gods, as the heathen thought. But what was most delightful was the boys' appreciation.

[1] In the Manchester Exhibition of 1857.

FROM THE REV. F. TEMPLE.

Education Department, 26th Sept., 1857.

I am obliged to strike out my name from the title-page of your book.[1] The said book is your work, not mine. I have no more title to the honour of a place in the title-page than Hullah or your brother. There is perhaps more of my writing in it than there is of either of theirs. But the book as a whole does not come out of me. It comes out of the Devonshire examination, *i.e.*, out of you.

Don't think me a cross curmudgeon for refusing the compliment. I would willingly accept it if I could.

Education Department, 20th Nov., 1857.

I still think you do not make quite enough of the Exeter affair. The peculiar character of that experiment, *i.e.*, that the scheme was not simply tossed out into a local paper for anybody to pick up that liked, but worked into close contact *with the schools*, is not made visible.

I do not want it stated; but I want it described.

You do not see the importance of it, because you did it instinctively, and it probably never occurred to you that just what was so obvious is just what so many would miss. . . .

I dare say you will think me as obstinate as a hard-mouthed horse for thus dinning into you my views on how you should write your books.

I appeal to Mrs. Acland.

8, *Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.*, 29 *Dec.*, 1857.

What on earth has made ——— join that queer conglomerate of names which has been attached to the mad scheme for bringing Education into ridicule? Representatives of educated men as such!! I never in my life heard of such a confusion of means and ends. The political use

[1] The book in which he described the beginning of the Local Examinations.

of Education is to make men more men than before, not to elevate them into a class by themselves: and if they cannot contrive to leaven and influence those who have not as much education as themselves, they have no political footing at all. A separate representation implies that the educated classes are to neglect *the* work for which, and for which alone, their education has any political value; namely, the influencing of the uneducated.

Supposing that the educated governed the country, what would they give us? Good laws in the abstract, I dare say; but no laws are worth a farthing in the abstract except to a mere philosopher. The laws to be worth anything must *grow* out of the people who are to submit to them; a good law which is not the expression of the people's inner nature is not to be compared for one moment even to a bad law which is. Bad self-government is *per se* far better than good non-self-government, for the former contains the seeds of national life, the latter of national decay. And nothing would be more absurd (even if it could be done) than to set a lot of philosophers over us to govern us *without convincing us*. If the philosopher is to govern, he must govern by convincing; not by having a vote all to himself wherewith to compel us to submit to his theories.

But the fact is that if the plan were adopted it would work the other way. The "educated" men here would be the object of perpetual sneers and perpetual ridicule. And they would be very glad to get over as fast as possible to the uneducated side. What real statesman would not rather represent a constituency such as an English County than the few educated men in it? In the former case he stands on broad and national grounds. In the latter he represents all the crotchets of all the pretenders to thought.

I was asked to sign this paper, but refused with some warmth. But I am astonished to see how many have been taken in by it. It will damage the political influence of educated men for some time to come.

The educated men do not wish "to be swamped." Why,

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it is their very business to be so swamped! The yeast might as well object to being put into the dough and demand to be made into a little loaf by itself, because then no doubt you would get the pure flavour of it. And a mighty bitter loaf we should have if we adopted the plan. I for my part would rank with the uneducated. I would back them to be right against the educated 100 to 1.

A representation of professions as such is a different thing. There you have special interests to represent. The medical profession has interests of its own; so has the legal; so has the clerical. I do not like giving them representation, I confess; but it would be defensible. But the educated as such can have and ought to have no interests but those of the nation at large, and ought therefore to have no representation but that of the nation at large.

What say you on this point?

To his Wife.

1857.

Don't think me fidgety, but I don't like seeing those phials lie idle[1]—I would rather have them locked up—it is too much a family habit to be eager to get a thing and to give people trouble and then to make no use of it. It is that which leads to my unused heaps of books. It is better to put away the thing if it really can't be used—but I think *one flower* might be brought in daily, and its Linnæan class and order found.

London, Feb. 3, 1858.

I don't think I told you I had to make rather a larky speech[2] at Birmingham; and rather amused the people by my free and easy way—I said I had three things to tell them and I forgot the second, and without being much embar-

[1] In trying to teach his children botany, he had constructed a row of little bottles according to the Linnæan system, into which flowers were put in their various classes.

[2] On the University Local Examinations.

rassed I looked up and laughed and said: "Oh! I've forgot the second, so had better go on with the third"; and then of course I recollected: "Oh, ah! here it is," or some such thing. Temple made a very good speech, and Adderley very good—very forcible language; some of the manufacturers—great bony Radicals—spoke out in such warm praise of Oxford as was quite touching, showing how this welcome from the Upper ranks will be received—one man, a very rough fellow, said he would now spend his last shilling on the education of his children, for he should know they would get it good. Chance, the great glass man, spoke very well, and some good regular commercial masters.

To his Son Francis Gilbert.

Sprydoncote, April 8th, 1858.

I wish you very much to tell me how you spend this Holy Week. I suppose, of course, there will be some difference made in the school lessons. I should think that on Good Friday you had better take a quiet walk, if it is allowed—I mean in some way get out of the bustle which there is sure to be with a lot of boys—and you might try to learn one of the poems of the Christian Year for any of the days, whichever you most fancy. It is very sad that we cannot be all together at this time; and I cannot possibly see you on Easter Monday and Tuesday, as I have a special engagement at Taunton on the 18th.

I saw the comet at Bournemouth one night, but my eyes are weaker than they were, and I could not see it very plain. I see an astronomer says that the nucleus (if you don't know that word, look it out) is 5,000 miles in diameter—more than half the earth's; the tail is 6,000,000 miles and the shooting jet of light 30,000 miles long.[1]

[1] The Great Comet of 1858.

TO HIS FATHER.

Rugby, July 24, 1858.

I cannot go to bed without thanking you for your very valuable advice and help in the way of facts suggested about the conditions involved in the representation of South Devon; the concentration of Buller interest and its combination with Rolle influence in its present form give definiteness to my own vague grounds for a feeling of disinclination to any active wooing of the South Hams. I am inclined to think that enough has been done by letting it ooze out that I am ready for service when wanted. Mr. Carew's frankness is very pleasant—far better than smooth sayings meaning little.

I have not had much talk with Gladstone, but he said that he thought that few men could expect to be returned to Parliament unless they had overwhelming personal claims or position, or else attach themselves decidedly to one of the local parties and share its fortunes. . . .

The Gladstones have been very kind; they have asked my boys there with Stephen Gladstone, and we propose to stay a few days near Conway in the vale of Llanrwst.

He paid a visit to Hawarden with Mrs. Acland in July, 1858.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden, Aug. 2nd, '58.

Under an access of virtuous fury, we have been trimming, shearing, cutting, and hacking about the old castle since you went, till you would hardly know it again. . . .

Again I must express my disappointment in the matter of the seat: but your public services are such as will, I hope, force a way for you into the House of Commons.

To his Wife.

Holnicote, Monday, 9 a.m. [probably September], 1858.

This visit has answered fully. Greatly enjoyed by Arthur [aged ten], among other reasons late dinner first time in his life—his glass of wine, his coffee, and his tea like a gentleman. I advise that he be quizzed about this—but his enjoyment of North Hill was genuine and simple. What a blessing hills are! The Psalm sung in church was "Thy judgments like the hills they stand," or some such words.

The Athenæum, Nov. 18, 1858.

I did not get so much from Ruskin as I hoped, but saw drawings again and understand them better. . . . Ruskin says the great secret is never to touch a place twice; also to stop out carefully every bit of *white*, unless it is specially wanted; also that the strong opaque colours don't come on the highest light. Also I found out that Turner's *chef-d'œuvre* (the bridge of which he writes and of which he has the original) is almost all outline or etched in vermilion, or vermilion and Indian red, or lake—he says it often is so, and the best way of getting the requisite warmth.

The Volunteer movement was now just beginning.

To his Father.

Feb. 8th, 1859.

Lord de Grey has now written to Lord F.[1]

Lord F. accepts our uniform.

Our Clyst company is accepted and stands No. 1 in Devon of the mounted. . . .

I had a good morning's work at the Royal Agricultural about the Editor with Sir J. Johnson, Shelley, Thompson, and Barnett. I think we shall have a good man. I have

[1] Lord Fortescue, the Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire.

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just seen Lord Eversley, and am going to sit by him at Grillions.

All our Oxford and Cambridge business went on well: it was quite right for me to be there, for able men came from Cambridge, and our discussion was important. We are to divide the country between us geographically. I don't like the plan, but we have treated Cambridge very handsomely, and so the next move will adjust itself well.

To his Father.

Bournemouth, March 18th, 1859.

I have been rather full of the Reform Bill. I see the Daily News and Globe as well as Times. I am afraid Lord John is playing a party game; but yet hope the Bill will get on to committee. But I have been thinking a good deal of a mode of meeting the cry for the working classes by giving votes under certain conditions to the best of the class through the Benefit Societies or Clubs legally enrolled, and the Mechanics Institutes. I see Akroyd, member for Huddersfield, has a notice on the subject. I dread the mere lowering of the house franchise in towns.

He was now on his way to Birmingham as a Parliamentary candidate.

To his Wife.

Pusey, April 14th, 1859.

I found some fine language in Coleridge this morning, and shouted it at the top of my voice alone in the train till I reached Taunton.

Birmingham, April, 1859, 1 *a.m.*

Anti-Bright is the strong feeling—and they are ready to vote for a broomstick to shake him off. . . . Adderley met me at the Inn and told me how the land lies. I am distinctly put up by the *Liberals*; backed by the Conservatives: it is delicate steering, some of it.

Birmingham, April 20, 1859.

Well, we are off now, address out; and I can't speak to-night. They are a noble set of fellows—real gentlemen—clear-headed able men of business. It is just what I have so long wished for. Will it be a great disappointment?

Birmingham, Wednesday Evening, 10.30, 1859.

Well, so I am out of my first ward meeting, as it is called, a regular row. The first thing they did was to turn my chairman out of the chair and put one of their own in; then they put me out as much as they could; but I kept to short sentences; and spoke slowly and kept them in good humour and never lost my temper. . . .

I mean to be very quiet to-night, but the newspaper men say that if I make allusions to the Season I shall be called a Puseyite. All parties are agreed to be quiet to-morrow. I am bound to confess how much I enjoy the work. All sense of my great importance is lost in my endeavour to do my work.

Birmingham, April, 1859.

I have done a good bit to-day—talked with a good many working men of different sorts, going about sometimes alone—had a great reception in the Corn Exchange—heard that John Bright is come. We shall soon be face to face somewhere.

Birmingham, April 28, 1859.

Well, speech over. I stood up for three-quarters of an hour against howls and yells, but I got out the chief parts of my views on existing politics, and showed a lot of fight against Bright. I hope I was not too vicious. Mr. Scholefield made a most gentleman-like speech, and came to speak to me afterwards in a most friendly way, acknowledging that much good had been done by our move.

I am afraid I am too restless to say much more. I ought to be deeply thankful. While they were cheering Bright at the close of his speech, I sat quite unmoved, and was

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able to pray earnestly for help, and somehow I felt as if it was given. I hope I said nothing uncharitable, but still it was hard knocking.

Boys got into the gallery, and also Hobbs.

There were 7,000 or 8,000 people present.

From his Wife.

Sprydoncote, Exeter, July 6, 1859.

It's high time you were at home. Here's your wife giving dinner parties to gentlemen, and your hay "turning into Blackberry pie"—so saith Mr. Knox, who seems to know something about it. I did not like the smell last night, so I went to look at it after dinner, and then I asked the three gentlemen to come and look at the three little columns of smoke, and they said the sooner the thatch was off the better; so I sent for Squires, who only said "Hay do smoke; he'll smoke for a fortnight, and he'll do no harm." This morning we have had Mr. Corner up, who says "He's hotter than we thought, but the heat's going out nicely"! and "There's too much top in the hay this year, and Farmer Burton has two fine ricks destroyed, and Farmer Gould has been obliged to cut one of his, and Farmer Griffin has two in danger"; but he will come again later and see about it, and "he'll be just as good to sell." Then they sent to Mr. Birmingham, who wouldn't mind at all "if it wasn't where it be," and he sent to Mr. Gould, because "he's had more ricks burnt than any one, and ought to know something about it"! And they assure me if there's the least danger they will cut it directly.

From Dr. Temple.

Rugby, 9th Sept., 1859.

How he [John Bright] will be disappointed when the Reform Bill is passed! How sorely he will be disappointed, even if the House of Commons in his lifetime were to be elected by universal suffrage and by vote by ballot! He

will most assuredly find that, whatever other merits a democratic Government has, economy is not one of them: still less is a love of peace. For I verily believe that universal suffrage at this moment would go to war to defend Italy, and if need were to drive the Pope out of the Romagna.

To Sir William Napier.

Sprydoncote, Exeter,
Nov. 2, 1859.

I have just read your letter in "The Times" of yesterday with the keenest interest. You give so much encouragement to Volunteers to do their best, that I venture to take the liberty of sending you a copy of a paper which I have submitted to H.M. Secretary for War.

You are probably aware what a farce a yeomanry field-day is, and yet the whole of the little time we have is sacrificed to getting it up. There is no chance for developing the "intelligence" of the "*inferior commanders of small bodies*," and the whole proceeding tends to make "*bad regulars instead of good irregulars.*"

For this proceeding the country pays the men *7s.* per day for eight days, of which four days are useless for instruction (viz., 1. assembly, 2. Sunday, 3. field day, 4. dispersion), besides £3 per man per annum for clothing.

The more respectable yeomen see the uselessness of the system, and refuse to expose their sons to the debauchery of a country town for a week for such an object; and the social scale of the yeomanry falls in consequence; it has taken me eighteen years to get my troop weeded, so as to induce my father's tenants to join me; I have made repeated attempts to get the system improved—but you know the passive vitality of routine.

It is urged that if the men are worked too hard they will resign; I know some would, but the best would redouble their interest and others after a time would join. The south coast from Plymouth to Portsmouth affords an admirable

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opportunity for teaching volunteers the lesson you point out.

I have very little confidence in the particular plans for a new corps which I have suggested.

It is a choice of difficulties; we cannot make farmers good cavalry, and we cannot assemble them on foot only, for they would not come.

If you would bring your powerful pen further to bear on the question how to make the most of those among the rural population who *are not earning wages*, and who therefore can command their own time, your words would be attended to by many. . . .

The fact is that, as a country gentleman and a yeomanry officer, I am ashamed to sit quiet and do nothing, while men of very small leisure or other means in the towns are exerting themselves; and my relations to the farmers are such as to impose upon me some special responsibility.

To Colonel Luttrell.

Sprydoncote, Exeter,
Jan. 3, 1860.

I wonder whether you remember explaining to me how to form square in our old canvassing days, when I was a good Tory.[1]

Well, I am now deep in Volunteering, and my father encourages me to offer myself as a guest at the Castle for Tuesday next the 10th, and holds out some hope of my meeting you.

I little thought I was going to turn soldier after fifty years old, but I am obliged to go thoroughly into every detail, and should like much to confer with you. One thing I confess beats me, viz., how to carry the bayonet on horseback without its getting in the way of the rifle.

[1] See footnote to p. 101.

He joined a class for Volunteer officers at Hythe in February, 1860.

To his Father.

Hythe, Kent, Feb. 14th, 1860.

I write with rather stiff arms after my first day's drill with three or four inches of snow around us. It promises well. We are a queer mixture. Lord Abercorn, who came up to me very kindly; Lord J. Butler, who seems rather an old cornet, though I am not sure that we were not at Harrow together; an Hon. — Bruce, a good many Scotchmen, Lairds of "Mac" nobility, town tradesmen, a squad of Devon Yeomanry farmers, 2 or 3 old soldiers training as adjutants, 2 young guardsmen. I am in a squad of thorough gentlemen with the 2 guardsmen and a knowing old deer-stalker. I don't think I shall come out very distinguished, but I shall learn a good deal.

34, *Hyde Park Gardens, March 8th*, 1860.

Hythe was very interesting and useful, and I succeeded much "præter spem," so at any rate I escape depreciating comments from some of my friends in Devonshire, an object which, as a matter of public influence in the Volunteer system, I laboured hard to secure.

Sprydoncote, July 26th, 1860.

I slept out on Monday night at Huntsham. Drilled Yeomanry here on Tuesday—visited Honiton same evening and slept there. Visited Upottery Wednesday morning, where, if I do not too much "magnify my office," I hope to have or resuscitate a mounted corps which has languished for no fault of the men. . . .

We have nearly 30 Volunteers entered for the class, chiefly officers, gentlemen from distant towns, Tavistock, Bideford, Ilfracombe, Honiton, Bampton. The thing seems to be taking, and I hope to be able to do the work well with the help of Sillifant (younger) and Courtenay (son of T. Courtenay). Major Hume is coming to inspect us as 1st

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Mounted on the 31st. There is a review of the same corps at Powderham on the 2nd August, to which if I go at all I shall probably go as a Yeoman, leaving Edgell in command of the Mounted Rifles. . . .

Lord Fortescue has invited the Yeomanry to volunteer. Buller summons the officers to meet on Friday to consider the suggestion, which I expect will be opposed. . . .

I induced my troop yesterday to volunteer partly, *i.e.*, the services of the man unpaid, the horse to be paid for. Someone asked "How about clothes?" to which another said "The clothes are good now and would last some time"—to which one of the old stagers, I think fat Webber, replied, not without some wit, "I think the clothes will last longer than the troop will on this new system."

To his Son Francis Gilbert.

Plymouth [? 1860].

I am just finishing up my drill here and going home (D.V.) to-morrow. I have a great deal to say to you about Army life and prospects. The one thing which is most impressed on my mind is the immense importance of a good *liberal and general* education for a good soldier, in order that his mind may be fresh and vigorous and fit to take interest in things in general. The sameness of parade and routine duty is wearisome beyond measure; it is difficult even to get a chance of being a good practical soldier, and the poor boys get into mischief for want of "something to do"; therefore open your mind and get all you can from "my tutor" while you have such a man to be with. I am glad to hear you are making a tabular arrangement of the detail of drill.[1] *Do it well.* Write it *in a good hand* and bring it home, and I shall be greatly pleased, though I would rather hear of your being sent up for good,[2] or being high in mathematics.

I have lots to tell you about drill, etc. I can't write by

[1] His son was in the Volunteers at Eton.

[2] A well-known Eton phrase.

candle light; I will try to write from home. I shall want you to examine me at Christmas.

Acland and his family went abroad for the winter in 1860. They stayed at Pau, and made excursions into the Pyrenees. They returned in May, 1861.

To his Father.

May 7th, 1861.

We are glad to see the grand Valley of the Rhone, and some places often heard of but not seen by me. We slept last night at Dijon. We are to dine with Mary's old French friends to-day, and to be off in moderate time to-morrow for Amiens (we have had two consecutive starts implying a reveillé at 5 a.m.); we hope to cross on Thursday, sleep in London Friday. . . .

I see no present reason why we should not engage to be off at 11, and look to arriving at Killerton at a temperate hour, 5.50. I cannot, of course, feel otherwise than very cordially in response to the personal kindness implied in the wish of a few of my gallant Volunteer friends to meet me; and though I am really overpowered by the suggestion, and would rather have had your fatherly greeting without the honours of war, I suppose we must all take the kindness as indicative of respect and goodwill to you and yours, and as also a proof of continued and continuing zeal in the maintenance of the public duty undertaken for our country, in which I must try not to be behindhand. Meantime I must hope the gravity of the proceedings will not be upset by the effect on your nerves of my full-grown moustache and crescent beard, not the first in the family, as John Barton began.

From Dr. Temple.

Rugby, Oct. 2, 1861.

I am much obliged for your hint about the prayers. Of course I keep a vigilant eye on such a matter. But one cannot do much more than prevent any interference with a boy who is saying his prayers, and endeavour to maintain

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in the public opinion of the school as strong a sense as possible of the duty.

The school, all things considered, goes on well. I don't think the Commissioners will have much to abuse us about, though I know how much there is yet to mend.

Meantime I hope you are not wearing yourself out with work. I see in the West Country papers your name turning up on every occasion, military and agricultural. I suspect there is sometimes more mention than is wise.

The following letter refers to his taking his son Francis Gilbert to Cambridge for the first time.

To his Wife.

University Arms, Cambridge, Oct. 12th, 1861.

We came up with a queer old Tory country gentleman who talked away vehemently, a big, strong man, aged seventy-four; began by abusing Gladstone, abusing oratory and words, and Canning in particular: what good did he ever do with his speaking; nobody ought to be listened to for more than five minutes. Then he abused young mutton and shorthorn beef, and all the novelties about early maturing, no "rich, black gravy now"; then how he was at a public school, and at St. John's, Oxford, and with old Marlow, who when he could read a few lines of Virgil without a false quantity said that would do very well, but no tutor had ever taught him anything; only they fed him as we would not feed his dogs—learning French at school all humbug—learn Latin and Greek, and go abroad to learn French—he learned French, but would never venture to do more than write what he wanted on a slate; as to pronouncing it, no, not he—drank a pint of port daily and his home-brewed—no opinion of any good in men when they came to brandy and water—and so he went on to Gib's immense amusement, till I went to sleep, and then they had a long sporting conversation. We got into a hansom, and just got in time for the five o'clock express. I was anxious to meet with

some good Cambridge man, so I encouraged a remarkably quiet-looking young man, like a lawyer, about thirty years of age. What a change! He turned out to be a regular betting Newmarket man, a Cambridge graduate living on the turf—the quiet look being a blind to take in the fast man. He was a clever fellow and, finding nothing to be made out of us, gave us some information as to the philosophy of racing and betting. It seems to be an intense intellectual pleasure, like chess or whist, trying to conceal your plans and fathom those of others, like diplomacy—stimulated by the hope of making money—the great source of revenue being the young gentlemen with money or expectations whom they can tempt to *back* horses (*i.e.*, bet in favour of horses they fancy), which is sure to be a losing game; and the blacklegs play a game among each other to see who can get the largest share out of the prize money made on the ruin of these poor boys. Not a bad lesson for Gibby.

Well, here we are in Cambridge. Nothing particular last night. Tutor could not be seen, so we went to early chapel—beautiful music. Then I asked Mr. Clark to give us breakfast, and had a most interesting conversation with him.

Gib is to be examined on Wednesday, so I think I shall stay over that, and work with him to-morrow and Tuesday.

I find much moving here about military education.

Waterloo Hotel, London, Nov. 7th, 1861.

I went to National Society; met Bishop of London and St. David's, Mr. Cotton, Puller, Sinclair, Phillips, and a new good man, Mr. Cazenove, a stockbroker; a great deal of talk about the "revised code," but no definite conclusion come to. It is rather disheartening to me that I find the mistiness of my eyes extend to my brain about all subjects which require careful reading.

I went with Maurice to hear two of his lectures to working men—the first on English history, reign of James I.; the

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second on the Bible history, beginning Genesis—both very good; the English history consisting chiefly of portraits of the *leading men*—the King, Cecil, Raleigh, Bacon, Shakespeare, G. Herbert, Beaumont and Fletcher, Andrewes, Hampton Court Conference—and not an abstract of events, but the men themselves. He was especially good on the moral lesson of the vanity of schemes like Cecil's and the humiliation of a great intellect like Bacon's, how it is good for a man when he has done wrong to be found out and humbled. The worst punishment, he said, is not to be found out and to have to confess; it made me tremble to hear it. Then his Bible teaching was simple: his men put questions and he answered them. He is averse to anything but the simple reading of the Bible as dealing with *Man*, as (1) God speaking, (2) speaking about Man, and Man, social man in his relations. Therefore, he said, he cared not what people said about the earth and science; they might go on finding out more and more if they would; but here, in the early Bible, we have what is good for us to know about the origin of Man, no matter how Moses was illuminated to tell it—whether by tradition, by vision, by inspiration (literal). There it is, this is all we ever shall know about it in this world—what we have to do is to read simply. I walked home with him, and told him I thought the great thing was to hold fast to the fact of the Incarnation. He said: True, but we must not neglect the Ascension, that Christ sits at the hand of God in our nature ever making intercession for us.

The following letters refer to the part Acland took in the Colenso controversy.

FROM A CLERGYMAN.

Ash Wednesday, 1863.

I must, on behalf of the interests which we both hold so dear, thank you most heartily for your letter to "The Guardian," and for the general expression of your thoughts on this matter.

Our great object must be to pull the Church thro' this crisis. . . .

The question is whether discussion of these points is to be allowed at all in the Church of England.

Once more accept my heartfelt thanks (if I may venture to say so) both as a clergyman and as a Christian.

From another Clergyman.

Feb. 23, 1863.

I have been sorely pained (pardon me for the liberty) in hearing since I wrote to "The Guardian" that you have expressed an opinion that "Essays and Reviews" is a valuable book. I cannot help recalling past days, when I think the pulse beat more truly. I scarcely ever see a good Italian picture, and certainly never think of the pictures I saw in Italy, without thinking under whose kind instruction as to names, dates, galleries, etc., I went abroad to learn what I could of painting, and who instilled into my ignorant mind the paramount importance of mingling the moral with the intellectual and artistic element in studying works of Art. If there are any books in which the ethical element is crushed, or rather finds no place, the prize among all will be given to "Essays and Reviews," and Colenso's figments.

From Bishop Colenso.

23, *Sussex Place, Kensington, W., Feb.* 26, 1863.

What I long for is that men of piety and mutual power shall come forward to help in this work: and, taking the certain facts of modern criticism as their standpoints, shall enter fully into the question how and to what extent the ordinary teaching of the Church is affected by them. Instead of this, almost all are bent upon linking indissolubly Christianity with Mosaism—the belief in the Gospel with belief in the Mosaic authorship and historical veracity of the Pentateuch.

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Thanking you most sincerely for your kind letters, and especially for your words of caution, which I shall certainly hope to lay to heart.

23, *Sussex Place, Kensingtou, W., March* 18, 1863.

I feel deeply all that you say about the need of entire tenderness and guardedness in all my expressions. To "speak the *truth* in *love*," that is the law—yet for our weak natures how hard it is at times to obey it in *both* respects.

FROM DR. TEMPLE.

April 15, 1863.

When I said that I feared that your Pamphlet would give pain, I meant, not because of what it said, but because *you* said it. It is *pro tanto* a defence of Colenso; that is, in these days of fighting, any man who speaks and recommends moderation will be taken for a defender of Colenso, inasmuch as Colenso has most to gain by moderation being made the rule. You have always been looked on as a High Churchman; and your friends, many of them at least, will feel as if you were by this act breaking loose from them and henceforth *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.* It is not right to care for this beyond a certain point. But it is right to care for it; and to be sure that you are not inflicting this pain without reason. . . .

It would be a real service to get these matters discussed calmly.

TO W. E. GLADSTONE.

First Administrative Battalion,
Devon Rifle Volunteers,
Head Quarters,
Heavitree, Exeter.

Sprydoncote, Exeter, April 9, 1864.

Greatly as I prize your friendship and your wife's gracious kindness to all your old friends, I can never summon courage in my hasty visits to London to seek to intrude on your

time. I write on this paper to show (without words) how my time goes; alas! I hope not quite selfishly: but I sometimes sigh for intercourse with the great men of my age as I feel my active life drawing near its end before I have introduced my son to his father's friends. Thank God, he is doing well at Christ Church, as is yours.

I have been watching you with unusual interest this year, and though I am obliged to save my eyes small print and candle light, I could not resist reading steadily through your great speech on the Budget, as I read that on the Annuities. I congratulate you heartily on what seems a great solid success. That multiple of 3 on the trade of '42 is an awful fact; what will this island come to at last? And then the more awful fact of the East London misery—there is something not satisfactory in all this accumulation of wealth with so much misery by its side: I don't want to see our large properties all *morcellées*, nor our Agriculture reduced to the level of France—but there *is* a good side to the population of peasant proprietors—however, I did not mean to twaddle.

I have been wishing since I read your Annuity speech to say a word. I can hardly hope to say anything you don't know much better.

The Philosophy of Village Clubs is not, I think, commonly understood by benevolent theorists; they scold at the poor and the public house for doing what they can and not doing what they can't.

The labourer on 10*s.* a week *cannot* insure his life *to the end* against sickness. His calculation is this: "If I am not in a club and fall ill, the parish will at most give me 5*s.* or 6*s.* a week: if I join a club at 1*s.* a month + 1½*d.* for beer, I insure myself 10*s.* a week during casual sickness for *the next twelve months at least*; so far so good, while I am generally strong and able to work; and so on from year to year—if I fall into chronic sickness or live to old age, then let the gentlemen maintain me: I am not going to save them the burden; they have had my work." Now, though

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I deplore this want of independence built on thrift, how can it be otherwise with our settlement laws and our miserably uneducated farmers, who simply want labourers as cheap as they can get them?

I rejoice in your grand annuity plan for the Town Mechanics. I hope something may come out of it for our Country Death Funds. I dream that I see in it a germ of a future franchise for the self-reliant thrifty working man.

Of course it is childish to ask you to undertake tables of sickness, etc., but I tell you what is much wanted—an office in London to which gentlemen who wish to improve Village Clubs as they are (subject to the conditions to which they must be subject) might resort for information—to do what Tidd Pratt is by a popular error supposed to do, certify not to the legality, but to commercial soundness of tables, or rather certify to the unsoundness of delusive schemes, in fact, to do in detail what you did in your speech, and point out *practicable* improvements in clubs with *a narrow area.*

I can hardly conceive a greater benefit to the working man than such a criticism in the Board of Trade: of course there would be jealousy of Government interference, but if you only offer help I should think many would seek it. . . .

Can Government take up the subject? You have broken most important ground and awakened attention to it.

As "The Spectator" says, you seem the only statesman who can both conceive great ideas and work them out in their details. . . .

I think the little chance of an opening for me in Parliament is nearly extinct. I cannot heartily hoist the Liberal flag as a party man, and I think they only coax me to do so for their own purposes. But my politics are at heart, and have been consistently since 1841, pretty much yours I think; so I don't feel inconsistent or shilly-shally, and I think it is hopeless to act with the Conservatives.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

11, *Carlton House Terrace, April 12th*, '64.

We keep a kind of open breakfast table at ten, on Thursdays after Easter, mainly with a view of keeping up some portion of that communication with old friends, which is in my case unhappily of necessity so much narrowed. Pray, as I suppose you sometimes come within the sound of Bow or Westminster bells, write sometimes and say you will come.

I hope my Annuities Bill may be regarded as safe. It may work far less extensively than people anticipate: but I think as far as it works it will be for good.

What you say about politics dwells upon my mind. The subject is too large for a hasty vote: but, especially if you have a practical object in view, as I am very happy to think may be the case, it would be a great pleasure to me to state freely to you my experience, and my hopes and fears. In one word, I am sanguine as to politics; less sanguine as to faith, and I hope wrongly, because the latter subject must in the end work back into the former.

TO W. E. GLADSTONE.

Sprydoncote, Exeter, May 12, 1864.

I think the Bishop of Oxford and Dr. Wordsworth are doing great mischief by confounding two very different classes: (1) those who object *à priori* to the supernatural; (2) those who, not so objecting, maintain that the evidence of facts must modify traditional modes of interpreting Holy Scripture.

Their arguments seem to take the form: "If you don't believe the Deluge as I do, you can believe nothing on the authority of the Bible." Such, in fact, was the impression made on an Undergraduate by one of Wordsworth's Lent sermons. I enclose some notes I made after hearing a sermon of Temple's at Rugby on Sunday.

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His son Francis Gilbert had just received his Ensign's Commission in the Rifle Brigade. To this the following letter refers.

To his Wife.

August 20th, 1864.

When one has something given one has longed for, one feels it rather awesome. Well, the time of childhood is past, and the season of actual life is to begin. We trust, hope, and pray for God's blessing.

I think, under the circumstances, it will be best for Gib to come with you, and we may all probably be able to go to the Holy Communion together on Sunday, unless you think the day would be better spent with May and ? Fan, Dash,[1] and Co. The great thing, I think, is to impress on Gib that all our wish for the R. B. has not been for the fashionable standing of the fops, but for its work, and that he is not going in to have his fill of luxury and swellishness, but to learn to lead a life of duty as a Christian soldier, and to master himself and his weaknesses.

From Dr. Newman.

The Oratory, Oct. 16, 1864.

My dear Acland,

When I got to my room yesterday, I found your card, and was told, on inquiry, that you had called about an hour before, in a carriage with two ladies. It was most unfortunate. I was engaged in examining our schoolboys in Homer and Virgil, and the porter had not wit enough to find it out. It is no use lamenting what can't be helped—but I write as a relief of my mortification, and also in order to explain to you how it happened.

Did I go through the lists of our masters and boys, you would recognize many of the names. Among the masters, we have a son of Dr. Arnold, and a grandson of Leigh Richmond; and among the boys, a grandson of old Dean

[1] The family dogs.

Gaisford who has a good turn for Greek. We have a grandson of Bishop Bagot; we have had three Wilberforces, and before now two Ryders, and a Froude.

I write with the chance of this finding you, directing according to your last letter, and am, my dear Acland,

Sincerely yours ever,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

FROM DR. TEMPLE.

Rugby, 21st Nov., 1864.

I saw Lord Granville the other day and spoke about the Commission.[1] I told him that I believed it would greatly aid the work if you were on it. He did not settle the matter. He had something like fifty names strongly pressed on him. But I yet hope we shall have you.

TO HIS SON FRANCIS GILBERT.

Sprydoncote, Nov. 25, 1864.

I have been very busy about Education lately—and now you are so far off, I may tell you that it is just settled that I am to be on the Royal Commission to inquire into Grammar Schools and Middle Class Examination. I must think more of the duty to be done than of the honour, but I cannot conceal from you that I am much gratified by this acknowledgment that I have been of some little use.

TO HIS WIFE.

The Athenæum, Jan. 24th, 1865.

Well, I have heard the magic words "trusty and well beloved." I know I am the latter much more than I deserve. . . .

Eleven of the Commission met.[2] Lord Stanley alone absent in consequence of special business, but he means to

[1] The Schools Inquiry Commission.

[2] First meeting of the Schools Inquiry Commission.

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be a regular attendant. We are likely, I think, to work harmoniously and honestly. I have already had to take some part in settling the course, but I try not to talk much.

FROM THE REV. E. THRING.

Uppingham, Rutland, Feb. 4, 1865.

Thank you very much for sending me your letters on Agricultural Education. I have not been able to do more than glance through them, as the school reopened yesterday, and I need hardly say these are busy days. I confess I have abated much of hope in these trying years; perhaps there is more progress than a man in the crush like myself sees, but there are also tremendous difficulties which before I was in the crush I did not see. My own experience is very bitter of the constant struggle that has to be maintained against attempts to force and break down the discipline and system of school by those who mislike it. A school must be very powerful or very obstinate to stand against the pressure brought to bear on it in this way. How can an unendowed school do so? And where are the endowments to come from, if new endowments are required? Scarcely less painful, perhaps more so from its universality, is the cry for quick intellectual success, the *star system*. In the last six years I have sent up only 49 to both Universities: from 37 to 30 of these are still at the Universities; only one, I believe, has been plucked for degree; 27 have won scholarships or honours not lower than second class: yet I have been deluged by doubts, attacks, pity and sneers, especially from friends, on the want of school success, not merely as a thing that should be done, but as if nothing was done without it. This arises from the fact that the popular mind has not yet got within its horizon definitely the idea of the duty of a school being to teach and train *each boy*. And the schools are still farther off from having steadily set this object before themselves. I

am very thankful at being able to work our work here: but the end, if it ever comes, is not in sight, as I once thought it was; at least I have left off chasing the rainbow in my thoughts. One faith, however, is as strong in me as ever: that, whatever comes of it, hearty work is the only hope: so it is pleasant to see how much you have done in bringing on Agricultural Education, how the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations flourish and bear fruit, and certainly, I must admit, what a great stride has been made towards better things. If any man will bring the thing on, I believe you will. No one stands on the double ground of farmer's friend and intellectual educator in the same way, trusted as a landed proprietor and agriculturalist on the one side, and by both Universities and men of the world on the other. It cheers and gladdens me seeing you busy at it, and I hope you will not scorn my humble God speed.

To his Wife.

The Athenæum, March 7th, 1865.

I had a very satisfactory interview with Gladstone—he was tired and hoarse, and had to speak on the Malt Tax.

He says he has reason to think that the Liberal Party in Devon are well disposed to make fair terms with me, *i.e.*, to accept my union with them, though not of them: he did not seem to think D. likely to stand in my way; he was very open about several points of importance, but he thinks there is plenty of elbow-room in a county, and gave me useful advice about Church rates and franchise, but he said that I may dismiss all thoughts of future combinations after Palmerston.

The Athenæum, March 14th, 1865.

I grieve to say Buller's[1] valuable life closed last night. He has been, if not a bright, at least a sterling example of devotion to public duty; how little we thought at his

[1] J. W. Buller, M.P. for North Devon.

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touching speech to the Yeomanry his words would be so verified! I heard the fact from Northcote at the Commission, not having called on my way down. I met Dudley Fortescue on my way up, but nothing passed except a short word of regret for Buller's loss on my part, echoed on his. I felt awkward and hastened on.

I will try to copy Drewe's letter for you before post.

I am engaged to dine with Lord Harrowby to-morrow; unless I see special reason to move quicker I propose to go down by early express straight to Exeter on Thursday. I do not see much good in hastening my arrival, as it is no question on my part of catching at a seat by prompt action; after Drewe's letter I must give him time to make the next move.

I shall simply write to tell him the fact of B.'s death and my own intended movements. . . .

Oh! this Parliament, I dread it. Here is my first prospect—to bear the brunt of the just moral indignation against the profligacy and selfishness of the Lord Chancellor—my platform being "that I support the Government;" the men, rather than the measures.

March 14th, 1865.

This is all very serious. Mr. Buller died last night. After the letter from Mr. Drewe, about which I wrote to my father, there is, I suppose, not much probability of anyone else being brought forward now by the Whig leaders.

I am in the dark about the Liberal organization, and must not run the risk of doing mischief by acting partly on my own account. I suppose we must assume that unless unreasonable terms are proposed to me, I must be prepared to act decidedly, and we must think of our home plans after. I know you will pray that we may be guided right, and I try to do so. I dread it, I confess, but it seems a duty.

Tell my father that I hope he will not allow little matters

to be any trouble to him: his calm opinion on great principles of action and discretion, will be invaluable to me; but he cannot, and indeed in his position ought not, to go into any questions with a view to further my success in the event of a contest or any trouble. It is very good of him to encourage my taking a post I can never fill as he did, without any regard to the loss of your help and comfort to himself, which must to some considerable extent be the result if I am in Parliament again.

One great object in my efforts must be to cultivate caution and balanced judgment. I feel very unfit for Parliament. I think the remembrance of Buller's judicious conduct and of his great kindness will be a great help to me. Now I must get this off and try to think what I am to say. I hope to see Lord Harrowby and Gladstone.

To his Father.

March 21st, 1865.

We have just heard that a meeting of the Conservatives has decided not to put anybody up this time. The topic of discussion now is whether we shall have any meeting. I am against it, but it may be needful to have one at Barnstaple on Friday; perhaps it may be well for me to go to Castle Hill or Eggesford.

CHAPTER VII

1865—1871

CHAP. VII. 1865-1871.

THE six years which followed Acland's re-entry into Parliament and preceded his father's death, were full of activity. He much enjoyed returning to the House of Commons, though he did not like the new House of Commons building. "The new Gothic," he says, "quite worries me in comparison with the cosy old box we used to live in."

At the general election of 1865, which closely followed his re-entry into political life, he was returned unopposed, with Mr. Trefusis, who sat on the Conservative side. Lord Palmerston's death followed soon after,[1] and Gladstone became the Liberal leader in the House of Commons. This naturally brought Acland much more than before into the centre of political interest. In the spring of 1866, Mr. Trefusis became Lord Clinton on his father's death, and Sir Stafford Northcote was returned unopposed in his place. From this date he and Acland sat together for North Devon for nearly twenty years.

Acland's soldier son had been to Canada with his regiment, and returned home for part of the winter of 1865-6. The

[1] Lord Palmerston died in October. Acland had been with him at the time of his election at Tiverton in July, and found him even then very tired and failing.

visit gave his father the greatest pleasure. It renewed his interest in army matters, and made the Christmas home gathering again complete. The family gatherings of those days were full of enjoyment and delight to those who took part in them. Acland's father, though he had long retired from public life, was still active in many ways, and as hospitable as ever to his children and grandchildren, whom he delighted to see gathered round him. Mrs. Acland, although she often seemed very delicate in these years, managed wonderfully to perform the double task of looking after her children at Sprydoncote and her father-in-law at Killerton. She was often on duty for weeks together at Killerton during the later years of this period, taking turns with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Mills. Sir Thomas Acland needed a good deal of help. He was physically very vigorous, but he was so unpunctual and irregular in his habits that the household demanded much watchful attention. Those around him were much afraid of him in his old age, especially his eldest son, but he was very kind-hearted and full of tender feeling. He hardly ever passed a day without visiting his wife's grave at Columb-John, where there is a quiet little graveyard whose chapel had long been disused as a place of worship. A new chapel nearer to Killerton had been built by him, which was consecrated in 1841. Here he appeared on Sunday morning, like the veteran father of a large family, chiefly composed of his tenants and workmen and their children, with a few other neighbours. He often made audible comments on

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what he approved or disapproved in the services or the conduct of the clergyman. Mr. David, who was for some years the chaplain, writes of these services:

"The use was simple in the extreme, no Canticle was chanted nor Hymn sung. At Sermon-time the Chaplain paused for two or three minutes before saying the accustomed Collect. The reason for this additional rubric Sir Thomas gave to one of his Chaplains on entering upon his duties as follows: 'We read in the eighth chapter of the Revelation of St. John, "And when he had opened the seventh seal there was silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour." I don't know what it means, but I think I see a fitness in it, and we imitate it here.' Another feature more personal is too characteristic to be omitted. Although a firm believer in the truths of the Bible as set forth in the Creeds Sir Thomas was unable to accept the so-called 'Warning Clauses' contained in the Confession of Faith commonly attributed to St. Athanasius, and therefore he did not repeat them. His practice in this particular was once quoted by the late Dean Stanley of Westminster, who, when arguing in a speech against the public recitation of this Creed, referred to him as that 'Pillar of the Church in Devonshire.' On the Greater Festivals when this Hymn (as it is sometimes called) is appointed to be said or sung, he remained silent while the first two verses were said alternately by Minister and People. After this his voice was heard in reverent and expressive reading until the last verse, which he would render in a somewhat louder tone than the rest, 'This is the Catholic Faith'—when the Prayer-book closed with an audible sound."

After the service he took friends and visitors through the garden, pointing out with pride his Deodaras or the young Wellingtonia which his friend Veitch had sent him. There was much correspondence about the garden in these days

with his old friends. Lord Palmerston wrote in 1862: "I was glad to hear that your magnificent magnolias outlived the severity of the winter before last. We, unluckily, at Broadlands lost by the frost at that time two very large standard magnolias of about ninety years' growth." After long pauses and talks in the garden with not infrequent quotations from Horace or Virgil, or Cowper or Scott, he arrived at the house after the hour appointed for the mid-day Sunday dinner. He objected to a dinner of thirteen persons, and if this turned out to be the number he sent for the cockatoo, a very old family friend, from the Servants' Hall, to join the party.[1] On these Sundays Acland would generally appear to be quite as busy with his letters as on any other day. There was service in the domestic chapel in the morning, and again in the parish church at Broadclyst in the afternoon. Acland would be writing at the library table to the last moment before the chapel service, and again both before and after the mid-day meal, till the carriage carried him and the rest of the party off to church. Even then there was a further opportunity of writing letters, of which advantage was generally taken, immediately after service, in the study of his brother Leopold, the vicar, till the last moment when the organist,

[1] If I had left the cockatoo out altogether I should have been taken to task by my contemporaries. But I will not dilate on his very great abilities, for the capacities and character of pets may soon become a wearisome topic to others than their admirers. He must remain, as Bronte the poodle (who is depicted in Lawrence's picture, which is reproduced early in this book) was to our generation, a somewhat mythical figure, though no doubt highly accomplished. A. H. D. A.

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who lived in Exeter, carried the letters off to post. Sometimes on such Sundays Acland's brother Henry would come from Oxford, where he was hard at work on schemes for interesting the University in the study of science, full of Oxford news, and with amusing stories about some of his medical experiences, or anecdotes about Ruskin or one of his many other friends. On one or two occasions Acland's younger brother John Barton returned from New Zealand, where he was establishing a new branch of the family in a house called "Holnicote" (after the Somersetshire home), and already beginning to take part in the public life of the colony. And Arthur Mills,[1] upon whom the seriousness of his eldest brother-in-law weighed sometimes a little heavily, might too be there, most genial and humorous of uncles and friends. His nephews and nieces can never forget the affectionate patience he showed with the younger generation of that time, who, ignoring his work and duties as a member of Parliament, used to assemble in his little dressing-room at Killerton at all times of the day, sure of the most jovial welcome. He chronicled in delightful good-humoured little poems the domestic chaff and the family fun. When gatherings of the young ones were held at Christmas time at Sprydoncote without any fear of disturbing the grandfather, he was the centre and inspiration of every kind of romp. His chief

[1] Arthur Mills, son of the Rev. Francis Mills, Barford, Warwickshire, married Acland's sister Agnes in 1848. He was member of Parliament (Conservative) for Taunton, 1857-65, and Exeter, 1874-80. He was also a member of the London School Board for some years.

delight was the arrangement of an impromptu charade, in which he would be in his element as judge in a trial scene. In these theatricals good-humoured hits would be made at the subject which happened to have absorbed Acland's energy for the moment, which no one enjoyed more than Acland himself. On one or two rare occasions his father was entertained at Sprydoncote, and became an interested, if rather puzzled, spectator of these theatrical efforts.

Very little time was spared for relaxation during these years while Acland was at Killerton or Sprydoncote. Whenever he took a few days of freedom he would go to Holnicote, where he always keenly enjoyed himself, or would make for Dartmoor and get up into the middle of the moor, walking and sketching with the greatest delight. He found rest and relief in sketching for many years to come. He had considerable skill in water-colour drawing, and he threw himself with great zeal into discussions of its "first principles," as he would call them. He had drunk deep of the spirit of David Cox, and when he was in London he occasionally copied Turner's water-colours in the National Gallery. Ruskin wrote to him once, "I think all you have done quite right, and the willows and the bit you took so much pains with quite beautiful. You have a wonderful eye for colour. Not one in a thousand has so true a one." When he started for a sketching trip to Dartmoor he was generally in the highest spirits. The drawing tent with its various wings to keep out draughts and sunlight was often set out on the lawn before he started, and there were

all sorts of contrivances to be arranged for knapsacks or sketching bags. He knew Dartmoor almost as well as he knew Exmoor. Many of his best sketches were done on these much-loved moors. When he was unable to get away to them he would do his best with the scenery round Sprydoncote and Killerton,[1] which, however, was not so congenial to him for drawing purposes. An interesting account of one of the visits to Dartmoor has been kindly contributed by Mr. D. R. Fearon, C.B., who was at this time one of the Assistant Commissioners of the Schools Inquiry Commission.

During the exciting parliamentary years 1866 and 1867 Acland followed closely all the changes of fortune which the Reform movement underwent, enjoying keenly the great oratorical struggles, and specially the speeches of his friend Gladstone. The Schools Inquiry Commission took up much of his time until the report was completed at the end of 1867. At the general election of 1868 he had the only contest which fell to his lot during his representation of North Devon. Mr. Walrond (afterwards Sir John Walrond) stood with Sir Stafford Northcote in the Conservative interest, and Acland stood single-handed against them. After a severe but good-natured struggle, the poll was declared as follows: Northcote, 3,967; Acland, 3,898; Walrond, 3,520.

With the return of the Liberal party in 1868 with a large majority and Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister, his interest

[1] One of his sketches at Killerton is reproduced here. The Dartmoor and Exmoor sketches do not lend themselves well to reproduction.

Sweet Walk at Fullerton.

From a Water Colour drawing by Sir T. D. Acland.

in political affairs was much increased. He was appointed to represent the Ecclesiastical Commission in the House of Commons as unpaid Estates Commissioner, and found, in this office, congenial work with which he was well fitted to deal. On more than one occasion he visited some of the Commissioners' estates in the north of England. He much enjoyed the opportunity of observing the methods of land management which were customary in counties other than his own.

In the autumn of 1869 he was deeply interested in the appointment by Mr. Gladstone of Dr. Temple to the bishopric of Exeter, and was a close follower of the ecclesiastical excitement which the event produced. He wrote to Mr. Gladstone at the time, saying, "I have been able to think of little else lately." Mr. Gladstone, with clear foresight of the trouble which was impending, had written to Acland in August: "I have made up my mind to act on a fitting opportunity. But the choice of it requires care. It does not seem to be your opinion, but it is mine, that when the time comes there will be a great outcry."

The aim, which should be held in view in his ecclesiastical appointments, was described by Mr. Gladstone in one of his letters to Acland at this time as follows:

With respect to recommendations of Clergy I shall try to distinguish between such as you make in your character of M.P. and such as you give in furtherance of the aim of getting everywhere not what is good merely but the *best* that can be had. Saints, theologians, preachers, pastors, scholars, philosophers, gentlemen, men of business,

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these are not to be had every day, least of all are they to be commonly found in combination. But these are the materials which ought to be sought out and put forward in the Church of England, if she is to stand her trials and do her work: both you and I being agreed, I think, as much as we were at Oxford forty years ago, that she has a work to do.

In the spring of 1871 Acland's father, though still wonderfully full of vitality, was gradually getting weaker in health. He died at the age of eighty-four, on June 22, 1871, quite quietly while sitting in his chair after being dressed. Only the day before he had enjoyed a visit from Sir James East, one of the few survivors of the friends of his youth. The words which were so often on his lips as he looked back upon his life or round upon his friends and family, "Thank God for all His mercies!" could indeed be appropriately used as regards the manner of his death, for one to whom a prolonged or suffering illness would have been so great a trial.[1]

[The following is an account of a visit to Dartmoor with Acland in 1867 by Mr. D. R. Fearon, C.B.]

I first became acquainted with Sir Thomas Acland in the year 1865, when working as an Assistant Commissioner on the Schools Inquiry Commission, of which he was, as a

[1] A beautiful Cornish Cross of granite was erected by his friends to his memory in the Killerton pleasure grounds, at a point where towards the end of his life he used to watch the sun setting over Dartmoor. At the head of Selworthy Combe, on North Hill above Holnicote, a stone "Wind and Weather hut" was built to commemorate the Sunday walks which have been referred to elsewhere.

Commissioner, a member. As the district on which I began work for the Commission was London, I was frequently at the office of the Commission, at No. 2, Victoria Street, Westminster, and saw something of those of the Commissioners who were most active and influential in the work of the Commission. Among them, four figures stand out conspicuously in my memory from all the rest, namely, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Acland, Dr. Temple, and Mr. Forster. The impression made on my mind at that time was that the Commission would be one of extreme importance, and would accomplish a most valuable work; though I hardly expected that so great and so immediate a practical result would follow from it. But I did expect, and my expectation was more than fulfilled, that their Report would mark an epoch in the history of education in England, and I formed that expectation partly from seeing the way in which those four men especially, and the Secretary, Mr. Roby, were setting about and performing the work.

I never saw Mr. Acland at this time without being profoundly impressed by the vigour and catholicity of his genius. He never spoke to me without asking the most intelligent and searching questions as to the method and detail of my working. He seemed to discover easily my weakest points, and any point on which I might be stronger. And he never discussed with me what he, or I, was doing without saying pregnant and suggestive things. And all this was accompanied by the truest modesty of tone and the greatest kindness of manner. No one could have sup-

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posed, from hearing him speak to me, that he was a man of high social position, of quite exceptional personal accomplishments and of an established public reputation, conversing with one of his subordinates, a young and inexperienced man more than twenty-six years his junior, and wholly unknown to the country. Had we been college friends of equal age and attainments he could not have dealt with me more frankly or more courteously. There was not then, and there never was, during the whole period of our acquaintance, any assumption of superiority, any trace of that pomposity of manner which sometimes marks the attitude of a superior towards an inferior. I regret nothing whatever in our acquaintance except that I did not possess the knowledge or capacity for drawing out and recording the principal features of his character and genius.

Mr. Acland continued his acquaintance with me after my work on the Schools Inquiry Commission was finished, and I spent many delightful half hours with him in London, at Exeter, at Sprydoncote, and at Killerton, at which last place I also had the pleasure of being introduced to his venerable father, the tenth Baronet, a man, to say the least, of no less experience or accomplishments than his son. But the only one of these occasions of which I find that I have recorded any details was that of a four days' walking and sketching tour in 1867, on Dartmoor.

Finding, in the course of one of my visits to Killerton or Sprydoncote—I forget which—that I was fond of sketching, Mr. Acland, as he still then was, kindly proposed to me to

join him in a visit to Dartmoor, a proposal which I gladly accepted. The result was that I spent with him, in beautiful scenery and exhilarating air, four of the most instructive and delightful days of my life.

I joined him at Exeter early on a Wednesday morning towards the end of August, 1867. We went by train to Oakhampton Road Station, where a gig met us and took us to Sourton. There we sent our luggage on by the gig to the Higher Down Town Inn, and walked up on to the moor, first to Sourton Tor, and then by Brandscombe's Loaf to Great Links Tor. I soon perceived that, though I was little over thirty years old and my companion was nearly double that age, and though I was pretty well accustomed to mountaineering, I had no points to give him either in walking or climbing. An amusing proof of the impression made on me by that first day's walking with him was furnished by the following circumstance. We were climbing Great Links Tor, and the vigour with which my companion talked as he climbed had impressed me unconsciously with a feeling that I was walking with a young man of my own age; so that, in mentioning a person about sixty, whom we both knew, I called him, as young men do when talking together, "an old man." I well remember that Mr. Acland stopped suddenly, turned round to me, and abashed me by asking, "Why, how old do you take me to be?"

He showed himself also, on that day, an excellent judge of the contour of ground. In passing from Great Links Tor, where we had a fine view, to Arms Tor, we came more

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than once into thick mist, through which he piloted me with great judgment.

The views at Great Links Tor, and at several points in passing from Arms Tor down the Lyd, gave occasion for discussion on the general principles of composition in sketching. All that he said on this matter showed how thoroughly he had assimilated by reading, thinking, and practice the work of the best masters of this art. And it would be difficult to exaggerate the freshness, the point, or the originality of his remarks. Even now I seldom take a sketch, or draw an animal, without being reminded of some of his dicta on that day, especially of some of the points that he made as we were sketching an outline in pencil at a pool somewhere on the Lyd, close to an abandoned mine.

At a point on the Lyd opposite to Higher Down Town we struck across to the inn, where we found two professional artists, one from Plymouth and the other from London. Mr. Acland had at one time had lessons from one of these men, and a delightful day was closed by me in listening to his talk to them on painting after dinner. He showed himself not inferior certainly to either of them in his knowledge of technique, and far superior to both in the extent of his experience, as gained from travel in England and on the Continent.

The next day there was rain in the early morning, and we did not leave the inn till nearly eleven o'clock. The artists were, I suppose, working in their bedrooms, as they

did not appear; and Mr. Acland talked with me until the rain stopped. The subject was metaphysics and theology; and the discussion originated in an incident which caused him to speak about prayer. He inquired, with the greatest interest and sympathy, as to the effect produced by the Oxford course on the religious views of the men of my day. I derived from this talk the impression that he had himself passed through great searchings of heart on these matters, not only in his youth, but even recently; that he was still more a seeker after truth than a man who had found it; but that, in all essentials, his honesty, his humility, his ability, and his patience had brought him salvation. The extent of his reading and the power of his memory struck me as prodigious. He was equally at home in Aristotle and in more than one of the Fathers of the Church. Of the Patristic writings I then knew nothing; but I had some knowledge of Aristotle, and I recollect the regret that Mr. Acland expressed on hearing that the Rhetoric was no longer included in the ordinary Oxford course. Among the debts that I owe to this tour, not the least is that the talk of this summer morning caused me to refresh my memory of the Ethics and the Politics, to read new works such as the De Anima, and to look into the writings of such men as St. Thomas of Aquinum.

The rain ceased at about eleven, and we spent all the rest of the day until the sun got low, in sketching in water colour on the Lyd. It was a day of extreme beauty. The colouring, after the rain, was magnificent, and the subject, though

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much too difficult for me, was admirable for purposes of instruction, which he spared no pains to give me. When the afternoon was well advanced we stopped sketching and walked up Hare Tor, thence down the Rattle Brook to Tay Cleave, and back by Great Tor, White Hill, and Lucksmoor to the inn.

The next morning was very fine, and Mr. Acland roused me early, and we started at six o'clock for Kit's Hole, another beautiful spot on the Lyd below Lucksmoor.

Here I had a bathe, and Mr. Acland sketched, his subject including a fine view of Lydford Church and Castle. I drew with pencil for a short time, and he initiated me into the use of the stump and lead-powder for clouds and shadows, after the manner of the late Mr. Cook, R.A. But I spent most of the time in watching him work, and drawing upon his inexhaustible good nature by questions and other interruptions.

We got back to the inn to breakfast by ten o'clock, and started again to walk, in a fierce sun, at eleven o'clock. Pretty severe work for a man of near sixty! We walked by Arms Tor and Little Links Tor to Woodcock Hill, and thence, across boggy ground, through which he proved a good guide, to Black Tor Copse, on the West Okement. This copse, and the rocks around it, are singularly beautiful at this time of year. Here we met the two artists with the landlord of the inn, who walked with me up Yes Tor, while Mr. Acland stayed with the artists to sketch. Coming down by myself from Yes Tor towards evening, I joined

Mr. Acland at Elmdon, and we walked together to the White Hart Inn at Oakhampton. This inn provided some good dinner claret at three shillings the bottle; which gave Mr. Acland occasion to talk during the evening of the manufacture and drinking of wine, ancient and modern. My subsequent travels in France, Germany, and Italy, have made me less ignorant on this subject than I then was; but I well remember how learned he appeared to me on the difference between Bordeaux wines of the left and those of the right bank of the Garonne, and how, hour by hour, the wonder grew that one head could carry all he knew.

The next morning Mr. Acland and I started at half-past seven for Cranmere Pool, which we reached at half-past eleven. This is a most interesting pool, being situated on the principal watershed of Dartmoor, from which spring both the Okements, the Taw, the Teign, the Tavy, and the Dart. This fact caused the conversation to turn to physical geography, and thence to astronomy, ancient and modern, and more particularly to that of the fourteenth century. I derived from that talk my first desire to know more of the writings of Dante on this and other great matters, which desire, though great pressure of work and other distractions prevented me from gratifying it for some years, never left me from that day.

I quitted the blue and purple foregrounds of this spot, with High Willhayse and Yes Tor in the background, all set, as it were, in an enchanted atmosphere of brilliant talk on burning topics, with immense regret. We passed by

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Belstone Tor to Oakhampton, and so back to Exeter, where we parted, and he left with me recollections which I have never ceased to cherish.

D. R. FEARON.

June, 1899.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

He now returned to the House of Commons after an absence of eighteen years.

TO HIS WIFE.

House of Commons, April 3rd, 1865.

My first line to my constituents, my second to my wife—fancy, I forgot to thank the constituents. I found a telegram from Ford begging me to send down an address, which I have just written off, and had a touch put in by Waldegrave, whom my father will approve. After all I was right in wishing Arthur Mills to get me what they call a Godfather,[1] and I narrowly escaped having one or two I should not have liked.

April 4th, 1865.

No House to-day, I am going to dine with Adderley. Last night I found it very dull work, knowing few present M.P.'s, and in fact few being present on a dull debate about the Navy, so Arthur endorsed going home. But meanwhile I should say I had met Mr. Bruce (education Privy Council), also Thompson and Dent (Royal Ag.), Sir C. Wood, Cardwell, and some others. I went then to the House of Lords and heard the debate on the Public Schools Bill. Tell my father to look at it, and especially Lord Derby's great delight in telling Lord Clarendon that the line ended *Sunt mala plura*, not *Sunt plura mala*. Lord Stratford's speech was

[1] On his introduction to the House.

pleasant to hear. Then I went 8 p.m. to dinner, joining A. Mills and meeting the Whip, Hugessen. Afterwards I went to Brand. I suppose I shall find my way about soon; the new Gothic quite worries me in comparison with the cosy old box we used to live in.

From W. E. Gladstone.

Brighton, April 18th, '65.

Thanks for your letter, and for all your enclosures. I return Dr. Temple's letters. His plan[1] is novel, bold, and full of pith. I wish it were published. General criticism alone could properly lift it. At least I could not, especially on a first view. I do not, however, concur in his special view of the necessity of some such plan on the ground that by a simple lowering of the foundation we might produce effects wholly beyond our power to measure beforehand.

You need not assure me of his Christian character. I have read his sermons, and if I *had* doubted—but I never did—they would have removed the doubt. Indeed, I think it a most formidable responsibility, at the *least*, in these times to doubt any man's character on account of his opinions. The limit of possible variation between character and opinion, aye between character and belief, is widening, and will widen.

To his Father.

Royal Oak, Winsford, Sep. 2nd, 1865.

I must write my report before we go out, as we do not return to the inkstand.

We killed yesterday five and a half brace [black game], two birds rather small, no hen fired at. I did not fire very often; I killed the first shot, and one later, and missed two or three times. Charlie did not miss often, about three times, and killed nine, including two old birds. The

[1] With reference to the franchise.

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number of shots, however, by no means represents the number of points. We seemed never on horseback for ten minutes; the dogs behaved very well, and seemed all the better for being better fed. Hares were abundant—we worked the East end of Winsford Hill outside enclosures, but both sides of road, reserving all the West end beyond the water which runs down West of Liscombe and beyond Punch Bowl for to-day on the way to Exford Common—hoping perhaps to find Mary and May at Cloutisham about four, if not on the Hill before us.[1]

To his Wife.

House of Commons, April 3rd, 1865.

I went into the House and heard two striking speeches from Pam and Disraeli on poor Cobden, also a few words apparently of deep feeling from Bright. Oh, how sorry I am not to see Cobden here.

House of Commons, April 7th, 1865.

I was very late last night. As the evening drew on I found the House (as it used to be) more agreeable. I drew near to Gladstone for the first time; he introduced me to Pam, who asked most kindly after his old friend, and used some warm epithets. Then he asked how Killerton was looking. . . .

I forgot to tell you that I walked away from the House of Commons with W. E. G.; he talked so openly and freely —I called on Mrs. Gladstone on my way here. She was so hearty, and spoke of my coming in as a refreshment, and spoke openly about her husband and his views. Lyttelton and W. E. G. and she had a long talk as to why he was thought a radical. It is a great blessing to have such a friend.

[1] His wife rode over Dunkery, with May, his eldest daughter, and Larkham, the old keeper who had lately retired, to meet him, to his great delight.

Sprydoncote, July 9th, 1865.

I made out in London that Gib is probably at this moment on his way to Canada.

The Himalaya took out the regiment which replaces the Rifle Brigade on the 28th, and within 48 hours after her arrival the green men[1] would be on the water. May God speed them!

To W. E. Gladstone.

The Athenæum, Oct. 25, 1865.

As to the future of course I can't see far yet. I suppose you will let the enemy make the next move, and not take up a new position without abundant reconnoissance. I think I see evidence of a wish that the Government, having taken their stand on the principle of a reduction, and almost a stand on £7 as a maximum (or minimum reduction), should now try to gratify the intellectualists by going carefully into the question of lateral extension, a supplement especially as to all well-defined tests of education. I think this would bring you the support of portions of the press who have given magnifying power to the opposition. . . .

I have purposely kept silence during this debate. I did my best to back you by committing myself early, before the direction of the stream had shown itself, and nothing I have heard has led me to regret it.

I will willingly take part in debate on some further stage, if I can be of use, only next time I must prepare, and try and make a speech (not an impromptu) *if I can.*

From W. E. Gladstone.

11, *Carlton House Terrace, Oct.* 25, 1865.

As to politics, there is in the Cabinet all the good disposition that can be desired, and, though on account of absences the final arrangements must hang fire for a day or

[1] Alluding to their dark green uniform.

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two, I have every hope that the best will be done of which the circumstances admit. As for myself, I would gladly have remained as I was, indeed as I still am; but I fear it will not be found possible to induce Sir Geo. Grey to lead. Such responsibility I dare not and would not seek; but a man must not turn back from anything that comes to him in the way of duty. I rely, fearlessly, if it goes on, on the kindness of all, both friends and non-friends.

To his Wife.

Oxford, Nov. 3rd, 1865.

Oxford *is* a queer place; it is getting into a strange state. Many of the older men liberal and reasonable; the young tutors, who have too much power, in a violent state of reactionary obstructiveness. . . .

I got some useful information from Auberon Herbert, now a fellow of St. John's. He says there is nothing like travelling for a boy like Gib—it opens the eye, awakens interest in pictures, etc.; he says he cared for nothing but a gun and dog till he travelled.

Castle Hill, South Molton, Nov. 21st, 1865.

I was too busy to the last moment at Tiverton to write to you. We did a great deal, and some good I hope, and drove 23 miles in the dark, arriving five minutes after they had sat down to dinner. I was next to Agnes Northcote and a Mr. ——, of Madeira (who knows Henry), a wine merchant, who believes Polhill[1] is all right, Northcote, Tauntons, Harrowby, Devon, and Lady Agnes.

I sat all evening by Lady Taunton, while the gentlemen talked Education and the young people played round

[1] Mr. Polhill was a wine merchant in London to whom Acland was much attached. About this time Acland had a great rage for wine-tasting, and there was much talk about cheap Gladstone claret, "natural" sherries, and the like. And there were many rows of bottles on the table or the side-board. He had the idea that cheap light claret would some day be used by the classes who now drink heavy beer.

games. Gibby won, and said he was to found a scholarship with the proceeds.

Castle Hill, South Molton, Nov. 1865.

All are kind and pleasant here. There has been a great gathering, Mayor of Barnstaple, etc., various Liberals and others. . . .

Round game last night, Sir Stafford and Gib rivalry in noise, and Lady Agnes full of life.—I suppose we *are* very dull.—Somehow I don't want all these cards. I suspect ordinary life here is very different. Sir Stafford has lots of go, certainly.

Eggesford, Nov. 24th, 1865.

Here 's I almost alone. I would not go out shooting. I was very decided about that, not having any rough clothes, and rather wishing to establish a right to go my own way. So I have been skimming over the first volume of Frederick the Great by Carlyle since breakfast; and for a quarter of an hour "Kate Coventry," an autobiography of a fast little widow, rather a queer illustration of young lady life of the present day, but she marries (you know I always look to the end first) good cousin John at last, though sorely bitten by a young swell, Capt. Frank Lovell. How she does ride! Oh! so quietly. It is not a book for May, but I dare say Gib knows it well. Yesterday I got here near dinner-time. My Lord and Drewe had been hunting all day. Here I stopped to give a drawing lesson. . . . Now I ought to go out.

The Athenæum, Nov. 30, 1865.

I have been hearing Miss Davies and Miss Buss for 4 hours. I was kindly welcomed at Fox Warren, and so were my sketches. They live at a nice place just grown out of the heath, with natural wood unfenced all round them, and nice ferns, etc. Company, Mr. and Mrs. Childers; he was at the Admiralty, and is now Secretary of the Treasury, an important person to know—he was very friendly, and we talked a good deal of politics. . . .

Our ladies gave excellent evidence [evidence before the

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Schools Inquiry Commission], some of the best we have had yet, calm, clear, modest, but thoroughly knowing what they were about.

Schools Inquiry Commission, 1865.

I am writing here for fear I should miss the post. We have had a longish day, that good little man Thring of Uppingham giving us a most interesting picture of his work. We are to try to be more orderly in our mode of putting questions.

To his Father.

House of Commons, Feb. 16th, 1866.

You will see that the course of the Government Bill does not run smooth; however, we are going on to make the best of it. The more I see of Sir G. Grey the better I like him; but I have just run out of the House to tell you what you will be sorry to hear, we have to meet early to-morrow to suspend Habeas Corpus in Ireland. What I hear is that there are so many dangerous characters lurking about that the Government cannot safely go on without more power of taking them up.

Thanks for your letter this morning, and care for the bear;[1] I hope they will put some luncheon for him, *i.e.* roots, parsnips, carrots, etc., in his box to eat *en route*.

From Mr. Drewe.

The Grange, Honiton, Feb. 24th, 1866.

I don't wonder but that you are sick of cattle plague, for you have indeed worked hard and have been *of great use*, and I can tell you, for your satisfaction, that the farmers of North Devon *value* your labours, and this I have heard from many opponents.

[1] The bear had been brought quite young from Canada by the Rifle Brigade son. He had been the source of endless fun during the Christmas holidays, and often came into the house. After a time he became rather too rough a playmate, and was sent to the Zoological Gardens.

TO HIS FATHER.

House of Commons, March 7th, 1866.

I wish to report myself as to to-day's debate and vote on Church rates. I heard from Gladstone last night that he had the plan in his head which he has shadowed out, and which you will no doubt read with interest. Perhaps Bright's comment will not be in favour of the reception of the text.

It is proposed that the *compulsory levy* of Church rates shall be abolished, leaving all the old vestry machinery unimpaired, with this important exception, that no one who claims the benefit of the non-compulsion and declines to pay shall interfere in the management of the fund voluntarily raised. There was some doubt beforehand whether the Dissenters would accept this, but they seem willing to do so. The advantage they gain is that they are not to be ticketed in order to get off paying; and if they choose to pay they may still exercise parochial rights as before.

This, no doubt, is abolition of Church rates as a compulsory tax; but, on the other hand, is not unconditional.

It leaves the Church, however, unprovided with a *certain* fund as a substitute. This, I own, I think much less important than the non-interference of those who don't pay. So I voted in the majority.

Ayes, 285; Noes, 253—I think were the numbers.

I am again busy on cattle plague, in anticipation of Mr. Hunt's Bill coming back altogether altered.

FROM LORD PORTSMOUTH.

Eggesford House, North Devon, March 11th, 1866.

I write these few lines to say how glad I was to see your name in the division on the Church Rate Abolition Bill. That vote has done you more good with your constituents than any vote you could have given, because before this the

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Dissenters of West Devon, who are a very influential body, were *scarcely* cordial in your favour: now they are pleased, and would work tooth and nail for you as they did for Buller in his contest. But from his shirking the *subject* he had *offended them* before he died. You have, I find, pleased the farmers by the line you have taken throughout about the Cattle Plague regulations. As a warm friend of yours I write this just as frankly as I should tell you if I heard that your conduct in Parliament had given offence to any of the Liberal party.

To his Father.

The Athenæum, March 14th, 1866.

You will be glad to know that my efforts about cattle, so far as Government and the House of Commons are concerned, have been successful. Mr. Hunt's Bill is by consent dropped. The Government undertake to strengthen the Department of the Privy Council, and to incur the responsibility of working out the wants of the different parts of England.

Sir G. Grey is, I think, pleased with me, and Gladstone spoke to me most kindly about what I said last night.

The Athenæum, April 18th, 1866.

I think Gib will probably be allowed to stay till the Cunard steamer on the 28th. He is very happy and natural, a funny mixture of domestic simplicity with a half hankering after the fashionable and sporting world; but I trust by God's blessing his principle and character is right in the main. He is gone off with what he calls "the Troop"—*i.e.* all the girls, Fraulein and his old nurse Minnie—to see Tommy the bear[1]—stipulating that he and Arthur and Harry, should go in their own cab. . . .

I believe it is practically certain that Northcote will come forward on requisition for North Devon, and that *if he* is

[1] At the Zoological Gardens.

the candidate that there will be no very influential opposition, but I do not wish to be quoted specially. Kekewich congratulated me on the prospect of a good colleague as if *he* considered it settled. I lose a very good colleague in C. Trefusis.

To his Son Francis Gilbert.

House of Commons Library, April 27, 1866.

Your six months' leave, or so much of it as you have been with us, has been full of unspeakable comfort to us; perhaps it would not be best for you to say all that I feel, much of which your good second mother and I have often interchanged at evening after all were gone to bed. You must be well aware how much love surrounds you, and can easily understand (when you are full Colonel and a father you will I trust know it better), how great a comfort it is after the anxieties of the first parting for a start in independent life, to see a son happy in his simple home and with many, if not all, the old childish feelings as fresh as ever. Thanks be to God who gave you a cheerful, happy constitution, and has so far kept the bloom of early morn in the main unharmed by the world.

From J. W. Whymper.[1]

Hythe, Kent, 21 *Aug.*, 1866.

I am at this corner of England getting out of the way of Archæological Society, which has chosen Rye as its field of to-day; but I don't regret coming, for these Cinque Ports are nice old places, but this is not so mouldy as Rye. . . .

Nothing is pleasanter than successful painting both at the time and afterwards, but it demands exertion and sticking well to it. So do not be stingy with your time, as you have considerable power, but I fear you rarely give yourself a chance to do all you could.

[1] The artist.

FROM DR. TEMPLE.

Gale Bank, Ambleside, 12 *Sept.*, 1866.

In regard to our recommendations,[1] I think we have two things to do: to organize what we have got, *i.e.* the endowed schools; and to create what we have not got, a system of schools for the lower Middle Class. . . . In doing the first we ought to do something towards the second. But not all. And my idea is that *Rates* should supply and keep in repair the *Buildings*, wherever Endowments were not at hand to do so.

Do come to Rugby when you are in our neighbourhood. By that time I shall want a good deal of talk with you about the whole subject.

TO HIS SON FRANCIS GILBERT.

Christmas Day, 1866.

I met Capt. Ellis of the Guards at Lord Taunton's (married his daughter), who had been over the Prussian and Russian Armies with Lord Hartington, and has since been with Prince of Wales to Russia, because his reports of his first journey were so highly thought of—I thought him one of the most intelligent men I ever met. We agreed admirably. He laments the want of scientific military knowledge in our officers, especially their want of *principles*, as you have often heard me say of ——. He said our officers would often fight bravely and sacrifice a lot of men for simple want of knowledge of principles to know when and how to retire. He spoke very highly of the organization of Foreign Armies. Then he thought we suffer from the fact that military men are not held in such honour as abroad, so that a man tries to sink his military character, and only to be an agreeable gentleman. We talked about enlistment; he thought the Commission quite wrong in recommending a longer term; he would say a shorter. I said, "Seven years?" "Rather five," he said.

[1] Schools Inquiry Commission.

I am always thinking about the question of the army, and shall be glad of any hints from the Mess of the R.B.[1] I have got an idea in my head that we might pass an act imposing on each county the obligation to provide so many men or so much money—soldiers, militia, or volunteers, so many of each to count for so much money.

To his Wife.

Christ Church, Oxford, Sunday, Feb. 3, 1867.

I am writing in Arthur's room while he is at dinner. As I write my date (is it possible?) this day 50 years ago I left home for the first time to go to school, a mere child; now almost past the maturity of manhood. What has been of good and evil in the interval! We had a remarkable sermon from Dr. Pusey to-day. In the main I think it was good for young men, though even startling positive statements. The drift was—that the finite cannot measure the infinite; that reason can tell us nothing of God except what He reveals; that our reason so far as it is sound is God in us (so I understood him), and therefore being Divine should be humbly and reverently used. He seemed to think that the great difficulty to men's belief is the humility of the Incarnation. He said all things are tending now to the Catholic Faith—or to Pantheism.

Athenæum Club, Mar. 26, 1867.

I dined at a Lord Mayor's feast last night, ladies and gentlemen (not very suitable to Lent, W. B. would say), to meet the Deputies from Canada. One asked if I was any relation of a pleasant boy in the Rifles, the most reckless of riders? He spoke very nicely of Gib, and said he was going on very well.

House of Commons, April 10, 1867.

There is a real difference in principle, but owing to D'Izzy's extraordinary ingenuity and a certain kind of

[1] Rifle Brigade.

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tactics and generalship, he has outwitted us and made it very difficult for the principles to show themselves.

Gladstone is hampered by three sets of people:

1. Radicals who will vote for household suffrage, but don't want it carried.

2. Whigs (aristocrats) who won't risk a collision with the Government, and hope that very little Reform will be carried, and want to discredit Gladstone.

3. A large body who care for nothing except to avoid a dissolution.

House of Commons, Apl. 11, 1867.

There are strange doings again in the House of Commons. There is a fresh intrigue every twelve hours.

House of Commons, Aug. 9, 1867.

I have been speaking on Science and Art—there won't be much to report. Oh! I do speak so badly. Why is it? I am so afraid that everyone is impatient and critical that I hurry and then my words go all crooked. I suppose I ought to take more pains in preparing.

From Mr. William Johnson.

Hickleton Hall, Doncaster, Dec. 31, 1867.

You may easily suppose that *poetry* is really the staple of my teaching at Eton: next to poetry, *politics:* but I am glad to be able to say that my neighbours at Eton give me credit for working just as hard as they do at Greek and Latin: since I took regularly to French *with pupils* they have done better in classics—allowing for the varying supply of brains. It is to me very interesting to have as a pupil the brother of James Wilson,[1] the Rugby master, whose essay in our volume[2] is received with acclamation,

[1] Now Archdeacon of Manchester.

[2] "Essays on a Liberal Education," Macmillan, 1867. Essays in this volume were written by Mr. Henry Sidgwick, Professor Seeley, Lord Houghton, and others.

and seems to open up a new age of education: he helps in the holidays to bring his brother on, and he is perfectly satisfied with the Eton training.

He has just been delivering an admirably wise lecture at the College of Preceptors, reported in the "Educational Times," which appears to be the organ of the College: and I read with professional pride of the observations made by Tyndall and Huxley on the views held by an assistant master at a public school.

To his Wife.

London, 1867.

Lord Lyttelton to-day wound up a paper about orphan girls with "the most helpless and interesting moiety of the population"—we all roared, and Forster said he should write to his wife as his dear "interesting moiety." We have a great deal of fun. The last page written by Lord Taunton is called his tail. He said, "Shall I read his tail?" "No! Swish it," said Lord Lyttelton.

I am considered an *enfant terrible* about accuracy of words. I am always coming down on the Head Master [Dr. Temple]; he takes it very well.

Holnicote, Jan. 7, 1868.

There, ain't I good? I have been walking ever since 10 o'clock, not shooting much; in fact, only fired two or three shot, and killed 0, so much the better for "they." Boys fired 60 shots before lunch and killed 11 pheasants, 1 hare, and 2 woodcocks. I was, I think, as well employed in walking up to top of wood, cutting imaginary walks, setting out ideal feathering of wood, and fairly going on a voyage of discovery over the Luttrell property. I had no idea the Meynes were so nice, and they are worth more as farms than I thought. Such a nice old tenant, Rawle, with a quiet Mrs. and no children. Man, aged 67—hearty always, comes to Selworthy Church.

CHAP. VII. 1865-1871.

The Athenæum, January 14, 1868, 12.30.

I suppose I am a little down at my work[1] of the last month, having been more or less put aside, or perhaps it is the completion in a sense of the Commission work, which seems to leave a blank of interest. Well, I will try to be a better member of the family till Parliament meets, and not have a "dog,"[2] unless I do the Volunteer book. In the blank, the thought of your unselfish love is very resting and cheering, only I wish I were more worthy of it.

To his Father.

The Athenæum, March 14, 1868.

I sent you our Church Rate Bill. I am afraid you will think it a very unthankworthy offer—but Heathcote's vote with Gladstone may show something. He said Henley's vote reminded him of Sir R. Inglis, speaking affectionately of him, who seemed to love to live *a life of protests.*

I really hope in our Rural parishes it may work well.

The Irish debate is telling heavily on things we have cherished, and opens new prospects. I sometimes feel anxious as to what it may involve. But I think circumstances are outrunning human policy now, and if we meet them in a right spirit the next stage may not be worse than the last. Bright is evidently trying to establish a character for moderation, and to show himself fit for the Cabinet. His speech last night was thought by some the finest he ever made—very little of onslaught, much weighing of difficulties and circumstances, much earnest appeal to Dissenters to act now with moderation and tender regard to feelings of Irish.

Lowe and Horsman, though very clever in criticism both on Disraeli and Mill, produced a deep feeling of

[1] For the Schools Inquiry Commission Report.

[2] This refers to an old joke between him and his wife about "Love me, love my dog." His successive interests or hobbies were called "dogs."

annoyance in the Irish men as showing total want of sympathy.

To his Wife.

March 26, 1868.

Somehow I don't get on without you. . . . My *tête-à-tête* with Lord Portsmouth was pleasant, only he did say the same thing over very often. I tried once to get him on to horses by talking about Columbine,[1] but he stuck to schools and politics: his great desire is to get it established that parishes and landlords may have ample power to rate themselves for *schools with borrowing powers* (tell father this). He says the State gives borrowing powers for farm buildings, which are a purely private matter, and will not give them for the Schools, in which the State has the deepest interest by checking crime. He says it is unjust to throw *new* schools on the consolidated fund, because many landlords *have built schools*, and ought not to be made to pay for finding new schools in parishes which have done nothing. He says the farmers *with borrowing powers* will willingly raise money for schools to which they can send their own sons, and once get a good building the school would support itself if the farmers really were interested in the school, instead of its being merely the clergyman's or squire's school. Lastly, he says, leave them alone about the style of the building as you do about the church. You have no control over the parish as to the architecture of its church, why dictate about that of the school, and so on. You see what a lot of common sense there is in all this. I don't mean to say it is all gospel or philosophy, but there is much in it. . . . I am sorry to hear you are all exercised in your minds about the Irish. Don't be led away by the Tory papers into thinking it is all a base party device to sacrifice religion to the need of a party cry. It is quite true that it is convenient to us as a party to have a rallying point, and some take no higher view than this, but it is not so with Glad-

[1] His son Gib's favourite mare.

CHAP. VII. 1865-1871.

stone. It is the result of long and deep conviction as to the iniquity of the Irish Establishment, now for the first time shaping itself into a practicable course of action. He would not use it as a party cry with no practical intentions, as the Whigs did (perhaps) in the appropriation clause which my father moved to rescind in a very able speech in 1837 or 1838. But in 1865, when I went to Gladstone to consult him about coming into Parliament, he told me his strong conviction of the necessity for dealing decidedly with the Irish Church. He has given a few hints now and then publicly, but it has never been possible to shape a direct policy till now, and I for one feel grieved that the only one apparently possible is a simple negative, viz., *disestablishment*—remember that it is not the same thing as *disendowment*. My hope is that if the *unjust ascendancy* be abolished (as in the abolition of compulsory church rates) the adverse party may in a few years come to trust us for practical ends of mutual goodwill.

The following letters refer to Acland's contested election for North Devon in 1868.

FROM SIR PEREGRINE ACLAND TO SIR THOMAS ACLAND.

St. Audries, September 1st, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR THOMAS,

I heard from Mr. Riccard two or three days since, informing me that there are likely to be four candidates in North Devon for the forthcoming election, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Walrond, in the Conservative interest, and your son and Mr. Dudley Fortescue in the Whig interest, tho' doubtful the latter being brought forward, and that it was the intention of some of the parties to commence their canvas forthwith.

I wrote immediately to Tom yesterday—you know my most sincere regard for him—how we have formerly worked together, and I expressed to him my deep-felt regret that I could not follow him in the course he has taken in politics;

I have hitherto kept aloof from North Devon elections, from my position with regard to him, but the momentous question of the Irish Church, and the consequences that may arise from it, I do feel is of such vital importance that I can no longer do so, and from purely conscientious feelings I intend to give the Conservative candidates most earnest support, together with any influence I may possess. I expressed to Tom how painful it was to me taking this course, and I have not been unmindful of yourself, and take the earliest opportunity of assuring you that I have been actuated by a sense of duty alone, and from no diminution of the regard and affection I have ever entertained for you both, and which are as warm as ever. I well know you will give me credit for this, and that our friendly relations will flow on as they ever have done. And I am, my dear Sir Thos., with our kind regards,

Your affectionate Cousin,
P. P. F. PALMER ACLAND.

FROM SIR THOMAS ACLAND TO SIR PEREGRINE ACLAND.

Killerton, September 4th, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR PEREGRINE,

I thank you at once for your most kind letter on the most painful subject of the elections now soon to come on, and especially of the course which you will feel it your duty to follow in that of North Devon should the threatened contest really take place. After all your former and continued kindnesses to my son, how could I suppose or feel any unkindness in your supporting, even to his disadvantage, a grand public principle now at stake, of which in former times there was no question or difference amongst any true Conservatives.

I must not enter any further on this part of the question. I have my own views and difficulties to consider, even after my long retirement from public affairs, and cannot be indif-

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ferent to those of other persons. Hoping truly, as you kindly say, that all our old kindly relations will flow on undisturbed, and with my best love to your dear Bell,

I remain as ever,

Your affectionate cousin,

THOS. DYKE ACLAND.

FROM SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE TO SIR THOMAS ACLAND.

India Office. *Okehampton, September 5th*, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR THOMAS ACLAND,

You will no doubt have heard what has for some time been going on with regard to the North Devon seat. A small private meeting was held yesterday at Barnstaple, at which the requisition was presented to Walrond, and accepted by him. I have myself abstained from promoting the requisition, and did at first what I could to prevent a contest, but when matters had gone so far I felt it but right to attend the meeting and to give my opinion, which was that looking to the character of the requisition, and to the importance of the question at issue, I thought Walrond ought to accept it.

I am sure that I need not say to you how much pain I feel in the prospect of a contest in which I shall practically be in opposition to such very old and such very kind friends, though the battle is nominally between T. D. Acland and Walrond. We are, I trust, all of us capable of carrying on an election with good humour and good taste and I hope it will in no degree impair our old family friendships. But it will necessarily be a severe struggle, and unfortunately we have two months of it before us, and I suppose our blood will be up by-and-by, so I go into the battle with a very heavy heart.

Believe me always,

Affectionately yours,

STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

FROM SIR THOMAS ACLAND TO SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

Killerton, Exeter, September 7, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR STAFFORD,

In a few minutes I must be off for Holnicote for a day or two, but I cannot leave your particularly friendly letter unacknowledged at once, though I am not able in this haste to say all I would on the sad occasion to us all. Let me then just give you hearty thanks for the kindness of your expression, and reciprocate with all my heart your assured hope, and may I add the well-founded expectation and intention of us all, that as little intolerance and distress may arise amongst us as is possible in such untoward circumstances, before it is all over, and as may be best settled for us all in the good providence of God.

I write like yourself with a heavy heart, but I cannot now say more.

Yours very affectionately,

THOS. DYKE ACLAND.

TO HIS WIFE.

September, 1868.

We've had such a do. I went to Northcote's meeting. After they had done we adjourned to the open air.

I spoke at length and answered them, they being at a window, I believe successfully. Resolutions were carried (they not venturing to propose one) that I was fit and proper and Sir S. N. and W. unfit and unproper, and then the people (we were in a fly to speak) pushed Drewe and me in triumph all round the town at a trot. My friends are much pleased. . . .

I fear I was sharp (a little), but I tried to be quite good-humoured.

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Oct. 7, 1868.

You will see what a row we had; they would not hear a word from me, though we gave the others a patient hearing. Walrond spoke well. Mr. W. had possession of the room which had been engaged for me, so I could not speak there. They pelted with eggs, apples, and potatoes. I stood up for nearly half an hour in perfect good humour and did not use my voice; but it was no good; every time I began the farmers roared and some noisy people from Taunton.

Downes, Crediton, October, 1868.

Here's I—much pleased by your account of father's feeling.

J. Carew would not look at my letter, and has written to my father to say so; but I talked to him a little and told him a little about it. . . .

Things seem to look well if I can keep my head cool. Buller is most hearty, Georgina enquires most kindly after you, and the girls are very nice.

Eggesford, Nov. 4th, 1868.

My visit to "Bishop" Thorne[1] was most interesting, and gave me an insight into the Christian life of good Dissenters. He is a real gentleman, and ——'s information about him is a slander, destitute of all foundation. He has not the least pecuniary interest in the chapels.

To his Father.

Sprydoncote, November 22nd, 1868.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and for not declining to decide for me. I know that in the stir and struggle of my own battle it has been difficult for me fully to bring home to my own mind all that in point of feeling it has cost you. Still I have tried to restrain myself

[1] One of the earliest of the Bible Christians, a religious community which has since then become widely spread in North Devon and Cornwall.

on very many occasions by consideration for your feelings, imperfectly I fear, but still honestly and truthfully.

With reference to a few words at the end of your letter, I should wish to assure you that from no person who knows anything in detail, or in substance, of your generous dealing with the sitting members for North Devon has the slightest pressure come urging me to take any step adverse to your feelings. Lord Portsmouth and Drewe especially heartily assented to my abstaining from any act, direct or indirect, which would seem at variance with a feeling of gratitude to you. . . .

By the way, if you should hear that Porter was rolled in a gutter, I may say that Northcote told me it was not true; that he was only splashed by boys. The Irish doctor, I am told, began the fray (as I saw him do on the notable hulking farmer day) by striking a boy heavily on the face with a stick. The treatment of Kekewich at Crediton was shameful, but those 500 cordwainers are utterly unmanageable, and I suppose that Hippisley and —— have a good deal provoked them. I should have liked to have voted for "*Kekewich* and *Wade*," used as an expression of my personal opinion. I consider Kekewich one of the very few of the old sort of M.P.'s remaining from the goodly batch with which you consorted: I earnestly hope he may be returned.

House of Commons, December 10th, 1868.

I write my first letter from the west (Government) side of the House,[1] to report the forms duly complied with, and the Speaker elected on very graceful speeches made by Sir G. Grey and Walpole, followed by the speech of the Speaker, who made a slight slip, I think, in saying generally that we were now on the basis of household suffrage, which is not true of counties. Moncrieff made a very dignified speech of congratulation. Page Wood's voice was very good, clear and sonorous; nothing else has occurred for me to report

[1] After the return of a Liberal majority at the general election.

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specially. I had a very kind letter from Gladstone, in which he used the expression that I have "ample capacity for office," but I tore up the letter, thinking it best not to keep it. Forster is obviously marked out for the Education Office by his efforts for the education of the people and his work on our Commission. In some respects he has, perhaps, a good deal to learn of his collateral duties as regards agricultural matters and art, but he is a very able and very honest man, and will, I doubt not, do well.

To his Wife.

The Athenæum, Feb., 1869.

I had a talk with an old friend of mine and S. F. Wood's, a nice-looking man. I asked him what he meant by something I heard him say. I find he believes nothing miraculous, and tried to make out that all cultivated men are coming to the same view. He is a bachelor country gentleman; tried to get into Parliament, failing in health. Having hunted a great deal, he now cannot eat and is losing flesh, and yet with such physique and such thoughts he is apparently quite happy—strange.

From Dr. Temple.

Rugby, March 12th, 1869.

I read your "gritty" speech, and anticipated before I went further what would come of it. That is, I felt pretty sure that not a few would carp and fuss, but that, in some shape or other, you would gain your point. If it had lain with you to reply to John Bright you might have hit him hard. But as things are you will really get what you want.

What comes of the move to reconsider the incidence of rates? The present condition of the rating system is in the way of so many improvements. And yet I cannot help being struck with the argument that, in spite of all the disadvantages under which land labours, it fetches a higher

price, or, which is the same thing, gives a lower annual return to the owner (as distinguished from the farmer) than any other investment. Is it not fair to say to a landlord who complains that he is heavily taxed, "Why on earth do you invest your money in what bears such burdens? Why not sell and invest in stocks, and so escape? If you like the land, in spite of its burdens, why do you complain?" Further, when one adds to this that land is the one investment that increases in value without anything being done to it, there seems a strong case for burdening the land very heavily. . . .

The Irish Church Bill is the greatest monument of genius that I have yet known from Gladstone; even his marvellous budgets are not so marvellous.

To his Wife.

House of Commons Library, March 16, 1869.

Forster made a great speech last night; I made a little one. There can be no doubt he is doing well—he is a strong man and younger than I am. I think our Schools business looks hopeful now. Probably I shall be on the Select Committee, and that will give me some more work.

The Athenæum, March 20, 1869, 2.30.

Have just seen "my Tutor" [Johnson of Eton]. He says he is very sorry for the change in Ireland—at least we ought to mourn over the failure of the Protestant Church in Ireland; it was at least a good intention to try and raise her people to a more moral religion. But it has failed, and the consequence must follow. He hopes it will be better for truth in the end.

The two speeches of Ball and Sullivan were very good. Miall failed, though remarkable in some ways. . . . Bright was very grand, piercing right to the heart of the National question; he lifted the whole House into a higher region of thought and feeling.

CHAP. VII. 1865-1871.

FROM MR. (AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN) WALROND.

Bradfield, Cullompton, July 10, 1869.

Thank you very much for the pleasure you gave me in looking over Mr. Mitchell's portfolio. I liked the sketches much. . . .

I have been thinking over the question of sunlight in developing local colour, which you proposed to me, and testing it out of doors. I think I shall meet your objection by a compromise, not giving up my theory that sunlight does develop brilliantly local colour, but by supplying an omission in my notes. I said nothing of "high light" (very different from *sunlight*), which is reflected light, in sunlight —intense in proportion to the polish of the surface whence it is reflected. We shall thus have:

1. High light—reflection in sunshine.
2. Reflected light—in cast shadow.
3. Sunlight } broken by reflection.
4. Cast shade }
5. Deep shade.

Will this do?

TO HIS WIFE.

E.C.E., August 3, 1869.

I stayed at House of Commons perforce till about 1.30 or 2, and then walked away with Gladstone through the Park. It is beautiful to see his intense enjoyment of the cool fresh air, the trees, the sky, the gleaming of light on the water, all that is refreshing in contrast to the din of politics. . . .

Colley[1] offers me a bed in his tent for a flying column on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. . . .

But I don't think I shall go soldiering.

[1] Acland and Major Colley (afterwards Sir George Colley), who was brigade-major at Devonport from 1864 to 1869, were great friends.

This and the following letters refer to Dr. Temple's appointment to the bishopric of Exeter.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Sprydoncote, Oct. 18, 1869.

I am not afraid of what will be done here, unless the concordat between E. B. Pusey and Shaftesbury rouses the English Clergy as a whole. Even then I think the lay feeling would be very strong in support of the Crown, and against yielding to clamour.

To his Father.

The Athenæum, Nov. 1869.

I have been somewhat occupied on the new Bishop's affairs. It is quite clear that prior to consecration no further explanation will come from him. He would rather resign his trust again into the Queen's hands.

As I know you are anxious for him to clear himself (as many are), it may be some comfort to you to hear that I saw Lord Hatherley this morning after early service in the Abbey. He does not approve of Temple's being selected by Gladstone; that is, he says, when there are many other good men, he did not think it was desirable to select him instead of them. But he says that he is quite clear that he would do very wrong to make any explanations now. In fact, he thinks that there never has been a time since the publication of the "Essays and Reviews" when it would have been right for him to withdraw. But after he is a Bishop the case may be altered. Three Bishops besides Wordsworth dissent from his consecration unless he will clear himself—Gloster, Lichfield, and Hereford.

But as Lord Hatherley says, their protest has no ground to stand on, for they protest not against any errors of his, but of other people.

I do not wish to press one view of the matter, as I well know how deep the feeling is on the other side, but I hope you will excuse my thinking that Lord Hatherley's opinion will weigh with you as to Temple's *present* condition.

FROM DEAN STANLEY.

Deanery, Westminster, Dec. 13, 1869.

I certainly approve of what was and was not done in Exeter.

I was fortunately at Rugby. I felt as if new life would be passed into the Church by the sound of that voice, the sight of that face, the fragrance of that character. Two splendid sermons and a communion of 230 boys.

TO W. E. GLADSTONE.

Exeter, December 29, 1869.

I write you one line to say that the Bishop's enthronement has gone off admirably, an immense popular demonstration, not of a party kind. His sermon, delivered without reading (for when he was in the pulpit he felt he could not simply read what he had written), was a great effort of thought and eloquence and delivery, involving no recantation, no reference to controversy, or to his opponents, but an outpouring of heart, and it has been here at least very well received. Several safe men, and some good Evangelical men, pronounced it quite satisfactory; he has not lowered himself in the least degree to catch favour.

I have been able to think of little else lately.

TO HIS WIFE.

Holnicote, January 15, 1870.

We had a grand ride (Major [Colley] and I) over Dunkerry; a tremendous hailstorm on the Beacon. At sunset as we came down we saw first 8 stags, then 1, then 9 hinds, all within 250 yards. We came through Sweeterhay; the Major was quite worthy.

Holnicote, January 16, 1870.

Yesterday was a good preserve day, not near so good as last year, but they killed 47 pheasants, with etc., total 64 head.

The Major is not a good shot. Old Gould[1] was half laughing at my shooting "nil," and a few minutes after I wiped his eye, as it is called, in an open field before the world to their great amusement.

The Athenæum, March 12, 1870.

The Education question is awakening so much interest that I can't help talking it over when I can learn anything. Huxley has just told me he thinks the Bill radically wrong because it proposes to compel children to go to schools where religion is taught. He thinks compulsion and the secular principle must go together, and that it is very undesirable to let the local people settle the religious principles of their schools. He would rather postpone national education 20 years than let it pass—these Radical anti-theological people are very intolerant. I suppose they think the religion of this country a hollow and rotten thing, and dread its influence being strengthened.

The Dissenters in many cases are afraid that State Education will work in favour of the Church, and would keep out the Bible rather than let in the Church. But I think that a less narrow spirit is growing up and that we shall get a good Bill, but there will be a lot of fighting over it, and we must treat the Dissenters fairly.

House of Commons, March 31, 1870.

Talk with Master of Trinity, who told me about St. John. He is satisfied as a scholar that he *did* write the Fourth Gospel (in extreme old age).

He thinks, however, that he, though generally inspired and dwelling ever on the words of our Lord, still put our Lord's ideas in his own words, and put them, *e.g.*, in the mouth of John Baptist. He thinks it impossible to hold that every discourse is literally exactly what our Lord said. But that the substance is all real and true. I wish competent scholars would thus speak out and guide.

[1] The Rev. Robert Freke Gould, Rector of Stoke Pero.

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House of Commons Library, March, 1870.

I have not done much to-day except talk; one has so much to do in the way of exchanging ideas and understanding the position of affairs that I hear little of the speeches sometimes. I missed Gladstone last night, having retired to the library to read "Junius," which I never did read, and took a nap; then Childers woke me, and talked for near an hour about admiralty reform, military reform, church reform, county organization; said I to myself, does he wish to impress me with the idea that he is the coming man for Prime Minister.

He says the Education Bill is sure to work for the good of the Church, modify it how we may to please the Dissenters.

Godalming, July 1, 1870.

Surrey hills are pretty, and one could fancy how the Prussians would fight through the numerous woods; such variety of foliage, juniper, holly, birch, acacia, firs, and, finally, old marvellous chestnuts. I never saw such a group in England, but it was too late to draw to any purpose and the sun was all behind the hill; beautiful distance and the pale, tender south downs. I sat up rather late, finishing up with "Little Dorrit." Woke at 5 and 6 and $\frac{1}{4}$ 7; then we got up and went in search of two drawings, but it was too hot and we gave it up, no shade to be had. Now we are going in quest of beech trees, Hambledon Common, thence to Witley station and to Portsmouth.

To his Father.

House of Commons, Aug. 1st, 1870.

I have just time to tell you after Gladstone has finished, that I think the impression made by his speech (though not of the brilliant kind like Canning's Portugal speech), has been solidly good.[1] Sir G. Grey and Sir H. Bulwer and Roundell Palmer all agree on this. I told Sir G. Grey

[1] In relation to the Franco-German war.

I was going to write to you. He observed that Gladstone never spoke with more self-control, weighing every word. Disraeli laid himself open by two very unwise passages, one about armed neutrality, another about our guarantee of Saxon territory to Prussia under totally different circumstances, from which he drew a fine-spun argument about our duty to act with Russia—very insulting to Austria. He was also very uncivil to France.

I say nothing of his reference to the dismissal of artisans; that may be left to Exeter politicians. Gladstone met it by a simple statement of fact.

On the whole I think that England now shows calmly that it does not mean to allow trifling, and can hold her own.

I wish I knew what more we Volunteers can do; that will perhaps be shown to us by those who are best judges.

He now attended the course for Volunteer officers at Aldershot with his nephew, Charles Troyte.

To his Wife.

Aldershot, Nov. 16, 1870.

I told you I had a sight of shelter trenching; 3 companies in about 14 minutes dug trench enough to hide themselves completely, the front rank firing in front while the work was being done. I got back, thanks to the mare, in good time for brigade drill, and commanded a battalion in brigade under the Colonel. It was not so very difficult. I have been some walks with Colonel Oakes, head of the cavalry, a wonderful fellow, terribly rough in his language, but with an earnest purpose and warm heart, one of those peculiar men whom you can't account for. I heard him discuss a great field day plan for to-morrow with General Lysons. The cavalry are to be in front with videttes and outpost, and I am going with them.

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Aldershot, 18 *November*, 1870.

I have had a nap and woke up to coffee supper, and have written a long letter to Lord Northbrook about military affairs. It is now bedtime. It is such a bore having so little time to answer your letters—I was out early at drill this morning. I have been chiefly looking on first at a capital drill of the Colonel himself; then at the Volunteers. I think I learn a good deal that way. I fancy they consider I know my work pretty well. C. A. W. T. is now finding fault. He has been with young Walrond, and thinks the Guard's School has been much better conducted, more thorough, more strict, perhaps he is right; but I like this best for my purpose.

Aldershot, 26 *November*, 1870.

I have had no battalion drill to-day, having spent the whole morning in the Cavalry Barracks Riding School; a truly wonderful sight to see the perfect mastery of the horses, and all with such perfect gentleness. Now we are told there is going to be a serious examination on Monday and Tuesday, both practical, oral, and written—it is all right —hope I shan't be plucked. I was expecting Major Colley to spend Sunday here; but he has put it off, a great disappointment.

From Lord Derby.

Knowsley, Jan. 2, 1871.

Dear Col. Acland,

I am much obliged by your letter, as it convinces me that the ideas which I put forward the other day are, at least, not absolutely eccentric and peculiar.

The problem to solve appears to me to be the creation of a force which shall be effective for defence, and not capable of being used for other purposes. The love of fighting without object or necessity seems to be as strong as ever, in a large section of the community, and I really believe that if we had had, during the last six months, a powerful

force to send abroad, the pressure on the Government to interfere on one side or the other would have been serious. As it is, I am not clear that we are out of the scrape.

Yours truly,
DERBY.

TO HIS WIFE.

Holnicote, Jan. 17th, 1871.

Shooting! shooting! nothing else. Well, I walked up the Colonel's walk.[1] It is such a good line full of beautiful peeps, where father used to take pains about planting and leaving glades.

I then went down to join the shooting till luncheon. Arthur distributed tea and money; then I stretched across to Meyne farm—nice old Rawle. . . .

Walked to head of Grexie Combe and all round the cliffs to Enner's Combe, about a mile or more. It is not so fine quite as when *I sketched*; hill is *convex*, so you never see far either way. . . .

It will be easily made accessible to ladies and a great addition to the customary round—but not profitable.

Oxford, February 3, 1871.

I have been to church at St. Mary's to hear the new Religious Professor, Mozley. Such a queer sermon on the war—a sort of theoretical essay justifying war as not inconsistent with Christianity. It bored me immensely. His delivery is very bad, but he is thoughtful.

Henry does talk, talk, talk. He has several things on hand. We are going to his cottages at Marsh Gibbon tomorrow.

House of Commons, February 16, 1871.

I have been listening two hours to Cardwell. His plan is I think well received as providing the *union* of all the

[1] A walk made through the woods on North Hill, and called after Acland by his father.

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defensive forces of the country, purchase to be abolished, Militia united with the Army. Volunteers to be made more real and obedient, or to go.

House of Commons, March 1, 1871.

I am in a puzzle about arrangements as I was about Burial Bill, which is going on, but I fear I must vote against Leopold and let his left-handed brother[1] in at least so far as to give the Bill a second reading and try to arrange the details in Committee. If we are to have a National Established Church we must make it as little obnoxious in small matters as we can.

"Entre nous" what the clergy dislike is the interference with their authority, and they fear the thing may go further and they may wish to use the buildings.

London, March 7, 1871, 2 *p.m.*

I am very sorry Goschen is going to leave the Poor Law Board, which he has mastered, and about ships and sailors I suppose he knows nothing; but we were reckoning on him for a Health Act and to deal with Local Government; however, Stansfeld will be good at that. It is pleasant knowing these people, and having no personal ambition except to help them to do well, if in any little matter one can. I have a doleful letter from Benson to the effect that all father has done or thinks he has done for his estate leaves it in such a state that before long we shall find it difficult to keep good tenants. It is not quite true, but there is some truth.

House of Commons, March 7, 1871.

I have got over my brief[2] pretty well, I believe. I had not quite time to put my notes well into shape, but I had been fully primed by Mr. Smith. It is wonderful to think how people answer difficult cases, and pick up as they go,

[1] The Nonconformist minister.

[2] A speech on the Ecclesiastical Commission.

and weave in the incidents of a debate. I did not feel that I was doing quite as I ought. I felt such a tickling tendency to play with my opponent, though I put "tum tum" down on my notes and gave him plenty of butter, which answered well, by putting the House into good humour with us both. Gladstone listened and occasionally signified his approval. Mowbray followed, and Bruce, who had spent an hour in getting up the subject this morning, thought it unnecessary to add anything; so I hope I did fairly what was expected of me, though, as I say, I felt a ruggedness and want of culture in the tone. I only boggled over one sentence. I then said, "I beg pardon," and began it over again.

House of Commons, in Lobby during division, May 9th, 1871.

While W. E. G. is writing to the Queen I may write to my Queen in the Lobby. We have had two wonderful speeches,[1] Miall's and Gladstone's, two very fair from Roundell Palmer and Disraeli. I attended to Miall every word and took notes. He did not attack the Church, but used a line of respectful argument which must have been new to most of the Conservatives, showing how the cause of religion is trammelled and cramped by establishment, and how it fails to secure either universality over the whole nation or unity within the Church. He wound up with a fine end about coming times of trouble, which Palmer answered by an amusing quotation from Cowper about the ram who advised that they should jump into the pit.

Gladstone was gentle and judicious, showing the Dissenters that though they may shatter the Liberal Party they cannot assume to dictate its policy, and resting the case of the Church of England on the general attachment of the people and its long associations and history.

[1] On Disestablishment of the Church of England.

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Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, May 10, 1871.

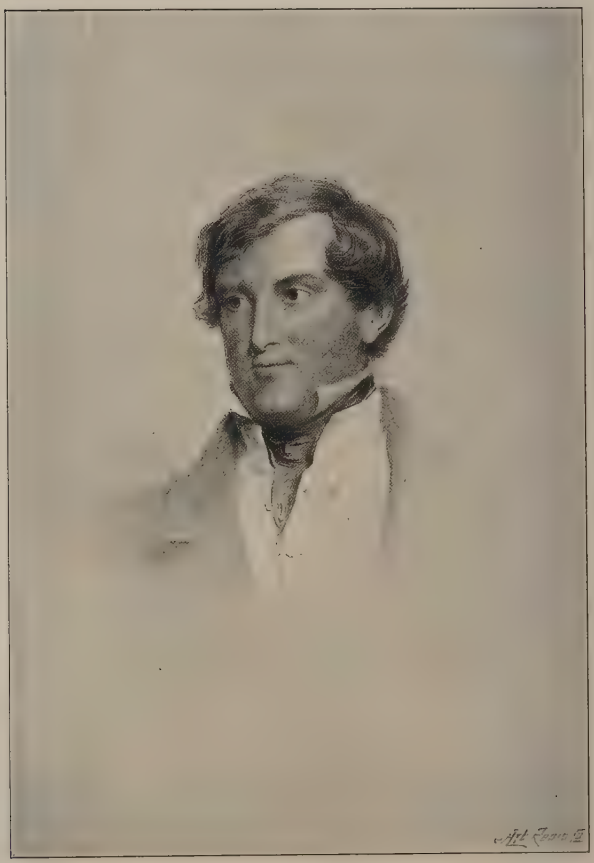
Direct Father's attention to the account of the debate in page 5 of the "Pall Mall." It will make him think well of Gladstone. Certainly the *Establishment* gained rather than lost by last night's debate *for the present.* Whether principles were not brought out which will work on to disestablishment and in favour of active Christian zeal, however irregular and various, is I think more doubtful. Probably things are moving in that direction.

To his Father.

Whitehall Place, May 25th, 1871.

I have heard from Agnes of all your kind interest in giving pleasure to those around you in commemoration of the day which brought me into the world 62 years ago, and of your good and loving parental wishes and blessings. I wish I were more worthy of them and of all your kindness through so many years: I feel very much how fully you have given me your confidence in the belief that I would not willingly depart from the general principles of conduct which you have instilled into us all by precept and example. What may be the position and responsibilities of landowners within a very few years it is difficult to guess; but I hope that the good sense with which the upper class have adapted themselves to the growth of other classes will not forsake them, and that exorbitant expectations will not obtain wide currency among the people at large. . . .

You will have observed that neither Hardy nor Walpole (the two senior members and the only statesmen) gave any support to Lord Salisbury's new Test. I do hope that as a change was inevitable the matter is left in a good position. I anticipate great good from the access of Bible-taught Dissenters to the public opinion of the University.



SIR T. D. ACLAND THE ELDER.

From a drawing by G. Richmond.

To his Wife.

Athenæum Club, July, 1871.

Miss F. has really done me more good than any drawing master ever did, and I am gone back to the old Mitchell way of beginning with the darks; also she has taught me one thing on which your teaching, though generally very good, was wrong, namely, the *real* use of cobalt in trees. Cobalt, brown pink, and gamboge, or cobalt, sepia and gamboge make beautiful inside greys for trees, if they are cool grey trees reflecting sky light; on the other hand warm trees want cool shadows.

House of Commons Library, July 6, 1871.

The chief event to me has been the going to see the Maid of Orleans—I went unwillingly, feeling lazy. . . .

Tom Taylor was with us explaining the structure of the piece, and told us it was all historical truth, nearly—all Joan's speeches being taken from the old chronicles and records of her trial as a witch. . . .

At the time we thought what a pity such power of teaching as the theatre should be turned to bad or treated as bad by Christians; but on further thought I think the frequent habit of going to theatres must be bad and end in mere pleasure and excitement. Still I did wish for May and Pussy to see this play. There was nothing about the place in the slightest degree indecorous; a dear old white horse came on the stage mounted by Joan "en cavalier."

To his Son Francis Gilbert.

Killerton, Exeter, 1871.

This little mark on the paper will prepare you for some loss—the mother's and sisters' letters will tell you details on which I need not now dwell. I know how thoroughly you appreciated your Grandfather's bright character and high moral influence over us all.

That is now no more with us on earth—I have hitherto

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always, as your Uncle Henry says, felt that all my work was under his eye, and that now for the first time we are ourselves responsible. He was very gentle with me more and more to the end. I sat with him for a short time before he would see Sir James East. I have nothing very special to report. He spoke of his medical attendant and of the House of Lords and Gladstone quite calmly. As to the change in our family position I cannot say much at present, I think there will be very little; for the present we shall continue to live at Sprydoncote and at Holnicote if we can.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

10, *Downing Street, Whitehall, July* 24, 1871.

Notwithstanding your kind dispensation, I must thank you for having thought me willing to be specially informed of your Father's release from the burden of the flesh. In him we have lost a pure and manly spirit, and a man whose name will long be held in honour. It is well that his place will be worthily supplied, in all respects but one. But there was one of his characteristics which now-a-days sadly lacks representation: it was that of the eminent and mighty Conservative County member, a class who were ever available at once to give effective support, and to impose restraint no less effective on the action of party. The absorption of Wilson Patten into the official ranks took away perhaps the last man able and disposed to fulfil this office on the Tory side of the House.

CHAPTER VIII

1871—1880

In the first part of this period of ten years the independent management of a great estate occupied a large part of Acland's time and attention. He had long ago prepared himself for the effective performance of the duties of his new position. His own attitude towards the estate, to the ownership of which he now succeeded, at the age of sixty-two, was much affected by the fact that, as we have seen, he was brought up in an atmosphere of financial difficulties. To turn back to the origin of these difficulties at the beginning of the century, as early as 1812 his father had spoken of the excess of his annual expenditure by one half above his income, and this before he entered Parliament. He mentions this in his journal for 1812 as follows:

"In consequence of a continuation of the above-mentioned bad habits (sloth, irresolution, and irregularity), and also the excess of my annual expenditure by one half above my income, I meditated on a plan of retirement from Killerton for some years (May, 1812). . . . I completed the arrangements of my plan. . . . But it was to be otherwise, and the sacrifice was not required of me. As by the direction of Divine Providence it so fell out that before dawn on the very day when from a journey of three months I was about

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to repair to Holnicote to take the first steps of my proposed retirement, I was summoned hither in consequence of the sudden resignation of Sir Lawrence Palk, and called upon to succeed him in the representation of the county. . . . My mother and friends tell me that public employment is the best remedy for my habits of indolence. Be it so. . . . To-morrow I am to be nominated by Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cholwick." Oct. 11., 1812, Killerton.

He was in Parliament till 1857, with the exception of the brief periods, 1818 to 1821, and 1831 to 1837. It may easily be understood that the excess of expenditure with which he had charged himself was not alleviated by Parliamentary life or Parliamentary elections. It has been stated that he spent £80,000 on these elections, and this is probably not far short of the mark. With seven children, besides the election burdens, the difficulties were not lessened. He had also a habit of extreme open-handedness and a sort of Quixotic generosity which came into play on many occasions. "Do not, I pray you," wrote Mr. Carew, his family adviser, "be over-liberal and a little Quixotic also." But there was a patriarchal position to maintain; there were five family homes in the west, including Killerton and Holnicote. His eldest son was at Sprydon, his second son Arthur was at Huntsham, and his son Leopold was at Broadclyst. Their families were constantly going and coming, open house was kept, and the establishment was easy-going and lavish to the end of his life. At the same time the estate itself generally was a good deal neglected

in his later years, farm buildings and cottages were out of repair, and there was much which called for better management and more careful attention.

The condition of affairs therefore was not very satisfactory when Acland succeeded his father in 1871. He at once resolved to make the estate his principal object, to modify the lavish policy of the past, and to live with considerable simplicity. For twenty-seven years this aim as regards the estate was constantly before him. He often spoke about it and wrote about it, and this increasingly as he became an older man, when he used to regret that he had not done even more, though he knew that he had done far more than most men in his position would have done. He was probably conscious in his later years that he was unable to give that personal supervision upon which, with his system of management, so much depended, and this rather distressed him. But in the earlier years he was full of ideas of economy and reform. Lord Blachford, in an amusing letter to Miss Rogers from Killerton in 1877, speaks of Lord Portsmouth, who was staying there, "snubbing Acland for his farming politics—economical talk of putting down deer. 'No, no,' said Lord Portsmouth, 'don't do that. I find nothing so pacific as venison.'" He never did put down the deer, though soon after his father's death he asked his agent to ascertain for how much they could be sold. But he was constantly grumbling in a half-humorous way at the expense of what he called the three G's, game, garden, and gammon; the last being a comprehensive term for various

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forms of expenditure which he did not like. His own personal habits were extremely simple, and he had a great dislike to luxury or display. He had many views about economical management, and gave much thought to the matter. But it would not be true to say that he had in any large measure the power of patient and persistent inquiry, or of that continuity of control in details which are so essential to anyone who, as he did, largely manages his estate himself. He would begin a morning of business, and end by running after first one hare and then another in his talk, till the first business was almost forgotten. But he kept his main object in view as regards the estate, and he spent very large sums indeed in paying off incumbrances and in building and improving farms and cottages. The falling-in of the High Bray property, owing to the death of Sir Peregrine Acland in 1871, a few months after Sir Thomas Acland's death, brought very considerable relief at an important time. I am indebted to Mr. Battishill for some information about his expenditure on the estate, which will be found later on. By his determined retrenchments in his earlier years of ownership, and his simple habits of life, he set the estate free from its heavy embarrassments, and left it in a far better position than it had been during the century. He sold more land than he bought while he was owner, but, speaking broadly, he kept the bulk of the estate together. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that he regarded the alienation or sale of landed estate as undesirable in principle. On the contrary, he constantly spoke of

his father's foresight in not allowing the estate to be so tied up by deed or will that his successors could not deal with it. He regarded this as a very important matter, of which he frequently spoke in private and sometimes in public. Thus, speaking at a public meeting at Broadclyst in 1881, he said: "Are our landlords in a position by law to do what is expected of them? As a rule I say 'no.' Among the many blessings I owe to my good father, I owe him this. He was a far-seeing man in these matters; and with the help of that good man, John Carew, he made arrangements which put us into a very different position from that in which some people are found to-day as to doing what is necessary when large improvements have to be considered. I must not go into private affairs. Neither my son nor myself wishes to talk about our own private business, but we are both of us in this position, that we can do, either singly or jointly, whatever may be necessary. But this is not the case with many." A year or two later (1883) he said, "The whole question of the property in land, of the privileges and duties connected with it deserves calm and fearless inquiry"; and in writing to Mr. Gladstone in 1885, he said, "I fully admit that the duties of landed property require different treatment and enforcement from those of personal property, and I feel strongly the evil of large non-residential ownership when encumbered."

That he was greatly interested in the welfare of the tenants on his estate, it is hardly necessary to say. For fifty years, as has been shown elsewhere, he maintained his

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interest in farming and the farmer, and in all that concerned his well-being and advancement. So, too, he often spoke of the position of the agricultural labourer, and his desire to improve it, and he felt very keenly the need of a better distribution of wealth in the country. Thus, in 1875, he said, "When we think of the fearful difference between the enormous fortunes which have been handed down or which are being built up at the present day, and the poverty and misery which surround us in this country, the picture presented is truly alarming and almost heart-breaking. . . . Still we have the fact that a large proportion of our population are ministering to the enjoyment of the richer classes, and it is a matter of great anxiety in the outlook for all statesmen and patriotic persons. With the full discussion we have in our respective interests, every class is on the look-out, and all thoughtful persons are anxious now by some means to arrive at a more wholesome distribution of wealth. I earnestly hope that the measures which are now before the public mind, and others which may be in prospect, will tend in that direction. One thing is certain—much depends on our harmony and our willingness to help each other, and as regards the poorest, we must assist them to cultivate habits of self-help." And on another occasion, "Do not, I pray you, think that I am indifferent to the hard struggle for a living which many fathers and mothers have to make for their own children. . . . I am sure neither farmers nor landowners have anything to fear from a self-reliant provident body of educated labourers. But all

classes have a great deal to fear from intemperance and pauperism."

For the first three years after his father's death he continued to live at Sprydoncote, in much the same simple way as before. After he moved to Killerton he began to develop his interest in farming for himself, and in making experiments in a way that had, up to that time, been impossible. He took into his own hands a considerable farm, which in his father's time had been let to a tenant, and for many years the home farm was a source of the keenest delight and pleasure. He would go there day after day, taking any, or every, guest or relative that was staying in the house. And those who went would, whether they were interested in agriculture or not, receive lessons on the arrangement of a yard or of the beams in a roof, or on a water meadow, or on rotation of crops, or on the growth of plants, or on butter-making. And perhaps he would return by his timber yard, where he had established a steam engine, and would discourse on general principles of repairs and estate management; or he would pay a visit to some field where experiments were being made, or to the experimental grass-plots in the park. If his guest was really interested he delighted to recommend him to visit some practical farmer of his acquaintance, perhaps one of his own tenants. "He is a downright good fellow; now do get hold of him; you couldn't possibly do better! he thoroughly understands the matter." He was a most staunch advocate of those in whom he really believed. He greatly valued the assistance he

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received from Mr. Battishill during these busy years, and warmly appreciated the zealous work of Mr. Stevens on the Devonshire and Cornish estates, and of Mr. Birmingham on the Somersetshire estate.

Mr. Battishill, who was the agent of his Devonshire estates almost from the first, and of the Cornwall and Somersetshire estates during the last two or three years of his life, has been good enough to contribute the following notes and recollections:

"I remember saying some years ago at one of the Bray rent dinners, in explaining why rents on Sir Thomas's estates had not fallen in the same proportion as rents on other properties in Devonshire, that he had spent in my opinion upwards of £130,000 on his estates generally. I know this was a low estimate, and I should think that during the twenty-seven years that he was in possession he must have spent at least £200,000 on actual improvements, irrespective of ordinary up-keep. I can say this with regard to the estates, that the Bray estate when it came into Sir Thomas's hands in 1871, was in a fearfully dilapidated state, and now, with the exception of one set of farm buildings which are condemned and will be rebuilt this summer, the whole estate is in perfect order. The same may be said of West Cornwall, of Killerton, Winsford, and Holnicote—in fact, the estates, with one or two isolated exceptions, are in admirable order throughout.

"With regard to Sir Thomas's relations to his tenantry, they were, during all my experience, of the most kindly

character on both sides, but while he was always accessible to every tenant who wished to see him, there was a kind of guarded aloofness in his intercourse which is absolutely necessary in the management of estates such as these. His personal knowledge of his tenants, however, began from the very first. His mode of selecting a tenant was as follows. If a farm became vacant, I caused it to be known in the Exeter, Holsworthy, or Southmolton Market as the case might be. I never put in an advertisement at all. Applications would come in; I should see each applicant myself, find out all about him except as to his religion or politics (on which no questions were ever asked), and report to Sir Thomas. He would then select one or two applicants and see them personally. This was an ordeal which the applicants rather dreaded, for Sir Thomas used to put them through their facings pretty strictly; for instance, one young fellow, who is now on the estate, and an excellent tenant, came to me after his first interview with Sir Thomas and I asked him how he got on, and he said Sir Thomas asked him where he was educated, whether he could measure a half-round field, and as to the chemical components of a load of dung, and a lot of other things which the poor youth had never heard of. On seeing Sir Thomas afterwards he told me that he was much struck with the young man's appearance and manner, and that he thought he would make a very good tenant, but that his education had been terribly neglected!

"In his personal interviews with tenants Sir Thomas was

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very willing to hear what they had to say, as to what he should do in regard to improvements or otherwise, but he was always careful to say, "Mind, this is not business, it is only talk; business will have to be done in writing." This, in theory, was admirable, but in practice the tenants often construed Sir Thomas's expressions, which were sometimes somewhat unguarded, into definite promises. But I think it was in relation to the wives of the tenants that Sir Thomas's 'bonhommie' was most conspicuous, and it is not too much to say that the tenants' wives were really devoted to him. What interested him most in agricultural matters was the dairy, and that naturally brought him in contact with the farmers' wives. Whenever he visited a farmhouse the first thing he wanted to see was the dairy, and then ensued a lecture to the mistress of the house on all the mysteries of dairying, advice as to apparatus to be used, temperature to which milk should be brought before churning, the relative merits of scald and raw-cream butter, and the rest. This lecture was often followed by a discussion in which the lady would stick to her views, which was generally followed by a lecture on the whole duty of woman from a domestic point of view, from the most economical way of lighting a parlour fire down to the best mode of feeding a baby. I need hardly say that such discussions as these were perfectly delightful to the ladies, who, while they often said that Sir Thomas was talking about things which they knew much better themselves, were only too pleased to have the opportunity of fighting out the subjects with one who took such

an interest in them. . . . I dare say you are aware that the policy on the estate for the last thirty years is to allow every tenant absolute freedom of cultivation, unless he receives notice to the contrary, when he is bound to cultivate according to the lease. I think it is only on three occasions since I have been connected with the estate that I have had to give a cropping notice. This speaks equally well for landlord and tenant, and I may add that the provision for compensation to a tenant on quitting, adopted in 1873 or 1874, is more liberal than is afforded by the Agricultural Holdings Act, or any leases of which I have any experience. You say you would like to have a description of a specimen day or week or month when he was specially busy with the estate. I can give you a day which I shall never forget. Happening to mention to Sir Thomas, who was then in London in service at the House (I think it was 1 Feb., 1882), that I was going down to Bray, he wrote and said that he would be glad to get away from the House for a day or two, and would I send on a couple of hacks to South Molton and he would ride over the Bray property with me. Accordingly he came down and we went together to South Molton. I remember driving up from South Molton station. We had the carriage half open—Sir Thomas stood up the whole way, leaning his arms over the front of the carriage and talking to the driver about every farm that we passed. The next morning we started off from South Molton about 8 o'clock, rode over the whole of Hacche farm, then on to the Yards. Then Sir Thomas said he should like to see the Acland

Allotment, which as you know is virtually a part of Exmoor, though not actually Exmoor. He noticed that I had a bad cold—it was a bitterly cold day, and passing the 'Poltimore Arms' he insisted on my going in and taking some brandy and water. He would not take 'no' for an answer. We then went on to Moule's Chamber, which is a small holding occupied by a man called Smith, who looked after the sheep on the Exmoor allotment. When we got to Smith's Sir Thomas asked me to put the horses in the stable (which was hardly big enough to hold one pony), while he got some tea. When I had looked after the horses, I went into the house, and there found Mrs. Smith up to her arms in soapsuds (as it was washing-day), and Sir Thomas in front of the fire with the bellows trying to make the kettle boil. I can assure you we had a very merry hour with Mrs. Smith, while Sir Thomas ate his bread and butter and drank his tea. After that we rode back to Littlebray through hail and snow and everything that was disagreeable. We got there about six o'clock, and after dinner Sir Thomas went to sleep for about two hours, and about eleven o'clock he woke up and told me to call for John Zeal. He made him produce his day labour sheets, which Sir Thomas went through, and kept John Zeal and myself up until about half-past one. He seemed then to realize that it was time to go to bed, and to bed we went. Finding that there were not sufficient clothes on my bed I went downstairs to get my rug. Sir Thomas hearing a noise on the stairs came out on the landing, where a map of North Devon and Somerset was hanging on the wall. He then

began a discussion about the proposed Minehead and Lynton Railway, and said that it was to be opposed tooth and nail. About ten minutes after this Sir Thomas saw that I had only my nightshirt on, and said that I must be half-frozen, as in fact I was; so there ended that day, and a pleasanter day I never spent. The next morning Sir Thomas was up at seven o'clock, and posted by road straight away for Bude. Not a bad two days' work for a man of his age."

During the years which followed his father's death there was no great new interest awakened in Acland's mind. He had passed into late middle life, and though his general bodily and mental vigour had not abated, there were no new hobbies, or perhaps it would be more true to say the hobbies of the moment arose out of those of an earlier time. In the first part of this period the independent management of a great estate occupied as we have seen a great part of his time and attention. He was now able in addresses and speeches and pamphlets to speak much more freely on the position and duties of a great landowner than during his father's lifetime. His zeal for talking and discussing agricultural subjects found full opportunity for showing itself, and in Parliament agricultural rating and tenant right questions were among those which specially interested him.

He spoke in the House of Commons occasionally on Endowed Schools and Local Taxation and Tenants' Compensation, and less frequently on matters connected with the Army and Volunteers. But during the years 1874-80

when his party was in opposition, he did not feel himself so closely bound to the House, as when the Liberals were in office. Consequently, although frequently in London, he spent a great part of these years in the West, either in Devonshire or in Somersetshire. He was also kept much at home during 1873 and 1874 by the great domestic sorrow which overclouded these years, the long illness of his second son, Francis Gilbert, followed by his death on August 24, 1874.

Acland had become deeply attached to his son, especially after he had begun doing his work in the Army well, and his affectionate devotion to him showed to all who witnessed it what a tender side there was to his usually reserved disposition. In the days of boyhood there had often been friction between the two, when the father tried to check the son's habits of idleness, carelessness, or extravagance. There was one memorable occasion when Gib was about eighteen, before he went to Cambridge. His father was teaching him mathematics in the dining-room at Holnicote, and there came a moment when Gib said, "I won't." His father presently said, "Either you or I must leave the room," and then rang the bell. Gib said afterwards that he had wondered whether the butler Hobbs, who was a diminutive man, was to be told to take him away. It appeared that lunch was to be laid in another room if Gib would not go. Finally he went, and having obtained his gun he remained out from midday till long after midnight. His father would not see him till he apologized, and the apology was not forthcoming for another day or two. Finally the old butler brought about the recon-

ciliation. But however painful such incidents were, the education of the heart was not neglected, as William Johnson, his tutor at Eton, who was devoted to him, had said. "He often asks me," Johnson writes, "to tell him about English history, and I know no pleasanter occupation. He might learn almost everything by word of mouth and reproduce it in examination on paper, though not very legibly, and by word of mouth not very accurately. I cannot give you any hope from Eton experience of his doing much by himself. His intelligence cannot be separated from his sympathies. . . . Regretting that I cannot show you more solid results of Eton instruction, and suggesting only that at all events the education of the *heart* is not neglected in our singularly good-humoured and kindly society, I will add only the expression of a hope that the boys may learn during their long holidays something that they have neglected at school."

After two years at Cambridge Gib entered the Rifle Brigade in 1864, and went to Gibraltar, and shortly afterwards to Canada. In Canada he was present when there were some troubles with the Fenians. He went among them in disguise, and wrote delightful descriptive accounts of his adventures. He soon took a serious interest in his profession and became Musketry Instructor and afterwards Adjutant. He was at Fleetwood for a time, and afterwards in India and at Aden.

He and his father used to correspond much on military affairs. Here is an extract from one of his letters:

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"I dare say Gladstone is a great financier and is determined to cut everything down, but I sadly fear that he doesn't care enough for the Army to have it efficient. I was very much struck by one thing about the Duke said by Sir John M'Neil, that the Great Duke was a system in himself. When he died he left no system behind him. He was his own Q.M.G. and A.A.G., and still more his own Commissioner-General. We can't always have such men, and so we must have a system, and under one control. I am redhot on the subject, so you must excuse such a long letter of shop, but I am so afraid of your making a speech and committing yourself to this cry of only eight millions because the Duke said so fifty years ago, as if he knew. He would be frightened at a breechloader or an Armstrong." . . . . . "I abuse Gladstone to you and stand up for him at mess. They call me a first-class Radical."

One passage must be given illustrating his great love of horses. The following is about his favourite mare, Columbine, when he was at Portsmouth:

"She is quite delightful here and quite acquiesces in the steam ferry being a necessary thing to get over the harbour. The first day she did not understand it, but now seems quite to understand the arrangement—and watches the ships as we go by them with great interest and no fear. But the firing she will not have at any price—and it is no use teasing her about it. I shall be glad to have the colt here to have him all ready to take her place, and with time to get over all the little troubles of shyness. It is like bringing a young lady out for her first season—letting all the strange and new ideas fall into her mind without forcing attention to them."

In the home life when Gib came for vacations or furlough, his influence in breaking down for the time being the some-

what rigid traditions which his father had inherited, was a source of much mild enjoyment in the family.

There was a kind of shocked feeling tempered by amusement when it was rumoured that he had met the harriers somewhere on a casual ride and gone a little way with them. From this the steps onward were rapid. And at last his hunting was a recognized thing. Even the most innocent game of whist for love had been prohibited at home, and on only one or two occasions was a game of cards ever seen in Acland's house during his long life. On these occasions Gib was the successful author of the innovation. Dancing was of course quite unknown, but on the occasion of his sister's marriage in 1872, he managed to get the band into the house, and organized an impromptu dance in the library. One of the most notable instances of the breaking of rules for the sake of Gib was when Acland deliberately took Gib's dog to church. The incident was described to Gib in a letter to him from his undergraduate brother Arthur as follows:

Holnicote [*Sunday, June* 16, 1870].

. . . Since supper we arranged a steeple-chase of thirteen chairs in a circle round the rooms for "the Slut"[1] to perform on. Charles Hoare took her round after a bit of pudding. She got round twice, and then one of the fences was carried away. It was a most splendid sight, and we were all dying with laughter. . . . She has been a great source of amusement while we have had her here. But what will astonish you is that Papa actually had her up in our pew[2] on purpose

[1] "The Slut" was Gib's Clumber spaniel "Nelly."

[2] The pew was a family pew over the porch in Selworthy Church, which could be approached by a staircase in the porch without the

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during afternoon church because he did not know where else to put her. He kept her under his seat most of the service, but just at the end of the sermon she escaped, and on being hit she squeaked so that many people in the church must have heard, and all the gallery saw her, I expect, and the people outside the church. I thought it a scandalous proceeding, but he didn't seem to think so at all.

When Gib started for India in 1869, Acland, who went to see him off, wrote to his wife as follows:

Nov. 21, 1869.

I am writing in a casemate at Gosport, Major Colley's room. We spent great part of yesterday with Captain Knox, a double Victoria Cross man who was a corporal, a noble fellow, very fond of Gib. The dear boy started at a minute to 10 a.m. He climbed into the shrouds to catch my eye, while I patted a foxhound to catch his. I suppose it was having caught me made him look so beaming. I cannot forget it, and it brings tears to my eyes as I write.

An extract from one of Acland's more serious letters to his son is here given:

I am sure you know how close the tie has been drawn between us all these last few days and hours, and many words would only spoil the peace of union such as these times seal. I wish just to give you the comfort of feeling that you have really contributed to our happiness more than you can know. . . . I would not have you forget that a pleasant natural cheerful disposition is not a security unless sanctified and sustained by that which is above all natural affection, which we call supernatural or spiritual. The full effect may perhaps not be realized without suffer-

necessity of going into the church. The dog was brought to church in order that it might join the Sunday walk after the service on North Hill.

ing and chastisement, and perhaps self-humiliation after failure of one's own strength, or it may in God's great mercy and love grow gradually and with continuing cheerful health of body and mind. What may be in store for you we cannot foresee; only, whether your future be sunny or clouded, I wish to impress on you the truth, that permanent essential good is God's gift and not our own doing, and therefore we must ever be watchful, humble, believing, and pray.

Gib died at the age of thirty-one at Sprydoncote, after a long illness, on August 24, 1874. He was buried at Columb-John, the little family burying-ground at the edge of Killerton Park. His old Eton tutor wrote thus about him just a few days after his death:

I have been writing and reading letters about my glorious, heroic friend Gib Acland, my own recruit for the army: he has died after twenty months' silence. Within a day of death he enjoyed, and made signs of thanks, for some old hymns, tunes, and even for two bits of "In Memoriam," which he liked as a boy, and which they knew, by my having marked them with his initials. His father discouraged his brother officers from coming to the funeral; but the battalion gave up its one yearly holiday (sports, etc.) and sent six young sergeants to bear him to the family grave; and Francis Pelham, who went to the funeral, ran after them to thank them, and say, "He was my sergeant in our Volunteers at Eton," and they said there was no officer at all like him: he had never been out of temper but once, and that was when he couldn't stop two men fighting. I used to reckon on him not only as a guide but as a guide, since he knew the country so well; but he never could come to me, nor I go to him.[1]

[1] Mr. William Johnson, who took the name of Cory in 1872, soon after he left Eton, was at this time living at Halsdon, in Devonshire.

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Acland's brother Leopold had also suffered a heavy loss a little before this time by the death of his only daughter in 1872. Leopold, the vicar of Broadclyst, was greatly loved in the homes of Killerton and Sprydoncote. His was a singularly modest beautiful character. His earnest, simple, and serious sermons in the parish church are still well remembered by many who heard them. There was a very sincere affection between the two brothers. It was a great pleasure to Acland and his wife when Leopold in December, 1872, brought a second wife to his bereaved home.[1]

As the domestic sorrow caused by his great loss lessened and Acland recovered the power of enjoying life once more, one of his chief interests lay in developing the home at Holnicote, which had always been for him a centre of romance and delight. In his father's lifetime he had only been able to go there for a few days at a time, but now he was able to make the place more available for longer holidays. The house was enlarged and made more comfortable, and walks were laid out both on North Hill and in the neighbourhood of Horner and Dunkery.[2]

The little hill-farm Cloutisham, so well known to followers

[1] He married Julie Wappner, Dec. 12, 1872.

[2] Acland's father had made many paths on North Hill, some of the most important of which converge at Agnes fountain. To these, additions were now made on both sides of the valley. The names given, such as Katharine's Well, Cat's Scramble, Walton Walk, Lady Acland's Walk, Lord Ebrington's Path, Windsor Path, Flora's Ride, Boy's Ride, Walrond Path, Cabinet Walk, Mr. Muller's Path, Mr. Hancock's Path, indicate various events or friendships which he wished to commemorate.

A WILD EXMOOR PONY.

From a photograph.

of the Devon and Somerset staghounds, was improved, and a bedroom and sitting-room were added. The sitting-room has been used ever since for many picnic meals. He used the bedroom once for a stay of two or three nights, which he most keenly enjoyed. He was always glad to take a friend over to Winsford to enjoy the scenery on the Exe or the Barle, and especially to see Tarr Steps, the ancient bridge over the Barle. Here, too, was to be seen his herd of wild Exmoor ponies,[1] some of whom were occasionally taken to the park at Killerton to be filled out with a little extra feeding.

The days at Holnicote would be spent in long walks or rides over the hills, and warm admiration of the beauty of woods, streams, and valleys. At such times the enjoyment of nature was to him the best and surest relief from the overstrain of worry and work. But at other times he was despondent, questioning his right to so much pleasure and enjoyment. He says at one time, for instance, "I have been lonely and dull. I feel sad many ways. I am too fond of this beautiful nature, and cannot lift my heart in undoubting faith to the brighter home beyond." The despondency showed itself quickly, and was perhaps less real than it seemed, but there was in him always an excessive tendency to introspection, and he was often restlessly anxious to explain to himself and others what was going on inside his mind.

[1] A reproduction of a photograph of one of the little wild Exmoor stallions, snorting and defiant, taken on a day when they were driven from the moor into the yards, is here given.

The old activities were, however, constantly re-asserting themselves. There was, among others, one development of his military duties which he very greatly enjoyed, namely, the camping out with a small body of volunteers. There were many outlets for his zeal, among them the subject of camp cooking, on which he wrote a paper of hints. When he was close on seventy he was still enjoying the "camp," and short nights of only four hours' sleep in no way exhausted his energy the next day. He wrote to his wife from camp at Broadhembury in 1878 on Sunday:

> We started for church at 7.30, up at 5. No officers went to second church. I did, but to little purpose, as I was so tired; I had only had four hours' sleep. I was going to sit through a hymn, when it came "Christians, seek not yet repose." What could I do but stand up? But I made up by sleeping through the sermon.

Three of Acland's children were married during these years, Mary in 1872, Arthur in 1873, and Charles in 1879. After his son's death in 1874 at Sprydoncote, he moved to Killerton with a good deal of regret, for he was not much attached to the big house. And there or at Holnicote he and his wife kept hospitable home for children and grandchildren and many other relations and friends. He especially delighted to have an artist with him or an Assistant Commissioner on Education or Agriculture, or anyone practically interested in his own subjects, and rejoiced to pour out his stores of information and experience for their benefit.

Both in 1874 and in 1880 Acland was returned unopposed

to Parliament for North Devon. His eldest son stood in 1880 for West Somerset in the Liberal interest, and after a capital fight was only beaten by 169 votes.[1] Two years later he joined his father in the House of Commons as member for East Cornwall.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

To his Wife.

Sprydoncote, Exeter, October 11, 1871.

Yesterday I walked over Penstrase Moor, which was barren moor and now is a conglomeration of small leaseholds of four to ten acres—the houses built by the people themselves, who have for the most part been miners; they regard the Estates like their own, paying only 5*s.* per annum, out of which they get 2*s.* 6*d.* for a dinner, and two or three of them on an average pay a fine for renewal, say £50, besides £5 5*s.* to the lawyer!!! They are interesting people, *very* independent—all Dissenters. Some very good farmers—the chief man spends a great deal in artificial manure, and has converted barren heath into rich land; such is the charm of comparative independence; this is what Mill and Co. want. It is a curious matter for reflection.

Ecclesiastical Commission, 1872.

I sat still last night from 4 p.m. to eight, feeling very cross and hungry, having had no luncheon. . . .

To go back to House of Commons, I felt, as I said, not cross exactly, but dismal. I feel I fear something naughty, a sort of disappointment, as if I had lost the chance I might have had of useful position. . . .

I suppose the fact is that I was not well grounded in broad general culture, and that is what tells in public life.

[1] The figures were, Vaughan Lee 3186, Bissett 3136, Acland 2967.

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I have had my hobbies, Schools, Church, Agriculture, a little Art, and they have done good and gained me credit at the time more than I deserved. Now I feel as if I were left mere dry bones without the spring of culture and heart which opens sympathies and wins and holds friends, and so I feel out of spirits; perhaps, also, there was some little self-importance yesterday, not liking people to call me Sir T., and yet expecting something of the sort. It was quite a relief when anyone said "Acland" cheerily in the old way. Hastings Russell began in his chaffing way calling me your Lordship, and surprised to see me still in the Lower House, and he did not seem to believe that it was all a myth. Well, now I know what you are saying—"put away self"; well, it is quite true, but that is the difficulty.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Sprydoncote, Exeter, Feb. 2, 1872.

I believe I am justified in sending you the enclosed copy of a letter from Temple. I remarked to him in a letter that on the face of the Manchester programme, it was not so very different from the Education Act, in that in this parish the same men would form the board, the same master would be kept, the same hours would be observed. I think the Bishop goes to the heart of the question about religious equality, and what he says about Rates making their way gradually is very true. . . .

I hope you will still find a corner for old Maurice and D[erwent] Coleridge.

To his Wife.

House of Commons, February 21st, 1872.

I am sitting in the House listening to Cardwell and afraid of missing any main point, so I write with pencil. . . .

Cardwell is making a good case, but he is beginning a most important matter, the amalgamation of all the forces. . . .

Now his plan for localizing is out!! I don't like it, at least it seems to me open to the objection of making our regiments narrow-minded by mere local cliques.

House of Commons Library, February 25th, 1873.

I had a bit at Ecclesiastical Commission, and a long sit at the Endowed Schools Committee. Forster ordered his coffee same time as mine, and suggested having all on one tray, and proceeded to eat up three bits of butter out of four—I having no bread to get on with. I *shall* have my own tray on Friday, unless for Lent's sake I ought to submit.

Holnicote, May 20, 1873.

I went last night to see the water spring for Allerford and Bossington, both excellent. Then I went to Porlock and had a long talk with the Hooks—then to old Pen[1]—and got home to my dinner between 10.30 and 11! I had had coffee and toast at 6. Read some of Charles Lamb and went to bed about 12. Up however at 5 and 6 to look out, but it brings tears into my eyes when I think the dear boy[2] will never see it again, and many more thoughts crowd in.

FROM MR. CARDWELL.

Blachford, Ivy Bridge, 22 Aug., 1873.

Many thanks for your letter. It is a hard step from a non-professional to a professional army; and some time will be occupied in the transition. But it is going on.

A great man in the army said to me, "Three years ago 'shop' was interdicted at mess. Now everyone talks shop, and everyone wants to write a book."

[1] Mr. Penruddock, an old septuagenarian curate who firmly believed that the earth was flat.

[2] His son Gib, who was now lying ill at Sprydoncote.

To his Wife.

Holnicote, Minehead, March 17, 1874. 11.15 *p.m.*

Pfänder is gone to bed. I have been dozing on old sofa. I don't mean to use eyes much except for sleep. Only one line to say good-night. I went to Cloutisham by a new road C. B. has made out of his own head across Allercombe on the day Francis Dyke that is to be was born,[1] that is from Ewbanks fountain along Dunkery side to Sweeterhay—where my new waterworks are being brought in to Sweeterhay for irrigation—and wished for you and the Cat[2] to see the beauty of it. I wonder if you ever will get on Cat again? It does me good to be on hills, yet I don't feel inclined to jolt about much as I used.

Broad Street, Oxford, April 19, 1874.

I feel very sad and lonely. That is, when other people are very lively and noisy I long to be left quiet—perhaps it is only laziness. Sarah is very kind. . . . We have here Dr. Farr of the Registrar's Office, a good steady man—Carus and Frau Carus and two Fräuleins, nice girls, very simple—and two more whom I have not seen. . . .

After dinner a black man who sang very good-naturedly a nigger song, and a Punjaub Brahmin who (Henry says) hates us and would cut all our throats if he could—he is at Oriel—I was very dull all evening. Talked a little with Professor Rogers. Conybeare also is here.

To his son Arthur.

Sprydoncote, May 6, 1874.

Quiz[3] was condemned, but William had washed and combed him up for his funeral, so that I could not but grant

[1] Eldest boy of his son Arthur.

[2] A quiet pony that Lady Acland rode, good at scrambling.

[3] Quiz was his son Charles's dog. He had been with him at Ch. Ch. when he was an undergraduate; an extremely clever beast. He was now in a ripe old age. This same son Arthur, to whom the letter is addressed, once lost Quiz for several days when he was on a reading

a respite, and the poor dog put his foot up on mine.[1] It seems a horrid shame to kill the poor dog when he is so well, only blind.

TO HIS WIFE.

Athenæum Club, July 13, 1874.

Read Disraeli's clever dealing with Gladstone.[2] I fear I shall have to stay over Friday. How heartily I should have gone in with W. E. G. in old days. Why not now? I am not hearty with the world party like Harcourt, who wants to set the world above the church.

House of Commons, July 16, 1874.

I hope I am right in voting for the Bill. I cannot pretend to be a supporter of Ritualism nor an advocate of very broad views, and it seems right to support what the Archbishops and Bishops ask for. I am sorry to go against Gladstone, but he is not always a wise guide, though a deeply good man.

Athenæum Club, July 22, 1874.

Your account of poor Gib seems sad—I shall hope to get home soon and stay; yet I hardly know how to manage. We are just going into Endowed School Committee and I must attend to it. The speech came off last night about ten o'clock, when the House was filling. I felt very downhearted, having failed to succeed in any kind of polish or refinement, and having not been able to get it up, though I tried over and over again. But I believe it was considered

party at Porlock Weir. His grandfather happened to be at Holnicote, and when Quiz was found he wrote: "Many thanks for your Nutskill trout, the first of its category. But still more heartily for the news of the recovery of the most renowned Quiz of the day, who has added much to his celebrity by his runaway proclivities, and still more to the estimation of his friends by his affectionate return. We all congratulate you with all our hearts. Come and dine here to-morrow and bring the Quiz with you."

[1] He always did this when told to "beg pardon."

[2] On the Public Worship Regulation Bill.'

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effective, and a number of men have spoken very warmly and kindly about it since. So you may be pleased. I think the Times report is as good as any; you will see Dizzy got a laugh at me, but considering how I had attacked the Government I thought he was remarkably kind. There really is something very winning about the man in his absence of ill-nature. Goschen's speech was extremely able. Gladstone's did not strike me so much. The fact is, I believe the Bill[1] is not really so bad as our men are trying to make out, and you will see I confine myself chiefly to the treatment of the Commissioners, and what I said about the Bill was all with "if."

To his brother Henry.

Holnicote, Minehead, Oct. 3, 1874.

I have just made a rough estimate of our cottages here, about 120. . . . The actual value of these cottages may be 15,000 at £125 each, if burnt they could not be replaced for 18,000. The rent receivable is about £300 1¾d. p. cent. The cost annually in repairs and small improvements about £400—they cost my father this; I paid that sum the first year in porches, better windows, privies, etc., and some thatching. I am now building eight new ones to replace old ones—these will cost about 2,400—some will give no rent, none over £4, say £20 per annum on the lot.

I suppose I ought in fairness to remember that the scale of wages, both mechanics and labourers, is rather low, and therefore the cottage is taken into account as part of the earning. . . .

Leopold has received notice from Mr. Mitchell in London that it is intended to hold a meeting in favour of the labourers in Broad Clyst on the 19th, asking him if he will take part. It is part apparently of an organized attempt to strengthen the Union in the West.

Will you come and speak???

[1] Endowed Schools Bill.

TO HIS BROTHER HENRY.

Holnicote, Minehead, Oct. 25, 1874.

Thank you for your kind notice of B. C. [The Labourers' Union meeting at Broadclyst]. I was sure it would interest you. I did not do well in speech, that is, I was too loose and colloquial, as usual. I had taken a great deal of pains to prepare myself for various points of attack on "position," remembering your letter. I intended, if possible, to say almost nothing—to be dry and cautious. But I was partly won over by the geniality and Christian earnestness of the men, and partly influenced by the necessity, if I did speak at all, of entering some protest against monstrous rhetoric.

The practical meaning of the meeting was this:

England is getting richer every day. Our class is not as well fed as it would like to be; it has no inducement to thrift, because it has no share in the land.

We make the wealth.

This is not true; it is the skilled artisans in towns who make it—who buy our beef, and raise the value of our land.

It is not the labour of the ploughman, but our capital borrowed from the town that increases the power of the land.

We mean to have more of it. If you don't alter the laws to that, we shall get what we want quietly and gradually—we mean to take it (by some legal process of course).

But if they can excite the people to madness, and then pull the strings, whither may it go?

However, the power of combination in rural districts is not great, and, if Landowners are wise in time, they will make some change in the laws affecting sale of land, and they will show so much personal interest in the people and their view of the question as to get a real hold over their sympathy.

But the cottage question must be dealt with more rapidly I think—that is, I wish there were a law to compel me and all Dukes to sell land which does not fulfil certain conditions, sanitary and other. I am getting uneasy about out-

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lying properties. My chief wish was to hold our farmers in hand and prevent them acting foolishly; in this I succeeded. The second was to disarm ill-feeling against our class.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden Castle, Oct. 17th, 1874.

I learned with a mourning interest the close of your anxieties and cares for your son: they had prepared you for the end by anticipation and doubtless all has been well. . . .

I shall read Mr. Myers on his arrival with great interest. Indeed I had already noted the title of the book. The interest and importance of these subjects grow continually, while present politics fade and dwindle not only from want of union but from want of purpose.

There is nothing noteworthy in my paper on Ritualism, but it has fallen upon a period of extreme popular sensitiveness.

The following letter refers to the meeting of the Liberal party, at which, on Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the leadership of the Opposition, Lord Hartington was chosen as his successor.

TO HIS WIFE.

Athenæum Club, Feb. 3rd, 1875.

I suppose it was hardly worth a telegram last night, as you would see in the paper at the time you got it that the Leader question was practically settled. I suppose it was as well to be present, but a more tame proceeding could hardly have been imagined. It is really not worth telling you, and I suppose it will be more or less reported. Bright was in the chair, C. Villiers and Morley moved and seconded, Morley, a rich Dissenter, saying he preferred Forster. Fred Cavendish spoke nicely for his brother.

I suppose on the whole the inevitable thing has been done for the best. They say H. has good sense and may work out well, and at any rate Forster and Goschen are placed in an honourable point of view before the country.

FROM LORD GRANVILLE.

18, Carlton House Terrace, S.W., Feb. 4th, 1875.

I am really obliged for your very friendly letter.

I should like much to have a talk with you.

Between ourselves it is a farce my leading the Opposition from the House of Lords, but I may be of use from time to time.

You would probably be surprised to know, how clearly I am agreed with Gladstone in *almost* all political subjects.

You have been a true friend to him, but you talk as if he was really gone—a fact in which I do not believe, however much he may himself think so.

I do not know what may have been the object of your ambition when a young man, but you have achieved that which is worthy of the highest ambition.

I saw nothing in your manner yesterday, but a shade of regret, that Forster had not been the person selected.

He was now making additions to and improving Cloutisham (the hill farm opposite Dunkery and above Sweeterhay), the well-known meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds.

TO HIS WIFE.

Holnicote, May 21st, 1875.

We have taken out the window, unroofed the room, taken out the stove, so that we have a good wood fire if any. There is lots of room for a bedroom, and we are going to improve Pope's and Rawle's rooms, but all will be done very simply. The shape of the old window will be retained, but there will be a new recess to the North with another side window. C. B. suggested a sofa!! I thought of a dresser for china; but I fear the window would be in the way. It won't be a very expensive job, nor take up much time, and will be a great delight, I think, to the grandchildren.

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Athenæum Club, March 15th, 1876.

I went off to Cookery at 10 o'clock without my breakfast, bought a *1d.* bun on the road and had a basin of *cabbage soup!* excellent, for my breakfast about 11.30; it took about 30 minutes making. I saw a curry of bits of cold mutton and an apple pudding made and a dish of giblet—each dish costing not more than *6d.*; had a talk with the Lady Superintendent, Mrs. Clark, who is very sensible. . . .

I have just seen a new history of Rifle Brigade, in which Gib's service in Canada is recorded—and his death. I will order the book. It is very touching to see his name there.

In the House of Commons, March 13th, 1876, 6.20 *p.m.*

I am writing while Kennaway is doing a very honest and plucky thing seconding Chamberlain, who has made a very fine speech on the Gothenburg liquor system. So I don't like to go out of the House. . . .

That man Chamberlain will be a power some day—he is only forty and very rich, having made a great fortune by screws. . . .

Hayward objects to the use G. makes of Lewes, who H. says did not believe Christianity, and H. goes on to say that he knows hardly any really powerful intellect among the Laity now who does. . . .

I am afraid there is a great deal of unbelief among the intellectual class. Sir B. Frere, by the way, is an eminent man, who speaks out. I had a little talk with Lord Blachford immediately after, which was a comfort. I had just been saying to Hayward I wished he were at hand to answer him. Don't let this trouble you. If anything the effect of Hayward's talk yesterday was to make me read through the Sermon on the Mount when I got up this morning, and glad I was I did. Gladstone's authority principle is very important, and the effect of our Lord's life is perhaps the next most important proof, but it comes to faith, not reason, after all.

CLOUTSHAM FARMHOUSE.

From a photograph.

He now spent two or three nights in the little bedroom he had built at Cloutisham Farm.

Cloutisham, May 2nd, 1876, 7.15.

Having breakfasted and put all tidy I had better write a line to prevent accidents. I went to bed about a quarter to 12, I think, having read a good deal of Contemporary and Fortnightly and some about Grasses. Folks were in bed and all quiet except poultry and cats by 9.30. I woke at 2 and 4, and then over and over till near 6.15, when Mrs. Pope offered some tea, and I had just before got up. I found Baker and Slade were already at breakfast, so I was almost ashamed. Had a good bit and felt quite fresh. I had a good fire ; but this place is quite warm and dry. I am very glad I came, things would not have been done right.

Morning is beautiful, but the early morning is not so different as I expected, only a fine deep mist by Ewbank's fountain.

Chalet, Cloutisham, May 4th, 1876.

Such a beautiful morning. I was up at sunrise, or a few minutes after—about 5 a.m. Pope had already been thrashing in the Barn to give straw to the beasts. Mrs. Pope was much shocked that I was up before her. Pope was lighting the fire, so I soon got some tea. Slade and Baker up here by six, and now, 6.30, having had a good bacon breakfast, they are going out to do what I want done early. . . .

Now it is 8 o'clock and I have given Mrs. Pope a lecture on Pot au "foo"—which she quite takes in—and says vegetable liquor won't turn sour if you don't let it get cold.

Athenæum Club, January 17th, 1878.

I am still feeling country like, not gone down to the town level. Have been dreaming of planting and walks and cookery rather than of politics. . . .

Now I have been down stairs and have seen Mr. Waddilove the cook—he is a wonderful performer in the way of method and system and economy. Bennet, the head

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steward, is an old friend of mine. I am confirmed in the truth of all I have been learning and teaching except on one point; he agrees with Grey[1] in not believing that the effect of boiling is as hardening as the books say. But as to the use of all the outsides of vegetables and the flavouring and the general value of slowing down, he confirms all I have learned, and thinks much good may be done in teaching the poor.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Feb. 10, 1878.

You will, I hope, see in "The Daily News" or "Times" to-morrow a letter of mine called forth by Lord Fortescue's. I have also heard that ———, though not avowedly deserting the Liberals, limits his support to Lord Hartington, and objects to support you. I personally care little whether I sit in the next Parliament or not; but I am bound to hold the seat harmless if I can. Lord Portsmouth is thoroughly loyal to you.

There is nothing very noteworthy in my letter. It is written tenderly to my weak-kneed friends, but also to vindicate my vote on Thursday, to which I felt impelled by Lord Fortescue's letter to take for my own credit.

You will note that in my P.S. I call attention to *Hartington*, *Northcote*, and *you* collectively.

I trust you may live to see the liberation of Italy and Greece and the Danubians as the fruit of your self-devotion.

Your two last speeches were marvellous in skill—specially the way you touched on the Oxford speech—and power. Of course you know how much offence your Oxford speech gave. I am sorry for the *ten* passage. I don't like to see you below your high level. But you have produced a real effect by hard debating, such as no other man could. You will see in my public letter that I feel this, though I think it unpolitic to say publicly all I feel about you.

[1] The cook at Killerton.

TO HIS WIFE.

House of Commons, Ash Wednesday, 1878.

Gladstone sat down by me in the Lobby and talked frankly for half an hour. We talked about the East and war and land, but the burden of his song is always the deterioration of the Governing Classes in comparison with the poor. He said very solemnly that our Lord's teaching goes very deep in this direction, as to the poor being better and wiser than the rich. I spoke of Leopold, and he said, "Ah! You have had some remarkable brothers." He had just said the clergy must rely more on the poor and less on the rich and high social ranks.

House of Commons Library, Feb. 28, 1878.

I dined with Gladstone; sat next to him, as he asked me to do. He was very kind. Next to me was Mr. Burt, the working-man M.P. (Northumberland), then Parker on the other side of Gladstone; Knowles, editor of "Nineteenth Century"; beyond Bob Lowe and two uninteresting people whom you would not know, —— and ——. Gladstone talked partly about Ruskin and about cutting trees, a little about the East, not much. After dinner he sat down by me and talked most kindly. . . . He has great hope of a rising Christian school not extreme. His own view is that we must rely a great deal on tradition, not too much on critical examination of the Scriptures—but he does not by tradition mean Council dogmas. He thinks history most important, and that not merely Ecclesiastical History, which he thinks too narrow and conventional.

Athenæum Club, March 31st, 1878.

I was pleased with Miss F. H.'s playing Mendelssohn, and as nobody else seemed to care or attend I did. I thought she played like a person who enjoyed it, and not mechanically, and I thought she was modulating. I found she had hit the simplest ideas of chords, so I proceeded to

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lecture on thoro' bass, and she seemed or pretended to be much interested. After that I lectured the young men, Barton, etc., on the theory of Ecclesiastical property and Establishment.

Athenæum Club, April 10, 1878.

I read a beautiful sermon on Faith by Mr. Green [1]—in bed—one of the most remarkable things I ever read. I will tell you more about it.

Winsford, April 30th, 1878, *Nearly* 12 *midnt.*

Having had a long nap, I may as well wake up and write a line to be ready for morning. I started at 3, rode across fields behind Harwich Wood to new road, very pretty, down to Horner Mill and farm, up Horner and Priest's Way, when a picturesque mist from sea and up valley turned into pelting shower—just in time to get shelter at Cloutisham. After looking at beasts and waiting, I began to get sleepy, and C. B. too; so after trying to keep awake I "m'accommodai à tout" and lay on a bench with a difficulty about a pillow, and slept for five minutes, C. B. snoring at same time in the settle, so when I woke I asked Mrs. Pope for a cup of tea (only one), and that quite refreshed me, ditto C. B. and William and Rawle—and we started in rain, but it cleared up fairly. The new planting above Bagley is very good. I am quite proud of having been allowed to add so much picturesque to the beautiful country; it is quite mountain-like, not like planting for profit. Near Larkham's Foot Paramore [2] came down, and C. B. over his head, but he is light and tough, and is none the worse. What should I have been—cause for thankfulness again and again. . . .

Here I woke up and began to draw plan of new school, so it is now a quarter past one.

[1] Professor T. H. Green of Oxford.

[2] The horse. C. B. is Mr. Christopher Birmingham.

Wednesday morning.

Oh dear, I have been lecturing on cookery to an old man, Court, who worked many years for my father as carpenter. I was told he thought the reading-room could be done for very little money. I found he was very intelligent, had been reading about it in the papers, and asked me if the French did not manage much better than we do—so the lecture was inevitable.

The following letter was written after the death of his sister-in-law, Sarah, Henry Acland's wife.

Fyfield Road, Oxford, Oct. 27th, 1878.

I stayed with him (Henry) during morning service—I am afraid we did not read any, but all the family went to St. Mary's to Holy Communion. Dr. Burgon administering put his hand on all the boys' heads; he was much affected at reading of Militant Prayer and in going to Henry. Henry talked most quietly as to his future; he will work on quietly till Midsummer, but he thinks his Oxford work is over, and Sarah thought so—he dwells now on all she advised him.

Oxford, Oct. 28th, 1878.

Dr. Liddon came to Broad Street for a service, but he only read a few verses of the Bible and said three or four Collects. Henry tried to get him to say something after, but it only ended in his having to listen to Henry. He (Dr. L.) said that the simple words of Scripture were best to steady the mind in these disturbed days. . . .

Ettie told me something very pretty Sarah said about you just before you were seventy,—she shed tears and said you were too precious to be allowed to get old—so it has been with herself. She learned by heart in bed a poem of G. Eliot's which I will bring you—till she could say it to Henry.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden, Feb. 10*th*, '80.

What you modestly disparage as your talk is, so often as I have the opportunity of reading it, not only instruction to me, but pillow and repose, because of the just, receptive, open spirit that I find everywhere disclosed. Would there were more of that spirit abroad, riding above every distinction and interest of class.

CHAPTER IX

1880—1886

In the new Parliament of 1880 Acland was called upon to propose the election of Speaker Brand, and was thus the first member to address the new House. He shrank excessively from all publicity of this sort, and was unduly nervous about his speech, which he got through very well. He began now for a time to think himself very old and declining in health. Thus he writes to his wife (Jan., 1881), "Now I am cold and tired like an old man (he was close on seventy-two), and I hardly walk fast enough to keep me warm. How one ought to help the feeble aged poor." And during the Yeomanry Drill week of the spring of this year he writes, "I feel rather old for this work."

In 1882 his son Charles stood for East Cornwall at a by-election. Acland took the greatest interest in the contest, and went down to Cornwall and took part in the proceedings. The Bradlaugh question was a cause of much excitement at the time, and Mr. Gladstone wrote about it to Acland in connection with the contest of his son, who achieved an easy victory.

On more than one occasion during these years Mr. Gladstone asked Acland to allow his name to be submitted for a peerage, but Acland always declined to consent. "I

think you are quite right," Mr. Gladstone wrote to him once, "about the influence of Mr. Canning, and in your eulogies on certain peers, though I fear you are immovable about joining them."

In 1883 Mr. Gladstone pressed him to become a Privy Councillor. His letter in reply will be found on a later page. How genuine and unaffected Mr. Gladstone thought his modesty in this letter to be, is shown by the fact that he inclosed it to his great friend, Lord Granville, writing, "My dear Granville, you will like to read this letter as an indication of the man, ever yours, W. E. Gladstone." To Mr. Gladstone's letter, which he returned, Lord Granville affixed a note at the bottom of the page, as if he were dealing with an official minute, "Most creditable. G."

Though genuinely anxious to decline the honour Acland was persuaded by his friends that the more reasonable course was to accept it. He accordingly assented to Mr. Gladstone's proposal.

During these years he sat rather loosely to his Parliamentary work; and drawing and cooking and dairy work, and speeches on a variety of topics in Devonshire and Somersetshire occupied his attention a good deal.

At this period, as at some other times in his life, cookery was one of his favourite subjects. It was one of the minor interests which came out of Acland's study of economy generally, and from his efforts for the good of the farmers and labourers on the estates: He became very keenly alive to the many neglected opportunities in some kinds of

households and the wastefulness of others. He devoted himself to the study of the best methods with a zeal which was most characteristic, and which stopped at nothing. He visited the cooking schools in London and elsewhere, learning and teaching at the same time. He went frequently into the kitchens of his friends and relations. The result was that he gained much insight and experience. He could teach as a chemist how much was wasted with the peelings of vegetables, and when showing how badly-fried food was not only nasty but unwholesome, could say exactly how good frying was to be done. Before the lessons which he set on foot were given he had made many experiments in his own house, and would often carry the results to his neighbours. He was very fond of giving away cookery books, especially a little book by Miss Guthrie Wright. Some incidents were not without their comic side, at which no one laughed more heartily than himself. One winter day at Holnicote he carried a preparation of rice and cheese, on which he laid great store, to a neighbouring cottage. On the way up the lane to Selworthy Church on the following Sunday he came across one of the lads who had partaken of it, and asked with some eagerness how they had liked it. The answer was unexpected, but quite prompt—"Gave us the heartburn dreadful, Sir Thomas."

But whether encouraged or discouraged, he worked on at his subject. He spared himself no pains, drinking, for instance, at one time for days together, a thin oatmeal gruel to show that it was not at all nasty, and quite useful for

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adults who could not get milk. As usual, he gave his attention to every detail. He tried to leave nothing undone which could contribute to the success of what he had undertaken, and did not rest till he had provided very valuable opportunities for learning about cooking in all the villages which could be reached by his teacher, in days before cookery lessons had become so common as they have in recent years.

Then, side by side with cookery, dairy work occupied his attention. The following passage from an article written by Mr. Plowman, Secretary to the Bath and West of England Society, after Acland's death, shows his zeal on this subject:

"Sir Thomas took particular interest in dairying, and in 1885 contributed to the 'Journal' some notes upon the Working Dairy in the Show yard. He also sent the manageress of his own dairy to several of the shows in order that she might demonstrate the making of Devonshire butter and cream. Until recent years, when the physical disabilities of old age began to assert themselves, he himself was a familiar and prominent figure in the Show Yard Dairy, where, at a moment's notice, he would deliver an address upon some branch or other of the subject. No speaker was listened to with more attention or could command a better audience, for the unconventionality of his style, and his resourcefulness of illustration, were in themselves attractions. He spoke in a language 'understanded of the people'—particularly agriculturalists—and he knew

how to drive a truth home with a stroke of humour. Country folk, when they are out for a holiday, do not usually evince much anxiety to hear others talk, but they would come into my office at the Show to inquire when Sir Thomas would 'lecture'—though he himself would indignantly repudiate the idea of delivering himself of anything so pretentious or so cut-and-dried as was thereby implied. Nor would he enter into any undertaking beforehand to deliver an address upon a specified subject at a specified hour; he disliked what he considered the 'ostentatiousness' of this. But someone who knew how to serve the cause would, at a favourable juncture, beg Sir Thomas to say 'just a few words' to the butter-making competitors and others. And then, after a preliminary declaration that he was not going to occupy their time for more than a few moments, he would hold their attention for half-an-hour at least, and everybody was sorry when he had finished."

The variety of his interests during his visits to the Bath and West of England Agricultural Meetings, to which he was as devoted as ever, may be illustrated from a letter to his wife during one of such visits at this time. "My host swears by Gray, Burns, Shakespeare, considers Wordsworth not a real poet, says he is so weak. I rashly read aloud the Happy Warrior; he said 'Only a sermon and not true.' The ladies rather backed me. . . . More talk on Maurice and Coleridge. Went to bed by eleven, sleepy, but not overtired. Woke before tea came, and got into bed again with a beautiful book on the Corinthians by Thom, an Unitarian

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at Liverpool. I cannot understand how the Unitarians such as he, can remain such."

In August, 1885, his second and youngest daughter, Agnes, was married in London. He occupied himself enormously with all the details of the very simple arrangements, and it used to be said that for some time previous to the wedding he hardly passed a day without a visit to "Gunter's" and a discussion of all the possible pros and cons of the meal which followed the ceremony. His extreme interest in the cookery of each dish largely accounted for this great zeal, which was the subject of much chaff, that he thoroughly enjoyed.

He was quite prepared to leave Parliament in 1885, and he definitely refused to stand again in Devonshire under the new arrangement of County Divisions entailed by the Reform Bill. But during the autumn he was very much pressed to stand for the Wellington Division of Somerset, and very reluctantly, pleading his age and his inability to take his full part of speaking and working during a Parliamentary contest, he consented. As so often happened with him, he found he had more vigour than he thought. He travelled to Yorkshire during the General Election to speak for his second son, Arthur, who was standing for the Rotherham Division of the West Riding. He was delighted with his reception and his visit, and he wrote to his wife on his return to work in Somersetshire: "I am so glad I went to Yorkshire. It has braced me up and given me increased confidence in the people."

He worked hard at his election, and found that some of the old labourers had not forgotten how he had lost his seat in 1847 by voting for the repeal of the Corn Laws.

He was returned by a majority of 539. His eldest son was returned for the Launceston Division, part of his old constituency in Cornwall, and his son Arthur for Rotherham. He had a very cordial reception at Minehead and at Holnicote when he returned to that well-loved home, now once more in his own constituency, as it had been nearly fifty years before, when he first became a member of the House of Commons. He was greatly pleased when, on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's new ministry, his eldest son received the appointment of Under-Secretary of the Board of Trade. During the short Parliament of 1886, like many of his friends he had much searching of heart about the Home Rule Bill for Ireland. He finally decided to vote for the second reading. His position in the matter is indicated by some of the letters which follow, and by the following extract from his address to the Electors of the Wellington Division of Somerset.

It will be remembered that during the recent contest I repeatedly stated it as my opinion, that the best way to preserve social order in Ireland would be to support a Liberal Government, strong in the confidence of the people.

I need hardly remind you of the result produced by the concurrent action of the Conservative party and Mr. Parnell's followers. Not a single Liberal was returned for any Irish constituency, and many of Mr. Gladstone's supporters in England were excluded from the House of Commons by the votes of Irishmen.

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As soon as Parliament assembled, the Conservative Government announced a policy of coercion.

Mr. Gladstone accepted the return of the majority of the Irish Representatives as the constitutional voice of the Irish people in favour of Self-Government.

With marvellous industry, he prepared, in conjunction with eminent Statesmen, two Bills; one for the better government of Ireland, the other for the settlement of the land question in that country.

Lord Hartington, acting on his objections to the first of those Bills, induced a number of Liberals to refuse to consider that Bill either in principle or detail.

Mr. Chamberlain, accepting the principle of Home Rule, but objecting to the plan and method of the Prime Minister, succeeded, by the aid of a small number of followers, in defeating the Government.

After long and anxious consideration, I deemed it my duty to vote in favour of the principle that the establishment of a Legislative Assembly at Dublin is not only inevitable but expedient.

But I claim for independent Liberals the right, as it is their duty, to deal with all details, especially the powers to be granted to the Irish Legislature and the supreme responsibility of the Imperial Parliament. That responsibility extends, in my opinion, not only to what are called Imperial interests, but also to the welfare of our fellow-countrymen, in the whole of the United Kingdom.

I rely on the intelligence of the Liberal Electors not to be led away by objections to parts of Mr. Gladstone's plan, all open to amendment, nor to lose sight of the great object to be attained.

That object is to enlist the National feelings of the Irish people of all ranks and all parties in support of Law. The proposal of a healing measure has already done much to call forth a sense of responsibility in the minds of the Irish Representatives.

I say now, as I said during the last Election, that if we

desire the progress of much-needed legislation at home, the peace and contentment of Ireland, the maintenance of the honour and integrity of the Empire, we shall best promote those ends by showing our trust in the principles of constitutional liberty.

If by the renewal of your call upon me you show that you give me credit for honesty and prudence, it will be my earnest desire to be worthy of your generous confidence.

After the dissolution on the Irish Home Rule question, he entered upon another contested election in July, 1886, without much anticipation of success, but in spite of much protesting he did his best to attend and address public meetings during the contest. He was defeated by 897.

He was partly relieved and partly disappointed. On the whole a feeling of relief predominated. This feeling was no doubt strengthened by the fact that Lady Acland, who had hitherto been so wonderfully strong for her age, fell into a weaker state of health in the autumn of 1886. He was glad that he was no more called away to life in London —a life in which she would no longer have been fitted to take part.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

The General Election was just over. Acland had been returned unopposed for North Devon. His eldest son had been defeated after a close contest in West Somerset.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, April 7th, 1880.

I am glad to think of you as soon at Hawarden. I am delighted with the tone of your concluding utterances. My first thought was joy for you that your judgment of the people had proved right in spite of the old wiseacres. My second the tremendous responsibility now on our leaders, and on each of us.

I am just come back from standing by my son, who has won and deserved good opinion for his earnest manly sober work. He was only beaten by 169. They expected to beat him by 700.

To his Wife (on being snowed up in the train).

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, Jan. 19, 1881.

I must write to you before I go to bed. . . . If I had posted your envelope yesterday you would not have got it, for the mail had not reached Didcot when we left at 2 p.m. to-day.

We passed Didcot about 6 p.m., came to a standstill at about three miles this side of it, no house near. I thought it best to stay in the train, as a jolly sailor said at the window, "Make yourself as comfortable as you can till morning." Soon after the guard said we must wait till we are fetched. I had finished Mrs. Gray's package before Swindon, drank very little coffee, and bought no solids, so I began to reflect: no dinner, no supper, late breakfast, if any; how shall I "keep warm," Henry's last advice. Strange reflections came over me—how do people feel when lost in snowdrifts or in shipwrecks? or, lastly, how do they occupy

their minds in prison cells under separate confinement?—only there they are warm. About 9 a man came along with biscuits, port wine and rum, so I took four small biscuits and gave him 6*d*., I did not like to take more. . . . I walked up and down, or rather across my cell, for an hour at a time to warm myself, then wrapped as well as I could (how pleasant the fire or another blanket would have been), and slept a bit till I was cold; then walked again. . . . My light went out about 1 a.m.; then I walked again (then came the biscuit man); I had two biscuits (ate one), and I then settled myself, sitting with legs in a box of cushions, and I think I did not wake till 8, when I saw daylight, and said out loud, "How delightful!" I am afraid I thought, but "no tea!" finished my last biscuit, and waited events. People began to bestir themselves—they had tried at night to move the train in vain. The up line was overhung with snowdrifts nearly to the top of the telegraph wires; it came down in avalanches and one wire was broken, but at last they managed to bring a train along the down line with two or three carriages from Didcot, into which we were transferred —ladies carried on men's backs. . . . We were shoved back to Didcot. There was Colonel Buller, who had started after us from Exeter, young Reed and Heberden, and I heard Lord Morley's children, but I could not find them. I walked backwards and forwards to the hotel making no fuss, while young snobs were complaining—one wanted a chop and said it was too bad; asked if there were any gentry in the neighbourhood, he must go and ask for something, and so on. One fellow, much wrapped up, made a good bit of swagger; I heard he talked amusingly of all he had seen with the German army, but whenever I saw him, which was four or five times, he was seated at a table steadily eating and drinking. I got half a glass of milk and a bit of bread. Buller, however, had a fancy for a good breakfast, so I took him to a second inn, which was not crowded; we went into the kitchen, where the Mrs. most kindly cooked a good breakfast and potatoes. Bread was exhausted, but came in

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at the end, so I was not to be pitied—it was then about 1. The line had been heard to be clear beyond Reading and was now said to be clear, so the limited mail started again (perhaps it had a letter from you in it), and it took us all (Bruce the Director, whom Charlie knows, was there), and we got well to London just in time for me to post my letter. Now good-night—I won't be late to-night.

London, January 20th, 1881.

After breakfast and papers I read the Psalms; since, for an hour or more I have been reading (rapidly) about 100 pages of Spinoza's life and philosophy. He seems indeed to have been a wonderful man; a Jew; cut off by his own nation; having after Descartes laid the foundation of thought now working in the world. He seems to have been a man of most simple, unselfish, gentle nature; liberal, even generous, though poor.

House of Commons, January 20, 1881, 7 *p.m.*

I have had a most interesting conversation with Gladstone; in a division he poured out his mind to me, but I must not write about it; he is wonderfully wise, and Bright is entirely loyal to him. He spoke with such warmth of the admirable way in which he is served by his secretaries. But we are a long way off any Land Bill as yet.

London, January 21st, 1881.

Bob Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke) was there with a Pollock, whom I asked if he wrote the book on Spinoza. He said he wished it was, it is his son: Bob Lowe said I had been wasting my time; he ridicules all metaphysics as unpractical (he has read Spinoza himself). Like many men who have spent time when young on abstract thought, he now cynically underrates it—it sounds fine and practical so to do, and exalts the material, social, and economical interests of politics. I then went on to the House of Commons. As you will see we wound up the address. Read "Times"

leading article on Gladstone. I am sorry I did not hear that short solemn speech. But I had the great treat of an open unreserved conversation with him in the Lobby, in which he poured out his mind (in confidence, so I must not repeat what he said) on the Irish question. I will only say that it increased my confidence in the strength and fairness of his mind, and showed how little influence mere clamour and popular clap-trap has over him; it is also remarkable how fair and calm Bright is, thoroughly loyal to Gladstone, and firm in support of law and order. I got a hasty fish and coffee about 8.30 or 9, and went in to hear the Basuto debate, which as you will see turned mainly on the impolicy or injustice of our over-riding self-governing colonies.

House of Commons, February 3rd, 1881.

We are going through a wonderful scene, Irish members defying the chair.

(Davitt, the ticket-of-leave man, has been arrested; this has made the Irishmen furious.)

Dillon defied the Speaker, and would stand up interrupting Gladstone when told to sit down—so he was suspended on motion by W. E. G. He was removed by the Serjeant and four attendants. Then Parnell defied the Speaker's orders—W. E. G. moved to suspend him. We are dividing, but the whole Irish party refused to move from their seats, so I suspect we shall have to suspend them and perhaps to send for the police to remove them. Gladstone seems quite firm and calm, and all needful precautions are being taken for any contingency. . . .

7.15

We are now dividing on the suspension of the whole of the Irish party.

February 4, 1881.

You will see in the paper what a wonderful night we had. Gladstone's speech was beautiful; his influence over the House now is wonderful. Everything was carried after

accepting a great deal from Northcote; so that the Conservatives must feel they have been handsomely treated. . . .

Henry knows all about the danger in Transvaal and is very anxious about it—I mean the Boers being such good shots. Frere of course says it is all because his plans were not carried out.

The following letter was written to his nephew, Charles Arthur Troyte.

House of Commons, May 15, 1881.

MY DEAR COLONEL TROYTE,

I am deeply grateful for the feelings of my brother Volunteers, expressed by you in their name, on assuming the command with which I had the honour to be entrusted by the late Lord Lt., Lord Fortescue, on its formation twenty years ago.

The traditions to which you refer are the gradually accumulated result of the willing co-operation of all ranks, especially of the officers and non-commissioned officers, in learning and practising their duties, often under difficult and trying circumstances.

I am sure the whole Battalion will support you, as you and they supported me. Although I have felt it to be my duty to retire from the command, I shall never forget the uniform kindness I received from my comrades, nor cease to take an interest in the permanence and efficiency of the Battalions.

I should not do justice to my own feeling if I did not record, what it might not have been proper for me to express when I was under his orders, my deep sense of the benefit we all derived during the last five years of my command from the watchful interest and judicious advice of Colonel Drewe.

I am, my dear Colonel Troyte,

Yours with reciprocal regard,

THOMAS DYKE ACLAND.

To his Wife.

Chatsworth, Chesterfield, July 15th, 1881.

Now the great world is gone, so I have read your letter quietly, and will write a bit before I go out. I am now quite independent—have got a lump of bread and a bottle of water.

Stevens is gone to the show and will negotiate about a traction engine, which appears to be our great want; it won't hurt Pussy's ponies at Killerton, because she can always know whereabouts it is.

The principal people here are Lord Bridport, Sir Watkin Wynn, Mr. Coke, brother of Lord Leicester. They were both at Luccombe with Fisher, and he talked so pleasantly about Henry and John Barton and Larcomb and my father's kindness to the pupils. Then we have Lawes and Voelcker, Carruthers the botanist, Lord Hartington and Lord Edward C., and some farming folks whose names you don't know.

From John Bright.

One Ash, Rochdale, Nov. 31, 1881.

I thank you for your kind note and good wishes.

I have a real sympathy with the Tenant Farmers—having just been in Scotland, I have heard some sad accounts of their condition, and wish it could be improved—but the remedy is not easy to find, and cannot be immediately applied. I think for them a good summer will do more than any Act of Parliament; doubtless their rents are much too high, if they have no guarantee of good season.

From the Bishop of Exeter.[1]

16, *Westbourne Place, Eaton Square, S.W.*, 1881.

There are three things in my judgment that we ought to give the Middle Class. We ought to give them

[1] Dr. Temple, now Archbishop of Canterbury.

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Buildings, Inspection, Exhibitions. All else they ought to pay for.

I have no doubt at all that if we go on as we are now going on, twenty years hence you will find the 9*d.* schools doing exactly what the Grammar Schools did: you will find them dropping off the first, second, third standards and beginning with the fourth. This means dropping the elementary scholars.

But further, I know the schoolmasters better than Mundella does, and I know that nine out of ten cannot teach the science which they profess to teach. And you know as well as I do what sort of stuff sham science is. The elementary teaching suffers in order that the master may have the pleasure of teaching or fancying that he teaches what sounds grand.

I need not go into details of the Code, though there is much that needs overhauling.

What is the remedy?

Organize our Secondary Instruction. It is a most pressing need. For lack of it all education suffers, and especially all Elementary Education. The middle class education is at present a chaos. It may be a very grave question whether it should be organized under the Universities, outside the Education Office. I lean myself to the Universities. But anyhow I say organize our secondary instruction, and do not make the task more difficult by attempting to supply its place by adding a very inefficient appendix to the elementary.

You will remember how anxiously you and I worked at this subject twelve or thirteen years ago. Is it impossible to get a man like Mundella to study this part of the problem of National Education? It opens a path to a statesman on which no man has yet trod, and by which the highest services may be rendered to the country.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden Castle, Jan. 13th, '82.

If the Welsh enter into a Land League, they have an awkward model in their recollection, that of Rebecca.

But it is well to hear that generally they look to no more than publicity and fair discussion: your advice will I hope do good.

We are here as to agriculture completely in the English circle, but I heard the other day from an English friend who lives upon a border really Welsh, that in his neighbourhood the farms vacated by English tenants were commonly taken up by Welshmen—which seems to indicate pressure farther in.

The severance in religion and language added to that in politics makes the gap rather too wide between many Welsh landlords and their tenants. England undoubtedly stands best of the four countries in that respect.

TO HIS WIFE.

House of Commons, Feb., 1882.

Here we are in a queer division.

"That a writ be issued, etc., in place of C. Bradlaugh, who . . ." the latter part of the resolution and an amendment having been struck out. I don't quite understand the motive of Labouchere unless it be to go on trying to stultify the House. I gather that Lord Randolph made a clever argument which you may read. . . .

Now we have had a scene!

Bradlaugh walked up to the table, pulled a Testament out of his pocket, gabbled the oath, and kissed the book.

Now the House is in a puzzle—I must go in and hear what is going on.

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Killerton, Exeter, March 7, 1882.

I spent my evening reading Bishop Thirlwall's letters. Such a wonderful man! How my early life was narrowed by High Church clique, and was it any nearer to God? So many fine large-minded men I shrunk from.

House of Commons, March 17, 1882.

Mundella is full of his Education; he says no Scotchman ever speaks except to raise the Education, no English gentleman (except me) but to lower the expense and the standard.

His eldest son was now invited to stand in the Liberal interest for East Cornwall at a by-election.

London, March, 1882.

Charlie is in my chair writing his address to East Cornwall. It is right, I believe. Gladstone wrote me an earnest request to consent. I have been doing what I can to help. I met him at the station. I am now giving him soup and whisky. He will probably go by mail to Plymouth tomorrow morning; he will have a full fortnight of election work.

March 25.

Charlie and his friends met me at station. We went on to St. Blazey; a most successful meeting in a new room. They had a splendid meeting at St. Austell, 3,000 people, yesterday. . . I think I had better stay and do what I can first in consultation, secondly they want me to go to speak either at Bude or elsewhere.

In the contest in East Cornwall the Bradlaugh question assumed some importance. Acland's son Charles carried the seat.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

10, *Downing Street, Whitehall, March* 28*th*, '82.

I am sorely ashamed when I read what you have said of me. But I do not write to say or dwell on this, I write only to remind you of what I think is the safest, as well as

eminently true, ground for your son as to Bradlaugh (who I hear is being worked with some effect against him). It is this: *we do not say Bradlaugh ought to sit:* but simply that his right or non-right to sit should be determined by law: by a dispassionate Court of Law, instead of by a House of Commons of which the majority have in dealing with this question imbibed a degree of ungovernable excitement rare even in the struggles of party; struggles from which this question of pure law ought to be kept immeasurably remote.

Acland had an illness at this time and became very deaf.

To W. E. Gladstone.

2, *Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W., Sunday, Aug.* 6, 1882.

My son has told me of your kind wish to see me, were conversation practicable—it is very kind of you—but don't think of it. Thank God, *I am very well in every respect,* except my ear tubes, which indirectly affect my head, so as to forbid (at present) any sustained effort. It is believed, that if I live healthily and keep quiet, the stuffy state may subside. . . .

I don't like to think I shall not again hear a speech of yours or a sermon of my brother Leopold's. Inglis described his reading as plate glass—so unsubjectively translucent. Your speech is more like a gorgeous stained window, full of humanity, history, and philosophy, and "lumen siccum" withal. I have said to endless opponents that nothing has impressed me so much this year as your calm self-restraint. I don't know whether I ever told you what Sir G: Grey said to me of you (I think in 1865-6), that the pleasure of acting with you was, that the Cabinet was sure, whatever you agreed upon you would express exactly (whether your own view or not), not diverging by a hair's breadth. . : :

It is very difficult *for me* to stir a finger between the

CHAP. IX. 1880-1886.

Houses of Fortescue and Portsmouth. Redvers Buller, son of my predecessor, ought not to be lost sight of—he stands well with farmers generally. I think he is Vice-Chairman of the Liberal Association, which is little more than "nominis umbra." The Whig Peers have always settled these things.

Pray don't forget that if there is a *Dissolution before the county franchise is settled the farmers will vote blue.* Their politics may be summed up in three words, keep down Rates, Rent, and Labour. . . .

Read, when you have half an hour to rest your head, Matthew Arnold's charming irony and geniality in reply to Huxley on culture—"Nineteenth Century." Why is not Matthew (son of such a father) an earnest believer?

Oct. 11, 1882.

Goschen has just spent a day with me; he is inquisitive about farming, and wished to see this country.

I think it may be worth while to tell you how loyally he spoke of you. . . .

He spoke most warmly of the importance of your continued influence, as the only person who ever held the various elements of the Liberal party together, and as the great link to the traditional Christianity and culture—after you he fears chaos.

To W. E. Gladstone.

20, *Eaton Square, S.W., June* 6, '83.

My Dear Gladstone,

I am quite overcome by the renewed proof of your kindness conveyed in so gracious, flattering, and considerate a manner.[1] I am far from insensible to the great value of a public honour when it has been earned by arduous discharge of public duty. I cannot feel that such has been my case; and I would rather close my career without giving

[1] The offer of a Privy Councillorship.

occasion for criticism as to my qualifications, if I may do so without seeming ungrateful to one whose constant friendship has been my highest honour.

Pray do not let me inflict on you the trouble of another letter. I shall probably see you soon.

Believe me,

Affectionately and gratefully yours,

T. D. ACLAND.

TO HIS WIFE.

House of Commons, Aug. 23, 1883.

We had a beautiful journey. The Ministers were Lord Sydney, Lord Hartington, Lord President (Carlingford)—Peel, the Secretary, they kept separate.

We were Sir Louis Malet, Balfour, Scotch Lord Advocate, and self.

Rawlinson, Sanitary Engineer, to be K.B., Mayor of Windsor, Sir Joseph Devering, to be knighted.

We passed Arundel and Chichester, a beautiful crossing over water. Osborne, a nice evergreen place about 1,000 acres; a long waiting, then we P.C.'s were marched in, knelt down at a table. The Queen on a sofa looking sad, solemn, and not well, I thought. I did not look at her much.

First, oath of allegiance, then kiss hands, then a long oath about secrecy, etc., dating from Henry VII. Then shake hands with other Councillors, not turning back on Queen, and back out, then a dawdle lunch, Lady Ely and Lady Abercromby—Lord Bridport in waiting, very friendly to me.

FROM THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

The Palace, Exeter, 14 *December,* 1883.

I was delighted with your speech. I wish the Landlords would rise to the height of their position. It is not true uprightness and equity they lack, but insight. They have the future of England very much in their hands, and may give us a noble instead of an ignoble form of democracy.

CHAP. IX. 1880-1886.

The Palace, Exeter, 13 January, 1884.

As regards anything that I have said about Politics, pray make *any* use of it you like. It appears to me that no class, high or low, can check the *force* or even much modify the *direction* of the swelling democratic movement. But the landlords as a body can in my opinion do more than any other class to determine its *character*, and that partly because they are in the position, more than any others, of inheritors of our past history, partly because the land question is the one that now comes up for determination. As the tide rolls on shall it carry with it all the rich elements of our English National Life, or shall it cast many of those elements aside as incapable of rightly mixing with our new history? The landlords can alone answer the question. If they show a true self-devotion to the national interests, if they show that their past political history has trained them to be broad; generous; ready to welcome the new life growing up underneath and around them; glad to have this large addition to the national force; willing to sacrifice class privileges for national interests; then there is hope that our future democracy will be broad and noble too. But if they show themselves narrow, short-sighted, jealous, incapable of seeing what the nation needs, they will assuredly teach the new voters an evil lesson, and our democracy will run the risk of being narrow, envious, ungenerous. And I am quite confident that if this comes it will be not because the landlord class, the country gentry, lack uprightness, but because they lack insight. They do not see how much is in their hands. And some think of stopping the democratic current, and some think of turning it aside. I wish they would think of infecting it with noble political aims.

The Palace, Exeter, 21 July, 1884.

In regard to politics I quite agree with you that the violent language which we shall be sure to have in abundance for the next few months is a serious evil. But we

cannot escape it. It is quite certain that the House of Lords must learn to take up a more constitutional position. At present the House allows itself to be used by the Conservatives, and especially by the Conservative members of the House of Commons, as a tool. And it is intolerable that one House of the Legislature should be perpetually a tool in the hands of one party in the State. But I trust that the House will learn wisdom in due course, and that the violent language with which it will be assailed will simply evaporate, as has happened before.

To his Wife.

Eggesford, Oct. 8, 1884.

Now, having had tea and breakfast and "don't you know" and "what I mean, you know," and so on, I am able to sit down a little more lively than I was last night. I suppose I was partly tired by the morning shindy, and then the walk up before I had food, but I was all down, partly by the sight of a lot of little chaps in brown cord breeches and boots who came in with Portsmouth just as I had finished writing to you; but I fairly bolted and walked out by myself searching for a drawing to rest me. Then came, I should think, ten or twelve horses, being led round and round in front by nearly as many servants. It turned out the young chaps, including ladies, were neighbours not staying here—well, the drawing came to nothing but a bit of pencil. . . .

I must try my new brush—I enclose the result—but then I thought of your yellow ochre wash, so I boldly put it on strong over the whole foreground. I expected it to be absurd, but it is really a great success. It has had a wonderful effect on the drawing. It has taught me a good deal as to the valuable effect of such a wash. It is quite imperceptible as a wash; but it has altered the whole light shadows; grass roads all look the better, and the hills further off, so thanks to my drawing mistress.

House of Commons, Oct. 24, 1884.

A little talk with Lord Eustace Cecil, brother to Salisbury, who talked some sense; he says we are getting so densely peopled that land is not safe to owners, no one will buy for want of confidence—when people get into want they will get hold of the land. Dillwyn (rather Radical) says the people are getting very angry and will sweep away the Lords without regard to constitutional forms if this matter is not settled.[1] He says Gladstone told the Opposition he was more conservative than they were.

Health Exhibition, Literary Department, Oct. 29, 1884.

I am glad I have come here. I have seen and heard what I never did before. I wish Leopold had been with me. I had a lecture from Cheyne, who has got it all up, bacilli, micrococci, bacteria, spores, all sorts of invisible things got at and visible growing on potato or in gelatine. What a marvellous world it is! some of these things are always in tubercles, some in wounds, some in erysipelas, some in diseased bones.

No wonder the Doctors believe in science, and all these things can be tested by what effect they produce on rabbits, mice.

Athenæum Club, Nov. 4, 1884. 4.30.

I also looked at Lord Malmesbury's memoir, very interesting—also the hundred greatest men, statesmen, thinkers, soldiers, religious; under the last head we have Zoroaster, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Luther, Bossuet, Wesley, not one Church of England man—it startled me, but whom could you name? Butler? Hooker? Ken? None really can be said to have exercised much influence outside England, unless Butler, and he not as a religious, but as a moral philosopher.

[1] The franchise question.

Athenæum Club, Dec. 3, 1884.

I fancy the Reform Bill will probably make my retirement expedient, and I may leave the younger Lords and others to play the game of General Post. I think, unless it is a strong public duty to hold a seat for the public good, it may be better for personal reasons to have more time for home duties, and personal attention to holy things.

House of Commons, February 20th, 1885. 6.30.

I was almost too shy to go up to Gladstone, but we were the two last through; he shook hands warmly, "My dear old friend, here we are once more." I said we all felt for him; he said he has never gone through such a time before[1] —the difference between the 3rd and 4th of February—he said we are *very well* in Egypt; he spoke confidently—but then Oh! those traitors. I did not like to ask any questions, but he stood still a moment on the floor of the House talking to me—he thinks too much of me.

He looks sad and worn. Mr. —— gave me a most familiar patronizing nod, to which I returned a distant bow, and shook hands warmly with an honest old Radical.

Athenæum Club, February 21st, 1885.

I think you are quite right. What is to be done? We are overpowered, or rather outnumbered by the Mahdi, and he has got Gordon's weapons and stores. People have abused Gladstone—say he is superannuated and must be got rid of. It is sad for him to hear this at the end of a noble life. He told me last night he had never had such a time before. Hartington almost broke down in reading about Stewart.

Athenæum Club, February 22nd, 1885.

I heard at C.'s that Gladstone *was alone* opposed to sending Gordon out. Everyone is shamefully snapping at Gladstone.

[1] General Gordon had been killed at Khartoum on January 26th.

CHAP IX. 1880-1886.

Tavistock, May 22nd, 1885. 7.30.

The meeting has gone off well. I spoke for about twenty minutes very earnestly, and was well received. Ebrington spoke admirably, a carefully prepared written speech, delivered in a clear voice—well reasoned on fair trade, and land laws, etc. A nice clergyman, Mr. Alford, son of the Doctor at Taunton, spoke at the meeting, and I have since been at his house.

Holnicote, May 29th, 1885.

The colouring is lovely, everything looks so different, all the grass covered with daisies, the fir trees new light shoots, walnut tree rich brown, deciduous trees brilliant yellow, only the heather looks still asleep and wintry, but the gorse splendid.

Trerice,[1] *Whitsunday, May 24th*, 1885.

The service was, I am bound to confess, well done of its kind, but it troubled me. I almost resolved to go for evening service to the Wesleyan Chapel, but I don't think I shall this time. . . .

I forgot to say that after my walk I played two or three psalm!!! or hymn! tunes on piano with one hand; two won't go together yet, but I really played my right-hand chords and nearly *in time*—only half the notes won't speak without a thump.

To W. E. Gladstone.

5, *Upper Belgrave Street, S.W., July 13th*, 1885.

You know I have no Whig traditions. Still less sympathy with Wemyss and Co. Yet my few notes look as if I were following their lead.

I wish to trust the people and to follow you, not in stemming, but in guiding the stream of progress. . .

County Government—most important.

[1] An old manor house in Cornwall, the farm attached to which he had in hand.

But when we have abolished Quarter Sessions will a plebiscite of farm labourers, who *practically pay no rates* (rarely full rent) give us security against improvident expenditure and jobbery?

I think the valuable service of small *resident owners*, say squires of 2,000 per annum (all Tories) is apt to be underrated.

I must add that I fully admit that *the duties* of landed property require different treatment and enforcement from those of personal property, and I feel strongly the evil of large non-residential ownership when incumbered.

He visited Rotherham in November and spoke for his son Arthur during his contested election.

To his Wife.

Rotherham College, Nov. 4, 1885.

The meeting was splendid, 4,000 Yorkshiremen all alive. Kentish fire and great enthusiasm to me. I got thro' my speech well and got out some home truths.

Arthur is doing wonderfully well and wisely. Dr. Falding is a fine old Christian gentleman, Miss F. very good. I am very glad I came; it has done good, and I have learnt a good deal. . . . I am not tired; though I was anxious beforehand and working hard.

We had an interesting tea in this house before the meeting—several fine working pitmen.

I should like to see Leopold and Dr. F. together. We have much to learn from such Dissenters or Congregationalists.

Coming from Rotherham south of Derby, Nov. 6, 1885, 4 *p.m.*

I enclose short report. Mundella was too long. I was obliged to shorten, and Arthur could only speak on Local Election arrangements. . . .

The college is a remarkable institution, such a lot of books, the Fathers, etc. I saw the works of Dr. Harris in answer to Dr. Pusey on the Eucharist—most learned

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—showing how Pusey misquoted the Fathers. I shall get the books. He began as an Independent—became a clergyman, and left all his books to the College.

Taunton Hotel, Nov. 6, 1885, *nearly* 12 *midnight.*

Chamberlain goes on hacking at Goschen; perhaps he is really afraid that Goschen is the coming leader of a solid middle party of progress and may cut him (C.) out.

As to the Manifesto about the Church, I don't think much of it. It is chiefly signed by Tories, High Churchmen, and old Whigs who hate and fear Gladstone . . . etc. Tom Hughes and Billy Cowper and Ebury are not of that sort; but it means I suppose that pressure is to be put on men like me to declare in favour of the Establishment. I don't mean to declare at all.

I was struck by the great moderation at Rotherham about Disestablishment. The clergy are some of them ritualistic, but Dr. Falding, who is immensely respected, spoke most kindly of them. Mr. Armitage, who spoke beautifully just at the end, is a Congregationalist Minister, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, very able, and has independent means. I wish I could have stayed a day longer.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Nov. 9, 1885.

They are working me hard in Somerset. Luttrell is working well and wisely. We are *convincing* the workpeople, not *coercing* them!

God help and bless you in Midlothian.

To his Wife.

Wiveliscombe, Nov. 24, 1885, 5.30 *p.m.*

In train was Knight of Exmoor—would talk—expects W. E. G. will have only a small majority and be at the mercy of the Irish. Thinks Chamberlain will lose us lots of seats. It is *very wet*—a grand reception here, but these

cheerings always shut me up. It all seems so hollow, yet they say it is sincere. A. Hancock is here, and Luttrells.

Now I have no speech ready.

Nov. 24th, 1885, 12 *night.*

I am getting very doubtful of our success. The meetings are enthusiastic, but they do not reach the Tory villages—and the Tory squires and landlords will send in their voters. Our people won't be able to do so much in that way, and I fear many won't dare vote at all, and will stay at home to avoid giving offence.

I expect many of the Boroughs will return Tories, like Exeter and Taunton. I am glad to hear Peel is in for Warwick. Parnell's Manifesto in Monday's "Times" is shocking; to think of the Tories welcoming such support. . . .

To his daughter Agnes.

The Cleve, Wellington, Somerset, Dec. 3, 1885.

You have no doubt heard of all our successes. My majority + 539, Charlie's + 2,103, Arthur's + 4,044. It is a cause for much thankfulness and humility. People here are wild with joy. My great satisfactions are two: 1. The temperate tone of my supporters in speaking and freedom from all trickery. 2. The reasonable tone of the working class. . . . We have to address a meeting to-night. Wellington likes to be made much of. To-morrow I have to go to Barnstaple and South Molton.

To his Wife.

Hawarden Castle, Dec. 11, 1885.

I have had a long walk with W. E. G., who has made walks like ours all over the woods and park. For the first half we talked about *Ireland*—about which I can't write—*don't allude to it.*

For the last half hour we talked Theology, Genesis, and Science, etc. All very interesting—his faith is very strong and real.

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Hawarden Castle, Dec. 11, 1885.

I am very glad I have come. Lord Wolverton is here, which just suits—only he talks nonsense about Hodge and how to catch his vote and how to keep it. Arch has been in Dorset, and made a great impression.

I find a kind letter from Lord Spencer. I am learning a good deal, but I can't "explayn" about it. How little the clergy like Leopold know what G. is or what his aims are. . . .

The "Pall Mall" is not in favour here.

Hawarden Castle, Dec. 12*th*, 1885.

Well I hope you don't mind my staying. I feel some doubt, but Mrs. G. seemed really to wish it, and I may be of use to Willy Gladstone, who has difficult work to manage the estate. The political talk is very interesting, but I can't write about it—I am not sure that I am of much use as a listener, but I do *advocatus diaboli* as well as I can. . . .

Haven't I talked cookery! A Scotch cook like Forsyth has been here many years. Was kitchen maid at Eggesford.

Hawarden Castle, Dec. 13, 1885.

I think this is the anniversary of the day in 1840, Dec. 13th, when I went to Exeter Cathedral to the Holy Communion and wrote my letter to Lady Mordaunt, which was followed by the visit to Hastings on St. Thomas' Day.[1]

Well, thanks be given for all the mercies that followed down to your motherly love, and now to our short time that remains.

I did not get up to go to church at eight, nor did G. I was only just down to breakfast. Mrs. G. has a cold and did not come down. G. talked freely, no one but his two sons Herbert and Harry, who is very able; he is a merchant in India.

We walked to church. M'Coll preached—ending with a tremendous appeal about Ireland after church. . . .

[1] The day on which he became engaged to his first wife.

I shall be glad to get home, and have a good deal to talk about, but you must not expect me to tell much of what I have been hearing.

There is an article in the "Pall Mall" of Saturday which you may as well read, though of course it is all nonsense to suppose that anything has been told from here.

All the following extracts are from letters to Mr. Gladstone.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Holnicote, Taunton, Jan. 8, 1886.

I hope my telegraphic message and my subsequent letter have disposed of my dreaded speech as a seconder of the Speaker. If I do not hear from you I shall assume that I am not wanted. . . .

I still feel most strongly that I cannot accept Parnell's present organized *set*[1] as giving the *last word* about Ireland as to what is to be accepted.

I also feel that however strong the argument from English municipal police, we can not trust the execution of imperial law to Irish municipal bodies, who acknowledge no law about land but the National League. I do not think Childers' last explanation at all satisfactory.

As to land I do not see how we can desert the owners, to whom the credit of the whole state is pledged, and I view with especial dread all schemes for buying up land by English friends, and making the State the landlord.

Thus I jot down my imperfect thoughts based on imperfect knowledge.

As to action in Parliament I have carefully avoided compromising myself by correspondence with others; I only sent Goschen Mr. French's pamphlet, and I shall watch carefully as far as I am competent the drift of old and new members.

[1] Set of men or set against you and the Liberals. [T. D. A.'s own note.]

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My son remarked to me last night that he could not but feel that there is a connection between what is going on in Ireland and the whole principle of landed property. I feel that a new order of things may be impending, and often say "the world was not made for a few landlords." But we must try to act right, remembering as I said repeatedly in my election that "the private ownership of land involves public duties and responsibilities."

You see what you have brought on your eyes.

One word about Theology. I have bought Bishop Lightfoot's three wonderful volumes on Apostolic Fathers. Much of it of course I can't attempt to read, but it looks like *broad daylight*. There is a manly depth and good sense which is most refreshing.

75, *Eaton Square, S.W., Feb.* 10, 1886.

I forbore writing to you as to two points: (1) my absence from the vote on Collings' amendment and (2) his appointment, in conjunction with Chamberlain, to the Local Government Board, which, when I read of it, seemed to be the heaviest blow dealt to our country gentlemen and others who honestly do their local duties. But I did not like to intrude on your time.

I hope you will not think this letter an ungrateful return for your kindness to my son.[1] I am indeed very much gratified; I hope he may prove equal to the work you have assigned to him. My fear is as to his strength of constitution (which is not thoroughly healthy) bearing the confinement and loss of country life. But I am sure he will try to do his best. He has had some misgivings about Ireland, but I told him that with Lord Spencer and Trevelyan in the Government he need not scruple.

[1] His eldest son was appointed Under-Secretary of the Board of Trade, and also unpaid Ecclesiastical Commissioner.

75, Eaton Square, S.W., May 15, 1886.

I am afraid I have been a dark horse to the Whips so far.

Last Monday I passed an unhappy three hours, when I felt as if I must come to the parting of the ways after forty-nine years' following, because you seemed to put your foot down about "fettering" the Irish Parliament. However, a reaction has set in.

As at present advised, unless anything unexpected happens, I think I shall vote for the second reading (that is, clause 1, and perhaps part 1, clauses 1-6), if I am able to speak and say what I mean by the supremacy of Parliament, and that I certainly do not assent to give to the new Legislature *unfettered* power to deal with all the internal interests of Ireland till we have had far more experience (herein differing from your third condition). . . . I feel deeply for your anxious work in this critical time.

The next letter was written after his defeat for the Wellington Division of Somerset.

75, Eaton Square, S.W., July 12, 1886.

I think I could have held the seat in spite of defection of Whigs, and of Primrose League, if the time had not been so unfortunate—specially haymaking. Many of the working class voters were enthusiastic, and many hesitating middle class men were satisfied with the position I took up.

I cannot say that I feel my retirement a relief; it is a *final extinction* at a time when I was presumptuous enough to hope I might be of a little use. Perhaps I ought (and to some extent I do) feel that at my age I should turn thankfully to other duties for the short time that remains. But while you are in the fight, it is a great disappointment to me not to be on the flank or in the reserve.

But I ought not to trouble you about my small matters. I must thank you for having given Charlie a short apprenticeship in office. I hear that both at the Board of Trade and the Eccl. Commission, his unobtrusive diligence and good sense has left a favourable impression.

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As to the greater matters I need not say much. I fear the Irish question has been for many a mere excuse to vent their enmity to, or jealousy of you; so they have helped a Tory reaction.

75, *Eaton Square, S.W., July* 15, 1886.

I am to leave London on Saturday, perhaps never to return. I made my last effort for you by going to two open air meetings in support of Mr. Phillimore, who spoke very well.

It is a small matter that my political life, in which I vainly hoped I might do a little good, is abruptly ended. I can only write now as a devoted personal friend, and dare to say what I feel.

I feel crushed by the reaction against you individually. I don't believe half the turn of tide is due to honest fear about Ireland. As to the danger to the Empire, I look on that as nonsense and sham. I believe it is in great measure fear (and also jealousy) of you among the property and culture classes. But I must honestly say that you have distressed some of your warmest personal friends, by the tone of some of your frequent utterances.

Allow me to implore you to appear again in that *calm dignity and loyal responsibility* which so truly represent your inner sense of political duty to the Queen and to the whole of our complicated πολιτεια.

As to the course which you will think right to take when the final result of this Election is declared I do not presume to judge.

75, *Eaton Square, S.W., July* 16, 1886.

Bless you for your letter to the Duke.[1]

Your best self, true dignity and Christian courtesy. All the same pray excuse a "candid friend." I am not sorry I wrote as I did.

May Our Father help you, guide, and comfort you!

[1] To the Duke of Devonshire.

CHAPTER X

1886—1898

A FEW words may be fitly said here on some of the aspects of the active and busy life which Acland had led, to the concluding years of which we have now come. Those who have read the foregoing chapters will have fully realized how he was guided by high principle and sterling honesty of purpose in the many tasks to which he devoted his great energy and enthusiasm. It is however true, that in spite of his obvious sincerity he did not always show the best side of his work to those who did not know him well. The fact that he made so many "shavings" in his work, as his friend Dr. Temple said, not unfrequently, no doubt, lessened the effectiveness of what he did. He became quite absorbed in one subject, and wasted time over it from want of power of concentration, and while he was absorbed he failed to observe what was going on elsewhere. Then, though he learnt much from others, he would have learned more with his shrewdness and quickness in seeing a point if he had been a better listener. He was almost always full of some subject, and he poured it out in a stream on others, who had to become what Carlyle, in his account of Coleridge's torrent of talk, has called "passive buckets," and to whom all power of reply or comment often became

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impossible. This habit led sometimes to a marked dislike of difference of opinion when it was expressed, and so a somewhat autocratic method of dealing with many subjects prevailed, which was not always favourable to manysidedness or width of view. Then, again, his manner of working was curiously disorderly. All sorts of important matters were delayed and put off in favour of the reigning topic of thought. The results of this were often to be seen when he was leaving home even for a few days, and arrears had to be dealt with. Before starting on a journey letters were dashed off that had remained untouched for months, and now appeared to be of vital importance, packets "to be sorted" were tied up with tapes and labelled, two or three despatch boxes filled to the brim, and pamphlets and papers pushed down under the leather cover. A general rout of all the usual arrangements of papers resulted in the loss of some and the destruction of others, with a danger of corresponding effect on the temper and patience of his helpers for the time being.[1] Sometimes he threw off his coat and worked in his shirt-sleeves, and indeed this was often the first sign of these high steam pressure fits coming on. The pressure increased as the moment of starting arrived. There was the egg beat up in coffee because it was quicker to swallow than meat; the bread and butter folded up and shoved into a side pocket as the great coat was put on; the "strapping up" left to the last because

[1] He writes in 1882 to his wife, "I hope to begin sorting to-morrow. Yesterday as usual I sorted away things I cannot now find."

something more might turn up to go in; the elaborate apparatus of various sorts multiplied and re-multiplied till his wife called him "a regular victim to contrivances;" the coming back at the end for something forgotten, and the final last words over the back of the carriage. It is amusing to look back to now, though it was often exhausting to those around him at the time. He, however, seemed never exhausted. He would take a little nap in the train, and wake up again to sketch energetically at the stations, or talk to porters and officials about any and every subject under the sun. He most thoroughly enjoyed the excitement of a journey, and was not at all satisfied if he could not make out who his fellow-travellers were. If possible he would engage them in conversation, sometimes to lecture them and sometimes to learn himself. He was always imparting knowledge to others in some way or other—always instructing, suggesting, advising. Constantly occupied in adding to his own stock of knowledge, he longed to share it with others and to spread it abroad.[1] He could not in the least understand the kind of character which leaves others to go their own way, and shrinks back into itself because it fears to be intruding in other folk's concerns. Helpfulness was instinctive in him, and help he did. Strangers were amused sometimes at his eagerness and absorption in some small details of an unusual kind. Many a cook has

[1] It has been a frequent experience with his children to meet people who have said, "I met your father once, and he gave me a cookery book"—or it may be, "a lesson in drawing"—or perhaps, more seriously, "he said something about religion which I have never forgotten."

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looked daggers at his sudden appearance in the kitchen, or a governess in her schoolroom, but often before he left the room he won the heart of the cook or the governess by his own willingness to be taught "something new." Always keen on acquiring more information himself he thought the whole world was equally usefully employed. With a person who took up the attitude, "it does not interest me," he had nothing in common.

Much of the hurry and bustle in which he was so often involved was due to his habit of procrastination, which he fully recognized in himself—"I am like the hero of a story I have just read," he said once, "I hate decision." In this way, especially in all sorts of domestic affairs, a good deal of time was wasted. It had been the same with his father, so he was well accustomed to the habit. "This is a family," said the old housekeeper at Holnicote to Miss Erskine in 1851, "in which as you may say there is never no time." The old lady was a shrewd observer, and spoke from a long experience. There was another old friend, whose stout imposing form coming up the drive two or three times a week at Sprydoncote was one of those familiar sights which seem in retrospect an essential part of the home life of the sixties. This was Sergeant-Major Draycott, most good-natured of men, helpful in everything, the best of umpires to have on your side in a village cricket match, and full of interest in the new duties which the Volunteer movement brought upon him, putting his Yeomanry work for the time being quite in the shade. It was

told of him that when Acland was foreshadowing one of his many schemes or plans he said to Draycott, "You must come, and we will go thoroughly into that." "Yes, Colonel," was the reply, "and when shall I commence coming?" For the circumstances of the case the phrase had a world of meaning, and the question, "When shall I commence coming?" brought many a merry smile into Acland's face in later years when his wife or someone else asked it at some bustling busy time.

His want of orderliness was illustrated by his weekly visits to Exeter in the busy Local Examination time or during the period of his volunteering activity. He never could get his work done. He would meet one man and talk, and then another and talk, without any regard to time. He would order his carriage and then keep it waiting an hour at Mr. Roberts' bookshop or somewhere else.[1] If he was riding he would often not get home till nine or ten o'clock at night. Time disappeared from his mind, and he could go for hours without food, so that being hungry never occurred to him. Then he delighted in last words on the threshold of the house or by the step of the carriage —those "last words" which excite such impatience in children who, as they grow older and more absorbed, do in their turn perhaps exactly that which annoyed them in the old days when their minds were bent on getting

[1] His coachman, James Groves, who served him faithfully for more than thirty years, had a considerable sense of humour. His descriptions of the length of time occupied in getting home after he left the New London Inn at Exeter with the carriage were often very amusing.

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out shooting earlier or getting home quicker to tea or supper.

A very remarkable little summary of Acland's character was written by his first wife's mother, Lady Mordaunt, in her diary a few months after his marriage and very shortly before her own death. It is as follows:

"Sense and ability and quickness of perception; fine temper; tender heart; generosity and disinterestedness; absence of vanity; strong faith and warm charity.

"These qualities are of the highest order, and very active life would amend many of the following defects.

"Dilatoriness and procrastination; indecision and too little self-confidence; undue importance given to little things; an eccentric dwelling on some, as, for instance, his accounts; theoretical (very curious); a want of repose of character; scrupulousness approaching to superstition and arising from faults in education; he says self-indulgent; an inequality of spirits!"

In this estimate of his qualities no trait is more truly observed than his absence of vanity, which all who knew him well must have constantly noticed. He often checked laudatory references to his own services or public work by pointing out to whom credit was due before himself, or at least side by side with him. In the same way he deprecated any undue exaltation of the Acland family when he came across it, as he sometimes did, and tried to show by illustration what the traditions of some of the historic families of the country really were. He frequently said that in the case of his father there had been at times an exaggerated worship in the family of his doings and sayings which had

really done more harm than good. On the other hand, no one was a stronger defender of what he considered good work done by any member of his family than he was. He constantly referred to his father's public work, to his influence on his children, to what he had done for the estate, for the tenants, the labourers and their children, and to the good example which he had set as a young man. Again and again he would speak to others of the work of his brothers in their various spheres of life with the warmest commendation. It was the same with his children and with many of his other relations. He had the keenest appreciation of all that he considered useful and worthy in their lives and work. He often spoke in exaggerated terms of praise of these things to others, and in the home circle he used to say with pride and gratitude and with the deepest sincerity, sometimes even with tears in his eyes, how much he had to be thankful for in all these circumstances of his life.

His occasional bluntness of speech was the result of an excessive fear of unreality and an unrestrained desire to let out what was in his mind without waiting to think of consequences. Sometimes he gave annoyance, no doubt, but his sincerity and earnestness were so obvious that he seldom left serious enmity behind. Occasionally his friends were alarmed as to what might arise from his supposed want of discretion. His old friend Lord Blachford[1]

[1] Mr. Frederic Rogers, pupil of Newman, Fellow of Oriel, afterwards Permanent Secretary of the Colonial Office.

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gives an amusing instance of this in a letter to Miss Rogers written when he was staying at Killerton in 1887.

"Our proceedings here have been very pleasant. . . . The dinner (on the occasion of the presentation of a portrait to Sir Stafford Northcote in Exeter) went off exceedingly well. Nothing at all jarring or unpleasant. Everybody here was plainly on tenterhooks as to what Acland would say. Lord Portsmouth was beseeching his wife, and his wife was beseeching Lord P. to keep him prudent, and Lady Susan Fortescue was offering to bet him that he would not keep his speech under ten minutes, and he had, you will say, the good sense to rehearse his speech to me as we were driving together to Exeter, omitting with great docility various objectionable topics. So the result was that he was quite a success."[1]

Acland's speeches varied a good deal. Sometimes they were concise and excellent. Sometimes they were diffuse or over-vehement. He was quite aware of his defects. Thus in one speech he says: "I have to apologize to you. I have been carried away perhaps by my feelings, but I have endeavoured to speak words of soberness and seriousness." And on another occasion, when an interruption was made, he said: "Mr. —— is very clever. He knows that if he can throw a fly across my path he is pretty sure to get me to rise to it." He took immense pains in reading for and preparing his addresses and speeches,

[1] During Sir Stafford Northcote's speech Acland made running comments to Lord Blachford "hardly *sotto voce*," till a reporter sitting opposite burst out, "I wish you would hold your tongue, Sir Thomas," which, says Lord Blachford, he obediently did for the rest of the speech.

but he was not always successful in making or in handling his notes, sometimes writing too much out in full before hand, and sometimes wandering from his point when he was speaking.

He was a great reader all through his life whenever he found time. But his reading was generally connected with the subject which filled his mind at the time. On Sundays he read theology, and was greatly interested in Bampton Lectures and other books of an orthodox Anglican type. Occasionally he read the works of distinguished Nonconformists. Biblical criticism, as has been seen, had at times a great attraction for him, and he was always ready to take an interest in philosophy and metaphysics. Of general literature he read very little for a man of his intellectual gifts. He had a traditional devotion to Coleridge and Wordsworth, but he cared little for later poets or for history or fiction. Writing to his wife from Holnicote in 1875 he says: "I read 'Guy Mannering.' Think of my having waited till sixty-five to make acquaintance with Meg Merrilies and Dominie Sampson."

He was very fond of talking about what he had read, and making his books the starting point for his flow of talk and stories. What he actually said depended not a little on his listener. He liked to hold himself ready to take the other side of a question at a moment's notice. This was partly due to a certain amount of indecision which was often at the bottom of his own mind, and partly to his strong desire to make people see all round the subject.

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Although he was himself an attached supporter of the Church, this would sometimes happen; for instance, in his talk about the Church and Nonconformity—a rather favourite topic. He would occasionally say very severe things both about the clergy of the Church and about Nonconformist ministers. On the other hand, if either were being attacked he could make the warmest possible defence with illustrations from among those whom he knew and respected. In matters of opinion he liked to keep for himself an open mind and a reasonable number of loopholes. But he was perpetually adding to the knowledge upon which his opinions were founded, and he could be emphatic enough in his assertion of them when he liked.

Like so many men who are in earnest for improvement he was in a perpetual state of warfare against what seemed to him to be "humbug," a word constantly in his mouth, or sham or nonsense. This was the case with his zeal for education, especially middle-class education. He longed to deliver parents from the shallow and misleading appeals to their interest in their children, which came, and unfortunately still in not a few cases come, from many of the schools which he wished to reform. To provide some test which would be genuine, to enable the high standard of the work of the Universities at their best to be brought to bear upon the schools was his great desire. And even then he was well aware how the results of what he had helped to bring about might be abused, and how misleading mere lists of "successes" of individual scholars in local

or other examinations may be as indications of the real educational efficiency of a school.

In the days of his volunteering ardour in the same way he was perpetually denouncing the uselessness of much that he found of military pedantry and routine. And when he met a soldier who largely shared his views like Major Colley (afterwards Sir George Colley), his devotion to him and delight in talking to him were very great.

And so in agriculture it was the rule of thumb that was his enemy. He was always striving to make better known the work of Lawes, Gilbert, Voelcker, and the other agricultural authorities. He would urge farmers to get rid of slovenly work and slovenly opinions, to think of the reasons for what they did. He would be in turn persuading them or laughing at them, or half upbraiding them. "That's no good; that is absurd; that is exploded long ago," you would hear him say to some young farmer. And sometimes if he had been too impetuous and had not quite understood, "Stop! Ah! you mean so and so; perhaps there is more in that than I thought."

In the same way it was his dislike of what he suspected to be unreality, and of almost all kinds of display, that made him so averse to taking part in any kind of functions in society. His natural bent was towards extreme simplicity of life, and he much disliked country house visiting unless there was some special object in view for which he cared.

Somewhat analogous to his dislike of all forms of what

he thought to be sham and pretension was his perpetual effort to clear up ambiguities of expression in talk or writing. He thought truly enough that a great deal of want of thoroughness may be hidden beneath obscurity of phrase. He was very conscious of the obscurity that was always possible in the use of terms either by himself or others, and was constantly trying to clear up his own and other people's grammar. This was amusing sometimes. "My dear Tom," his brother Leopold the vicar, whose language usually was very clear and precise, would say, "You see it *was*; it *was really*." "Come, Leopold," might be the answer, "I don't understand *it*; where's the nominative case?"

In his meetings with his brothers, quaint incidents sometimes took place. The brothers were so affectionately devoted to each other that it is not possible for anything to be said illustrating their intercourse on its more amusing side, which can be really misunderstood. One of Acland's nieces has told what happened once when his brother Henry had come for a day or two to Killerton, during the years when they were both quite old. They had stayed talking in the dining-room after breakfast. She met Henry coming out, and he said, "I must really go and lie down. Your uncle is too much for me; he is a wonderful man, and he has been pouring out all his learning, and it is too much for my poor old head." After escorting him upstairs she found her other uncle coming out of the dining-room and saying, "I really can't stand any more. Poor old

Henry; he's a wonderful man, but he has been simply going on and on with all his troubles and his Oxford thoughts so long that it's too much for me altogether."

With all this love of outpouring there was a real power for self-restraint when the occasion demanded it. But sometimes, when for some special reason his wife had exhorted him beforehand to be very careful as to what he said, he managed nearly to let out what he was thinking, even if he succeeded in saying nothing. There are some cases where speech is almost better than silence when a secret has to be kept. He surrounded matters of family importance with such an air of mystery that everyone had their curiosity roused to the uttermost, and his wife used often to laugh and say what a "sieve" he was.

Whatever he may have sometimes appeared to be to the public or to those whom he casually met, there was no doubt in the minds of those who worked with him as to his large-heartedness and sincerity. His interests were broad generous interests; his objects were high; there was little of the "mean admiration of mean things" in his composition.

His appreciation, too, of the good work of those who acted with him was extremely warm and cordial. It really was a pleasure to obtain it; it was so generously given and so sincere. His own humility was perfectly genuine, and he was constantly saying to others, "You know much more about all that than I do," even in cases where his knowledge was very real and thorough. And so, too, in saying a few

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words to the servants during family prayers once towards the end of his life on Ash Wednesday: "To-day is the first day of Lent. The Church orders fasting. There may be fasting from sin. But you are all so good to me, and do your duty so well, that it is not for *me* to speak to you of faults."

As all his real friends who knew Acland were aware, he had a very tender heart underlying his sometimes rough outside. He was very full of sympathy, especially with the poor and those who suffered pain, as he often showed in the intimacy of his more private letters. In writing about the sufferings of the wife of one of his workmen he says: "The Psalm of this morning is full of verses about the distressed calling to God in their trouble." He constantly blamed himself because he had not done more in the way of personal visitation of the poor and the sick. He greatly disliked giving trouble to servants, especially in small households. He would go out of his way in the most unexpected manner to save them trouble.

Of his sincere devotion to a religious sense of duty it is not necessary to speak at length, for his whole life shows it. Whatever modifications his views may have undergone he preserved the same seriousness and religious conscientiousness from the beginning to the end, from early youth to old age. "He seldom talked long with me without elevating and lifting me above the mere commonplace aspect of my ordinary life," said one of his friends after his death; and another, "I shall never forget some of the things he said to me about religion."

But apart from what he said, for he did not lightly talk about religious duties or admonish anyone on these matters, his example was the means by which he impressed upon others how seriously he looked at life and its problems, its duties, and its work.

During the last twelve years of his life Acland retained, for a man of his age, great mental activity and vigour. He led a much more retired life after he left Parliament, and seldom went to London. But for some years after 1886 his occupations at home remained much as they had been before. Agriculture, drawing, philosophy, and other interests of earlier days absorbed his attention one after another as their turn came round. Occasionally he made a political speech, but less and less frequently. He took the chair at a great meeting at Plymouth in 1889, when Mr. Gladstone wound up a political tour in the West of England. This was apparently the last occasion on which the old friends met. They kept up their correspondence, as the extracts from letters show, till nearly the end. A facsimile of Acland's letter which he wrote when Mr. Gladstone finally retired from official life is given in this chapter. His devotion to and affection for Mr. Gladstone was very great. They were born in the same year. In their college days at Christchurch Acland's admiration and respect for him began. Though at times in later life he took advantage of his friendship to write to him with the plain speaking which only a true friend can use in warning or remonstrance, in the main he trusted him, and in politics he followed him.

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With him he followed Peel on the Corn Laws, and lost his seat in consequence in 1847. Like him he was a Liberal when he returned to Parliament in 1865. He followed him twenty years later in his Irish policy, and lost his seat in consequence in 1886. During the twelve years after his retirement from Parliament until his death he felt it a kind of duty as well as a pleasure to let his old friend know what he was doing and thinking. In 1892 Mr. Gladstone wrote: "The thought of you and of your warm sympathy and general concurrence is to me as a cheerful fire in freezing weather," and in 1894, in reply to Acland's letter on his resigning his post of Prime Minister: "I thank you for reviving at this moment the memories of our old and never-broken friendship."

Soon after his retirement from Parliament Acland once more betook himself with great zeal to the study of the chemistry of farming, as he had done forty years before. He read many of the more modern books on chemistry, and he soon began to put on paper some of the results in a way which he thought might be useful to young farmers. After many months of pretty steady work he completed a small book in 1891, which he called, "An Introduction to the Chemistry of Farming for Practical Farmers." In the fourth part of the book, after dealing with agricultural chemistry generally, with soils, manure, and food for grazing and the dairy, he gave a record of experiments made in connection with the Bath and West of England Society, and suggestions as to how field experiments should be con-

ducted. The dedication of the book is as follows: "In grateful memory of my friends and teachers, Philip Pusey and Augustus Voelcker."

On May 14th, 1892, Lady Acland, who had been gradually growing weaker as old age advanced, died at the age of eighty-six. She had been a most devoted wife, and a constant source of support and help and encouragement to him for nearly thirty-six years.

Many of his friends wrote to Acland after his wife's death speaking of their deep feeling about her. She had indeed been a remarkable woman. After great delicacy of health in her early years she had in middle life taken charge of an old relative who lived in London and needed constant attention. She managed at the same time to visit regularly the poor in some of the poorest courts of the West of London. At the age of fifty she passed from this life to her new duties at Sprydoncote after her marriage. She moved among those duties, which included the care of a father-in-law suddenly made a widower, of a busy husband, of five stepchildren, and of nephews, nieces, and wards who came and went, with a briskness and cheerfulness and gentle kindness which were indeed wonderful. She had deep religious principles, and the highest feeling of devotion to duty combined with complete unselfishness. To this was added a strong sense of humour, which carried her over many a domestic difficulty with quiet amusement and without annoyance. There was a certain austerity in her character, and a timidity of new undertakings or new de-

partures in many directions, which made her advice seem at times perhaps rather negative or even discouraging.[1] But her wonderful sweetness of disposition and her sincere desire to sympathize with others gave those who knew her a constant sense of being the better for her presence, and they were filled with gratitude for her helpfulness and her good example.

An old friend[2] who knew her well has sent me a few words of remembrance of her:

"It is easy—and yet not so easy—to sketch the character of Lady Acland, for it was a character of rare simplicity and naturalness. What follows are impressions left on one who had the high privilege of her friendship from the time of her marriage till her death.

"In the first place no one could fail to be struck with her genuine piety. The love of God lay at the root of her life, and showed itself in all she said and did. To know Lady Acland was more than a privilege—it was an inspiration. No one could be about her without being the better for it: no one could converse with her without finding himself lifted into a purer air, nor without carrying away with him something of that peace and stillness of soul in which she lived and moved. Her inward calm was reflected in her countenance as 'a Presence not to be put by.' There was in her a transparent truthfulness and sincerity of speech, a graciousness of manner, a sweetness of temper, a patience and hopeful-

[1] Acland, who rested upon her advice and help, which was of wonderful service to him after his first wife's death, was a little puzzled sometimes. "My mind felt bewildered in talking to her" (Miss Erskine), he wrote. "If on the one hand I carry my duties into particulars I seem to be making plans; if I do not I seem vague and unpractical."

[2] The Rev. W. David.

. . . Holland & Daily Acland

. . . from a photograph taken in 1 . . 4

ness, and withal a merry cheerfulness, which lent to her character its greatest charm.

"Another marked feature was an overflowing sympathy and love of her kind. How this was manifested will be long remembered, most of all by those among whom she dwelt. Her care and thought for the poor, for the sick and the distressed in every rank, her interest in the schools, in village clubs, and gatherings of many kinds, were shown in manifold ways.

"Intellectually she had gifts of no common order, and these she cultivated with care and diligence. Never perhaps a very wide reader, she yet had a fair acquaintance with the best English literature early as well as modern, was familiar with the masterpieces of three or four Continental languages, had taught herself Hebrew also, and loved to study the Psalms in their original tongue.

"'People ask me for secrets,' wrote St. François de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, the counsellor of many who wished to lead a devout life, 'they ask me for the secret of attaining perfection; for my part I know no other secret than this, to love God with all one's heart, and one's neighbour as oneself.'"

After his wife's death Acland, now well over eighty, became in some respects more like an old man. But he still showed astonishing vigour and powers of endurance when the occasion demanded it. His industry in reading was still great. He resumed his work on philosophy, and it occupied his almost undivided attention for several years. He read diligently much German philosophy and many English philosophical books which were new to him.[1] He

[1] Occasionally he became a little tired of his philosophical studies. "I am weary," he writes to his daughter, Mrs. Anson, in January, 1895, "of the abstract talk. Green does write much about our 'eternal consciousness,' and apparently does not believe that my dear old Scotch

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corresponded with a good many philosophical writers, who cordially helped and encouraged him. Occasionally he persuaded one of them to visit him, and he immensely enjoyed telling them his difficulties and puzzles, and asking their advice.

In the letters which follow he describes what he had in view in the little philosophical book of 250 pages which he published in 1896. The title of the book is "Knowledge, Duty and Faith, Suggestions for the Study of Principles taught by Typical Thinkers Ancient and Modern."

The dedication is as follows:

To the
RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE,
In remembrance
of his personal example and profound study
at Christchurch, Oxford,
sixty-five years ago,
and
of his constant friendship ever since,
this humble attempt
to interest students in
University Extension Classes
is gratefully dedicated
by
THE AUTHOR.

The first half of the book is given to a short introduction to Logic and an account of Plato and Aristotle. He gives a few pages each to Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Berkeley,

fir exists out on the Terrace, but only in one's brain. What is the good of all this? Kant said that 'mind makes nature'—very fine talk. It only means that we put together our different sensations of colour, shape, etc., to make up a thing."

Hume, Coleridge, Kant, and Butler. He then gives a chapter to Herbert Spencer, and one to Lotze, whose works he had read with great interest and admiration. One of his chief objects throughout was to give references to the best available books on the subjects which he discusses. The closing words of the book are:

"Two conclusions I venture to suggest as the result of the retrospect.

"1. In the search for knowledge, especially as regards practical action, the will acts with the intellect, and influences its conclusions. Thought is not a mere *succession of impressions* derived from nature, nor of *states of consciousness* within the mind; but the act of a responsible personal being, which should lead to faith in a personal God. In the words of T. H. Green, 'the will is simply the man.'

"2. We have seen that, according to some of the most powerful reasoners, pure logic does not enable us to draw conclusions with reference to spiritual realities (of which we can form but imperfect conceptions), without apparent incongruities the reconciliation of which can only be given by faith."

Acland was much pleased at the kindly notices of the book, of which the following from "The Times" may be given here:

"It is obvious that the scope of such a volume must include, in outline at least, the whole course of speculative philosophy. But the venerable author, who dedicates his work to his lifelong friend Mr. Gladstone, modestly disclaims any such ambitious purpose. 'This is not,' he says, 'a history of philosophy, still less an original treatise. The intention is to indicate some of the questions now attracting interest, and especially to show the assumptions taken for

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granted by typical writers, who in successive periods have endeavoured to find answers to the questions—What can we know? and—What ought we to do?' It may perhaps be doubted whether such large and far-reaching questions afford a fitting material for the rather desultory, and often superficial studies of University Extension students, but such students will certainly obtain not a little judicious guidance from Sir Thomas Acland's suggestive pages. 'I regret,' he adds, 'that with failing health, and at my advanced age, I have been unable to enter more thoroughly into some of the subjects now occupying the minds of thoughtful persons.' The apology is little needed. In spite of the infirmities of age Sir Thomas Acland displays a wide acquaintance with speculative thought, a keen insight into its ulterior issues, and an independence of critical judgment which are really remarkable in a man of his years and pursuits."

During the greater part of these closing years of his life there lived with him at Killerton his niece, Mrs. Bere, the eldest daughter of his brother Arthur Troyte, and his great-niece, Miss Hook, a granddaughter of the same brother. Again and again in his letters and his talks to his children he expressed in the warmest words his strong sense of their kindness and their watchful and helpful care of him in his old age. His daughters and his younger son came from time to time on visits which were full of delight and pleasure alike to themselves and to their children. His eldest son with his wife came backwards and forwards from Holnicote, where they had made their home. To him the responsibility for the management of the estate was more and more fully entrusted in these later years.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Aug. 18, 1886.

Your kind letter with the first volume of "Gleanings" reached me at Haslemere, whither I went to a little inn to study landscape (water colour), under the advice of Whymper, one of our best artists. I am sorry to confess that (stranded as I am politically) out-door painting is the only occupation to which I willingly turn. It absorbs one's whole thought when one is about it.

To his Wife.

Killerton, Exeter, May 11th, 1887.

I had woke up well over an excellent article in "Contemporary" by Bryce, "Why we became Home-rulers." It confirmed me in the opinion that I ought to support the candidate here, so I am going to a meeting at Newlyn at 6.30. I hear a very good account of the candidate, Mr. McArthur.

Dorchester, 1887.

I sent a hasty line by Stevens—I am now in the Dairy [1] again. Everybody laughs at me, and the dairymaids—I gave one poor woman £1, who was commended—I knew her father on Exmoor, where he was ruined. She is maintaining her mother as servant to a farmer. Nobody else knows of it. Now I have been getting some tea for the poor girls who are competitors. They are quite exhausted.

From W. E. Gladstone.

Dollis Hill, N. W., June, '87.

The thought of you, and of your warm sympathy and general concurrence, is to me as a cheerful fire in freezing weather, which one feels, but does not thank or speak to.

[1] The Dairy at the Show of the Bath and West of England Society.

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Such has been my enforced silence towards you; and such I fear it must be. I shall continue safely to trust to the charity that believeth all things, that ever presumes in the most favourable sense.

This is a great battle. Shall I, or will even you in your (I am glad to think) more favourable position see the end of it? When I look at the reason and the strength of the case the feeling rises up—that 'surely this contest cannot be long'—but when I recollect on the other hand that the *minor* battle of R. C. emancipation lasted for twenty-nine years after the Union, and that English obstinacy only yielded *then* to the fear of Civil War, a darker view asserts itself.

Meanwhile I have much cause to be thankful for health and strength: but I am distinctly sensible of progressive loss of power in sight, hearing, and memory.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Oct. 17, 1887.

I think you may be glad to hear that I have received Mr. Carew, M.P. for North Kildare, and presided at a meeting which he addressed.

I felt bound to do so much, to further the calm consideration of the Home Rule policy. I felt however some responsibility in taking such a step.

From W. E. Gladstone.

Studley Royal, Ripon, Oct. 26*th*, '87.

It is a pleasure to me, and an advantage to the public, that you still continue to interest yourself practically in the Irish question, and to give in measure your countenance to our policy.

I believe with Mr. Carew in the general disposition to pay rent in Ireland. But the conduct pursued there by the Government tries the people harder and harder, and must

have demoralizing effects upon them, which I earnestly wish all English influence to counteract.

Time is entering against both of us from day to day his inexorable record, and yet I cannot dismiss from my mind the hope that *if* I am to live and have to do once more with this big question, I may see you once more restored by some judicious constituency, and by an uncontested and painless election, to the benches of the House of Commons.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Dec. 19, 1887.

May I venture to say, what more than one of your warm friends have said of you to me,—that you are the most patient listener to all objections, difficulties, etc., until you have taken your decision; but that when once you have decided you will not hear a word on the other side.

Don't think me very impertinent—and let me wish you a happy completion of your seventy-eighth year—and a happy Christmas and some rest and refreshment on the Continent.

To his son Arthur.

Killerton, July 25th, 1888.

As to your address[1] at Oxford it occurs to me that without special permission or ticket I may not be admissible....

Charlie wants me to write about Agricultural (State) Education. I don't feel up to it. I see some great objections....

Now, first, the leading English farmers know more than any professor can teach them as to their daily work. Secondly, they are far ahead of continental farmers. (Speaking of general agriculture, not market gardening or

[1] At the opening of the first Summer Meeting at Oxford for University Extension Students and others.

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petite culture, or vine culture.) Thirdly, the direct bearing of science on farming is in many respects *very uncertain*—the more I learn the more plainly I see that. Fourthly, the fault of English farmers (specially in butter) is not that they don't know how to make it, but they lack business habits of combination for bringing it into wholesale markets. . . .

I am trying to write at present, collecting materials for an introductory paper to all farmers in plain English the meaning of carbon, H. O. and N., and ammonia, etc. Some of the best of them are liable to most absurd mistakes—and therefore cannot reason on their practice.

From the Bishop of London.[1]

Fulham Palace, S.W., 12 *Nov.*, 1888.

The real question in regard to granting aid from rates to Voluntary Schools is what control the ratepayers should have in return. I, as you know, have always been in favour of lay control, and I should wish to pull the laity and the clergy together, and let the laymen get control by granting rate aid. In the country generally I am for letting things alone for a good while to come. And the majority report did not contemplate any aid from the rates except in districts where rates for schools were always levied.

But in the towns the Voluntary Schools are being pressed very hard, and I fear they will soon go unless they get more funds. The great hindrance to getting subscriptions is that owners are very unwilling to pay *both* rates *and* subscriptions. This unwillingness would be much diminished if paying subscriptions meant getting money from the rates.

I do not like giving up the Voluntary Schools in the towns. I fear that the religious teaching in the Board Schools will deteriorate if the Voluntary Schools no longer hold up the standard. And there are ugly symptoms about the religious teaching in the Board Schools already. Here

[1] Dr. Temple, previously Bishop of Exeter, now Archbishop of Canterbury.

and there the masters teach the Bible as I taught Homer at Rugby, as a book to be known, but not at all therefore to be believed. And I fear this may grow.

The Conference however decided, as I knew they would decide, against aid from the rates, inasmuch as aid from the rates must mean a share of control by the ratepayers.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, May 26, 1889.

I trust your accident has not left any serious injury—you must have been bruised—how plucky of you to give chase to the cabby. . . .

But now as to your visit to the West. . . .

I have consented to preside at Plymouth, if possible; I may possibly for my son's sake and that of his constituents appear at Launceston; but I hardly ever leave my home for twenty-four hours except on special duty. . . .

I believe my son Arthur will be with me and take care of me. . . . I passed out of my eightieth year yesterday, "God be praised for all His mercies," as my father used ever to be saying.

Of course I shall make no speech at Plymouth—only two or three prepared sentences. I should rather like to consult you as to the *proper keynote*. Could you remind me of Peel's saying about "a proud aristocracy and a . . . people?" I don't remember the exact words and have no reference.

You may remember that I dined with you in company with —— in Whitehall Gardens.[1] I have never named him, but I have frequently told friends that I knew personally in 1885 (for you then told me) "that the break up of the Liberal party was at hand." You threw yourself on the sofa and called me to your side with those words, and the wretched scribes say *you were fishing for the Parnellite vote*.

[1] In the summer of 1885.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Nov. 18, 1889.

I have been for some time wishing to ask if with your wonderful memory you could verify the enclosed list of our old Essay Society called the W. E. G.,[1] to which you introduced Maurice, and in which you read a paper on Socrates' belief in a future state.

Having abandoned politics I am merged (out of my depth, perhaps) in Philosophy—thinking, if I dare, of writing something for University Extension Students—with some reminiscences of Butler, etc., and some popular account of Lotze, who, as Lord Acton tells me, has supplanted Kant's successors.

From the Bishop of London.

Fulham Palace, S.W., 28 *April*, 1890.

I have read your letter with very deep interest. I know perfectly well that the Voluntary Schools will have to go unless the Voluntary subscriptions are maintained. And I never hesitate to say so. Your letter I hope may have some effect in driving that nail home.

But in my opinion the Voluntary subscribers might make their position much stronger by counting school pence as Voluntary subscriptions in some modified form, and so associating the parents with them in the management. And I hope to see something of this sort done.

I demur a little to your saying that the Conscience Clause is not a sufficient protection to the parents as regards religious teaching. I looked into this matter with some care when the Commission was sitting. I could find no trace of any real grievance.

[1] See page 23 for an account of the Essay Society at Christ Church, Oxford.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE [*a postcard*].

May 30, 1890.

I think there is great force in what you say about schools: and it would be difficult for the Clergy to resist a claim on behalf of the parents. The question however does not burn at present, and I do not wish to run in advance of it.

I should be very glad if you could look into the question of Public House Endowment—for such it is: the most ruinous measure ever proposed as to the drink question. Read if you can Manning and Caine in the Contemporary for June: rather *ultra*, very able, and with a great deal of melancholy truth.

Yours affectionately,

W. E. G.

Many thanks for the butter-making rules.

TO W. E. GLADSTONE.

Killerton, Exeter, May 27, 1890.

I am just back from a fine meeting at Barnstaple, where Sir C. Russell made a very masterly speech: I made an exception (like going to the Grand Meeting at Plymouth) to give what little influence my name has in support of those whose Liberalism is still staunch.

I explained my convictions (1) that the labourers wish for religious education; (2) that the Clergy have done more than the Laity for education; (3) that I wish to keep up Voluntary Schools, whether Church or British or merely undenominational (*i.e.*, as my father said, "Bible for all, Catechism for those who wish for it"—in fact, an open school with a conscience clause in favour of the Church).

But the claim of subscribers of a mere trifle (while the public funds and fees find most of the money) to dictate *the whole of the religious education to a parish* where there is only one school *is untenable.*

Therefore there must be some representation of the

CHAP. X. 1886-1898.

parents on the managing Committee. This seemed to give satisfaction. Temple is in favour of this representation; *i.e.*, parents' fees to count as subscriptions and give a vote.

To effect this you must have an Act of Parliament *enabling* managers to enlarge the restrictions of the terms of union and managing clauses *as a condition* of receiving public money.

[If a squire chooses to have an exclusive school he must pay the whole cost.]

Excuse my giving you this lecture on the School question; but you may be able to use some influence.

I know you don't like the sham talk about unsectarianism —the Cowper Temple clause was the best compromise to save Forster's Bill, but it is rather a sham.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Aug. 16, 1890.

I am glad to think of you out of London worry in your quiet room, and I hope you will not be much disturbed by intruders.

I do not wish to intrude by this letter; but I cannot help (as I am glad to see we have not the *last* "Good word" yet) asking you if you can spare the time to deal with Dr. Martineau's new book on Authority (an old theme of yours; I remember some words of yours in Albemarle Street about forty or fifty years ago about the difference between Authority and opinion).

I had been reading with much admiration Dr. M.'s "Study of Religion" and "Types of Ethical Theory," with a view to an attempt of mine (which I fear will never be accomplished) to write a "few words" on modern thought, Ethical and Philosophical, for young University Extension Students. I had admired his earnest theism and his sound Ethics (on Butler's lines), and was able to say there was no negative Unitarianism in either—now comes this final work of his life, which I had not intended to read, seeing what

Hutton in "Spectator" said of it. But I have it now, and I fear it is very formidable. I have not read much yet, but I think I see that along with highly spiritual aspirations there is coupled an elaborate effort to besiege and undermine the "impregnable Rock" so far as it records any fact of the Messianic or superhuman personality of our Lord. Revelation he describes as outside the world of fact, in opposition to Pearson's doctrines (not that I see any allusion to P.) "that faith rests on testimony." With M. Revelation seems to be a personal inspiration of the human spirit by the divine. I think S. T. C.[1] had this idea—brought out in the "Confession of an Inquiring Spirit"—and I am not altogether indisposed to admit its suggestiveness.

But what I see M. puts his strength into is a theory about the Gospels and Acts, by which he endeavours to explain away all the historical facts of a miraculous character. I have not read much of this yet. He appears to have digested much of the modern rationalism and criticism in a modified form, and to put it plausibly in a moderate tone.

What I fear is that, if the book is much read by the young, its apparent learning and moderation may be very attractive to those for instance who, discrediting the records of the appearances after the Resurrection (Christophanies, he calls them), catch at a theory of spiritual resurrection. . . .

I myself have long felt that Niebuhr made as great a revolution in all our judgments on historical documents, as Bacon and Newton did in science; but I also feel that preconceived assumptions underlie most of the speculation and criticism of the present day. . . .

I have written more than I intended; I only express the hope that you may be able to guide us as to Dr. Martineau.

[1] S. T. Coleridge.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Aug. 18, 1890.

The thorough reading of Martineau is a thing indispensable to an entire comprehension of the sceptical movement, but I must postpone it. The months before me are heavily, perhaps too heavily, charged with work already cut out for making up.

I think you might very efficiently write something about Martineau yourself.

In one of my remaining papers (two) I have something to say which includes him.

One of his books has I think been printed at the Clarendon.

He is one of the few who can fly without an atmosphere. . . .

I wonder whether you recollect and can tell me (for I have forgotten) where it is that Darwin nobly speaks of the atrophy from disuse into which his organ of hearing might have fallen.

FROM SIR H. VERNEY.

Claydon House, Winslow, Bucks, Sept. 18, 1891.

I congratulate you on devoting yourself to Agriculture, one of the most satisfactory and rewarding of pursuits, and your endeavour to manifest your warm respect and gratitude to our dear and honoured friend, Pusey . . . the best Farmer's Friend that I, in my long life, have ever known or heard of. How rewarded! alas! but never ceasing to be their friend, so manifesting himself a Christian, forgiving injury, returning good for evil, as well as a man of great noble character. . . .

We have to thank your son for obtaining for counties that government money[1] that could not have been so well expended in any other way.

[1] The Local Taxation money first proposed to be used as a fund for compensation in the case of extinction of licenses of public-houses, afterwards allotted to technical education.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Dec. 3rd, 1891.

I send you a letter on the position of Church Schools and Board Schools.

The clericals are very blind to their position. . . .

I am now going back to Philosophy in scraps of time—Plato to Lotze, Aristotle and Butler, of course. Herbert Spencer is my *bête noire*—he is worse than Huxley.

From Lord Aberdare.

Duffryn, January 18th, 1892.

I have to thank you—as I do very heartily—for the specimen pages of your book on the Chemistry of Farming. I have just read them, and they have determined me to get the entire work. Alas! I am no chemist, although I have the honour to be father-in-law to an eminent one (if I could only combine in myself the various knowledge of my six sons-in-law, so various and so sound, what a marvel I should be!).

What specially pleases me in the pages I have read is the evidence they afford of your undying activity in work for the good of your fellow-men. "Qualis ab incepto." When did you begin? I would wager that your first public effort by speech or in print preceded your attainment of your majority, and from that day to this your ardour has never been quenched. But, without haste and without rest, you have striven to improve the education, the health, the knowledge of your fellow-countrymen, employing your talent just where you felt it would be most effective. It is a glorious record, and you must be proud to see so many of your name and lineage pursuing the same honourable path.

Vive valeque!

The following letter was written after his wife's death.

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. MILLS.

May 17, 1892.

My chief feeling is that her patient waiting and suppressed prayer or wish to be with Christ has been granted. For myself it is the memory of her tender love and wisdom to which I return. I have not clung to her mortal remains at all. All has been done decently and in order by others in a loving spirit. The last living and loving looks and some few words are more to me than any sentiment about externals.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Deanery, Christ Church, Oxford, Oct. 22, 1892.

I have read with much interest your letters and inclosure[1] which awaited me here—they breathe that general spirit of equity and consideration which I think never quits you.

My first question is, may I show them to your son, my colleague.[2]

So far as I can at present judge, the Government are not likely to have any Parliamentary time available for legislating about Education. But I should be better able to judge of this after conferring with your son, who has just been writing to me on another branch of the subject.

TO HIS SON ARTHUR.

Holnicote, July 22, 1893.

I have just read with much interest the debate on Lord Harrowby's second attack on you—I think it will do you good. Lord Kimberley seemed to understand the subject thoroughly. I notice specially his reference to municipali-

[1] On educational matters.

[2] His son Arthur had become Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, with a seat in the Cabinet, in the Ministry which Mr. Gladstone formed in August, 1892.

zation, which is an important principle which has to be worked out.

To his sister, Mrs. Mills.

Killerton, April 1st, 1893.

I often think of what you say about those unseen who may see us. But how little we know—we can but hope and cling to belief of what we were taught. It is certain that Science *can't disprove* that, though what we *can prove* is another matter. I think we can prove a blank to exist which we can't fill up for ourselves—that is about what my philosophy comes to.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, Dec. 1, 1893.

I hardly like to take up a fraction of your eyesight in answering the question, "What I am aiming at about philosophy?" It is a very humble attempt to help young students (specially ladies who attend University Extension Lectures) in the choice of books on the principles of knowledge and duty. A Lecturer, I heard, told them that H. Spencer and Lotze are the two teachers on opposite sides—the influence of the first is terrible, his book on Education (thirty-fourth edition) is in the list recommended for training colleges. Lord Acton approved of my saying that "Lotze is Coleridge up to date."

I have had to read (more than I can digest) from Plato to the modern Neokantismus. But my power of reproducing fails me.

The two great lessons (from the oldest to the latest) seem to me

1. That the will influences the intellect.

2. That Logic is too much applied to spiritual truth both in the positive dogma, and in the negative scepticism.

CHAP. X.
1886-1898.

Killerton, Exeter, Dec. 8, 1893.

How wonderful and how kind you are to an old friend, who can no longer help you in public work! I see you wrote on Sunday. How well I remember and often quote the examples you set us sixty years ago at Christ Church about Sunday, so I have waited till this end of the week not to disturb you in the midst of your hard work. I must not now take up much of your time in reading what little I can say. . . .

I think the Gospels involve more of the human in the record of our Lord's actual words than we were taught in our youth; I vividly remember what Vowler Short[1] said about "out of Egypt have I called my son;" he asked us if we could explain it; he answered, "No more can I; it's a difficulty, but we must learn not to think too much of such difficulties."

Bishop Moberly I heard say in a sermon at St. Mary's: "We are come to a time when it is better to say the gospel proves the miracles than the miracles prove the gospel." He printed the sermon at my request. Harvey Goodwin said, "There is no inspired theory of inspiration. We should not start with a definition of the Word of God, but study the books and see how they were written"—these two episcopal utterances have been a stand-by to me. Much as I admired you for writing the "Impregnable Rock," I could not follow you in the attempt to reconcile the record, or, as Temple called it, "the Psalm of Creation," with science.

I am very much troubled about the election of Guardians by the rural householders, cottagers whose rent is almost always *below the value* of their rateable occupation.[2] By the Act of 1869 Vestries can compel the owner to pay the

[1] "A most honest man." These four words are Acland's own note about his old tutor at Christ Church, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph.

[2] Alluding to the Local Government Bill establishing Parish and District Councils, and altering the mode of electing Guardians, which was then before the House of Commons.

rates; this compulsory power will pass on to the Parish Council.

The elected Guardians may have promised to give easy allowances to paupers, and the rate for the poor may be largely increased without the electors paying a penny towards the increase.

In towns the case is different—house-owners can easily raise their rents; the tenants of their houses if dissatisfied can shift to another street.

In the country it will be impossible to raise the rents as the rates increase. Could not the Government agree to make *compounding* in the country *voluntary?*

On seeing the Bill I intended to deduct the present rates from my cottage rents (already below rateable value), and to leave the rates to be paid by the tenant, but I find that I have not power to do this according to the Act of 1869.

The following letter is in reply to the letter of which a facsimile is here given. Mr. Gladstone resigned the Prime Ministership on March 3, 1894. The endorsement on the fourth page of the facsimile letter is in Mr. Gladstone's handwriting.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

10, *Downing Street, Whitehall, March* 7, 1894.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

I thank you for reviving at this moment the memories of our old and never-broken friendship.

The physical machine which has (Biarritz notwithstanding) been under much pressure for the last two months, has, now that active duties are nearly accomplished, a little given way, and I am to-day in bed under treatment for hoarseness to-day. I have every hope that a day or two of close care will see me set right again.

The opinion or misgiving of mine which you quote is certainly one of long standing, and it is a matter of interest to me to know from you that I held it fifty years back in the heyday of youth, and in the season of sanguine anticipation.

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Yet I am certain and cannot be too thankful that we have been appointed to work with our generation in a good and even a great time, the half-century which will be known as the half-century of emancipation.

The work is not quite complete, but I hope it is near completion.

I trust that in the providence of God your old age is to be long, prosperous, and happy, and I remain,

Affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

TO HIS SON ARTHUR.

Killerton, Exeter, June 19th, 1895.

The patience and fortitude and trustful faith of good women[1] is a lesson to us men. Alas! I have not learnt the lesson as I should, in my very slight pains and languor; for though I think and read I cannot write or work as I should—always falling asleep.

TO W. E. GLADSTONE.

Killerton, Exeter, May 12th, 1896.

I am sending you by parcel post the first copy of my small book, which I have taken the liberty (without asking your leave) to dedicate to you in simple words far short of what I feel.

My brother, Sir Henry, M.D., who was staying here, was very anxious that I should have your name at the front of my book, and wrote I know not how many copies of a dedication. But I felt them all to look like a desire to give importance to my book; so I persistently resisted his advice. At last, however, I ventured to write a few simple words myself—by your example I refer specially to your strict observance of Sunday. It was you, I think, who formed the Essay Society and introduced Maurice to us. . . .

[1] Alluding to his son's wife's illness.

March 5/1894

KILLERTON,
EXETER.

My Dear Gladstone

I cannot let my silence seem to imply that I do not feel deeply this crisis in your life, and that of the nation. But it is too solemn for words of mine. God's will be done. — but the lots of your guidance

is overwhelming

I remember, 50 years ago, sitting with you at the end of the House of Commons; and you said that you doubted whether it was a life "worth living and perhaps "more good could be "done outside".

You drew public life with such personal love, such respect

* hardly one

for your Christian sense
of duty as very few prime
ministers have had.
For myself I am deeply
grateful for your
kindness to me and
my two sons.
I hope I may believe
that the Queen has
learned to value your
loyal devotion
And now for yourself
we must ask. Hope

March 5.

Sir Wm. Ireland

I pray that physical infirmities will not prevent your communion with all that is noble & good in the history & literature & philosophy and theology of which your studies are so great

pray pardon this feeble expression of sympathy from your grateful and attached friend

H. D. Ireland

I deplore the course the Education Question is taking on both sides. The great mistake seems to me treating Voluntary Schools in towns where there are Boards, and Voluntary Schools in country parishes as the same. I cannot see what claims we *landowners* have for more money from the state, and the cry for undenominational religion as the flag of the Liberals is horrid.

FROM W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden Castle, Chester, May 14th, '96.

I thank you for your gift and your most kind letter, and it is a real pleasure to me to appear, through the medium of your most friendly dedication, in company with you before the world. . . .

I have no heart for the study of Parliamentary measures, but the Rating Bill[1] seems to me a bit of audacious plunder. It will suit our book here very well. But generally I am in a condition of great disgust with the politics of the day, and disposed to regret the old times, even the old Tory times of your youth and mine. They had some old superstitions, but the fundamental rules which governed the conduct of Peel and his friends were excellent.

What a splendid season! May God similarly gild for us in a higher sense our declining days.

TO HIS SON ARTHUR.

Killerton, Exeter, May 14, 1896.

I must write a few words to tell you that I was much pleased with the tone of your speech on the Education Bill.

And I think the local control of County Councils most mischievous. How amusing was that story of a farmer who said Education money should have been spent on manure.[2]

[1] The Bill to relieve ratepayers in agricultural districts introduced by the Government.

[2] Alluding to a speech in the House of Commons by Mr. Birrell.

CHAP. X. 1886-1898.

But I marvel that people go on talking on Voluntary Schools (*town and country*) as if the cases were alike. . . .

I send you one of the first copies of my book. Charlie is going to take the chair in South Devon at a meeting for Lord Rosebery. I am very weak in this heat. To-day is the anniversary of our great loss in 1892.[1]

FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON (Dr. Temple).

Fulham Palace, S.W., 5 June, 1896.

Yes, I had guessed who was the anonymous writer. But I cannot help being amused at the interest taken in details of this kind: far more interest, it seems to me, than in the work itself.[2]

In the work itself and in the success of it, then, I took and I take a deep interest. But "who did what" is a very minor matter, and at this time not worth remembering.

I always looked on your proposing the Examination as first conducted, as having set the whole thing going. The rest was a matter of engineering. It is a pleasant recollection and has borne good fruits.

Fulham Palace, S.W., 18th June, 1896.

I had some talk with the Dean of St. Paul's about your letter concerning his book.[3] We soon found that what he had omitted was just what I should have omitted. You are, I think, just about ten years older than we are. And the omissions belong to those ten years.

There is no period in any history more legendary and mythical and obscure than the period between the close of written history and the beginning of one's own entrance into some sort of public life. The time which is most mythical to me is that which lies between the Battle of Waterloo and 1842. About 1842 I *began*, but only began

[1] Lady Acland's death.

[2] The founding of the University Local Examinations.

[3] His book on Education. See page 88.

to know what was happening in the world around. In 1848 my knowledge began to be tolerably full.

Apply all this to Gregory and you see why his book left out all the beginnings.

To his daughter Agnes.

Killerton, Exeter, Oct. 3, 1896.

There is a move here for a County meeting,[1]—a printed circular is sent out for signatures and a requisition to the Lord Lieutenant by Burch, the Bishop's secretary, in which he mentions the Bishop and *me* as advising the requisition in terms implying no party action. I am rather surprised to find myself still recognized as a public character. Of course I can't get to the meeting.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, September 26, 1896.

One word of congratulation for your health and strength, and still more thankfulness for the wise and sober counsel (not mere eloquence) to England, to the Government, and to the foreign powers.[2]

God grant it may do real good.

To his son Arthur.

Killerton, Exeter, Feb. 16, 1897.

How very kind of you to write me a letter with such full information—most of which is new to me. It shows that the double burden, which I thought existed in all Town Boards, is not so simple a subject. "Farmer Smith" is very instructive. What you say about some schools in the North, which are almost wholly carried on out of Government grant, is very important. It all shows how important

[1] About the Armenian massacres.

[2] Referring to Mr. Gladstone's speech at Liverpool about the Armenian Question.

CHAP. X. 1886-1898.

it is, that the House of Commons and its leaders should be instructed by the Department. I suspect Balfour knows hardly anything about the work.

To W. E. Gladstone.

Killerton, Exeter, May 19th, 1897.

I must write a few words of gratitude for your later "Gleanings." . . .

I was deeply interested with Archbishop Benson on Cyprian, which seemed to show how much of modern Christianity, especially ecclesiastic, was the outgrowth of human need and thought rather than dogmatic tradition from the Apostles.

But I must stop. I am very weak. I cannot attend any meetings, and must delegate to my son, who is most diligent and practical in local affairs [C. T. D. A.], much of the management of the business involved in a landed estate.

To his daughter Agnes.

Killerton, Oct. 30, 1897.

Your account of Dunsden [1] is very charming. . . . You ask what I am reading. I have two books on hand: "Old Testament Difficulties," by Ingram (just made a bishop), only fifty-four pages. It gives a most interesting account of how the different manuscripts were gradually accepted as inspired, and how the Bible was gradually circulated and translated in the East and in England. But I am interested in a rather larger and a very thoughtful book, "The Faith of the Gospel," by Mason, formerly in Truro Cathedral. It is dedicated to Westcott. It goes deeply into all the deep questions of the Being of God, the Incarnation, Authority and private judgment, and much more. It is not difficult. I will give you a copy if you like.

[1] The home of his eldest daughter.

Killerton, March 11, 1898.[1]

I suppose you have not seen both the reviews of Moberly on the Priesthood in the "Record" and the "Guardian." He is very much for exalting the Priesthood, and he depreciates Bishop Lightfoot, whose book on the "Philippians" I think *first rate*, showing that the authority of Priests and even Diocesan Bishops is not to be found in the Bible, but was gradually developed upwards from the several churches, which I think is Hort's view, and I believe the true one.

I cannot say much for myself except weakness and sleepiness, but I have much to be thankful for. Francie Bere is so wise and good, and May Hook most helpful. I must go out for the inevitable drive. If you wish to see Hort's book I will send it.

So great still was Acland's vigour, and so keen was his interest in the subjects he discussed with those who came to stay at Killerton, that many who saw him even in the last year of his life might have thought he had yet a long time to live. He would still, especially when young people came, take endless trouble to help them and inform them in any subject in which he thought they were interested and which he understood. Though he found writing letters more and more irksome, he could still write them if his interest was stirred. Thus, in the spring of 1897, when he was nearly eighty-eight, he was very keen about questions of elementary education, which were then under discussion in the House of Commons. He wrote no less than ten letters in a fortnight to his son Arthur at that time, trying to solve satisfactorily the thorny problems which surround

[1] A little more than two months before his death.

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the question of State Aid to Voluntary Schools, and their relations to Board Schools.

"I lay half awake some time in the night," he says, writing on February 15, 1897, when he was nearly eighty-eight, "thinking about the Education problem, and thought I had come to some conclusion worth sending to you; I had my candle lit at 4 a.m., and made some notes in pencil for a letter to you. . . . But on further consideration I find they won't do . . . . so I gave up the idea of telegraphing to you to prepare you for a letter on Monday morning. Now I have looked at several papers, especially at the 'Schoolmaster,' where there is a lot of matter worth your looking at. I come to the conclusion that it is all very difficult. I have this morning a very kind letter from Lord Salisbury."

He was still busy reading, and his latest letters within a month or two of his death show that he was embarking on new books with interest and zeal. When the end came, he was spared a lingering illness, which he had always dreaded. He took his daily drive as usual up to a few days before his death. In the week beginning the 22nd of May, 1898, his health gave way rapidly, and he became very ill. Towards the end of the week he became unconscious. His two sons and one of his daughters, and his niece and great-niece, Mrs. Bere and Miss Hook, were with him at the end, with Dr. Somer, for many years his faithful medical attendant, and Mr. Harrison, chaplain of the Killerton Chapel. It was indeed remarkable that he should have died within ten days of the friend to whom he had been so deeply attached, and who had so great an influence over him for more than sixty years. Mr. Gladstone died on Ascension

Day, May 19th. During the night which followed Saturday, May 28th, the day when Mr. Gladstone's body was committed to his grave in Westminster Abbey, when flags were at half-mast high on many a church and public building throughout the land, and solemn services of mourning were held in his memory, before daybreak on Whit-Sunday, May 29th, 1898, his old friend, who had loved and honoured him since they were college friends together, passed away, having just reached his ninetieth year.

At his funeral were gathered relations of three generations,[1] tenants from the three Western counties, workmen from the estate, volunteer officers of his old battalion, and friends who had worked with him in some of his many efforts for the welfare of his neighbours and his fellow-countrymen. In the peaceful little private burying-ground of Columb-John he was laid to rest on Friday, June 3rd, 1898.[2]

[1] His two brothers, Henry and Leopold, were not well enough to be present. His brother-in-law, Arthur Mills, alone was present from among relatives of his own generation. All three have passed away. Arthur Mills on Oct. 12, 1898; Leopold on Oct. 24, 1899; Henry on Oct. 16, 1900. His youngest brother, John Barton, is still living in New Zealand.

[2] An account of the memorial which is being raised to his memory is given in Chapter VI.

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CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

Bound by
Holl gworth & Moss
Leeds
B1139752762E
Univ of Plymouth. Books
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27/11/2016